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ROXBURGHE BALLADS.

A BOOK OF

ROXBURGHE BALLADS,

EDITED BY

JOHN PAYNE COLLIER, Esq.

43719

LONDON:
LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, AND LONGMANS,
PATERNOSTER ROW.
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TO

THOMAS AMYOT, Esq. F.R.S.

TREAS. S.A.

In Teſtimony of long Friendſhip and ſincere Eſteem,

this work is dedicated by

The Editor.

Introduction.

THE main purpoſe of the enſuing collection is to ſhew, in their moſt genuine ſtate, the character and quality of productions, written expreſſly for the amuſement of the lower orders, in the reigns of Elizabeth, James, and Charles. Our volume conſiſts of ſuch ordinary materials as formed the ſtock of the Engliſh ballad-ſinger during a period not far ſhort of a century. Many traces will be found in them of the modes in which they were rendered acceptable to the crowd, when ſung in our moſt frequented thoroughfares.

It would, therefore, be manifeſtly unfair to judge of them by the ſtandard uſually applied to the higher claſſes of poetry, although poetry of no inferior deſcription will occaſionally be found in them: nor are their merits to be meaſured by the eaſier proceſs of compariſon with well known works, in ſome reſpects ſimilar. The volumes of Percy and Ritſon are compoſed of mixed ſpecimens: ſometimes, it is true, they were

addreſſed to general auditors, but they are often the compoſitions of writers in the ſuperior grades of life, and were intended for the gratification of more refined ſociety. Our aſſemblage of popular poetry has no precedent: it is different from any other production of the kind hitherto publiſhed; and, as in its ſubſtance it is peculiar, we have made its form and appearance correſpond with its ſubſtance.

We have obtained by far the greater number of our ballads from what has been long known as the Roxburghe Collection, conſiſting of three large volumes in folio, and embracing nearly a thouſand broadſides in black letter.* Some of theſe are repetitions of the

* It was commenced by Harley, Earl of Oxford, and was augmented by Weſt and Pearſon, but eſpecially by the Duke of Roxburghe, at whoſe ſale it was bought for the late Mr. Bright. For many years he kept the volumes out of ſight; but they, as well as a manuſcript collection of Miracle-plays (the poſſeſſion of which he alſo for ſome reaſon concealed) were neceſſarily brought to light at his death. The ballads were judiciouſly ſecured by the authorities of the Britiſh Muſeum, but they were unſucceſsful bidders for the Miracle-plays: the latter circumſtance is the more to be regretted, becauſe this ſeries of inedited Scriptural Dramas has devolved into the hands of ſome party who has again plunged it into darkneſs, and will not allow any uſe to be made of it: ἀ κῆησις ἀλλα χρησις was the excellent motto of one of the old poſſeſſors of the collection uſually known as the Coventry Plays (printed for the Shakeſpeare Society in 1841), and it was inſcribed by him in the volume. The preſent owner of the York Plays

ſame production by different printers; a few, from their nature and ſubject, are unfit for republication, and others, from their general worthleſſneſs, do not merit it. The whole are now placed in the Britiſh Muſeum, where they are acceſſible, and where means of collation are afforded: the tranſcripts we have employed were made before the originals were purchaſed for their laſt owner, but there is no inſtance in which our copies have not ſince been compared. Other ſources have been reſorted to, although ſparingly, and ſeveral of the moſt ancient and intereſting ballads have been derived from the editor's portfolio.

On the rarity of all it is ſuperfluous to enlarge: in many, if not in moſt, inſtances the broadſides are unique: no duplicates of them are to be met with in public or private libraries; and it is eaſy to account for this circumſtance, if we reflect that they were ſeldom printed in a form calculated for preſervation. Thomas Deloney and Richard Johnſon were almoſt the only ballad-writers, of that age, who ſubſequently brought together their ſcattered broadſides in ſmall volumes,* while hundreds of ſimilar pieces by other

(for in that city, we believe, they were performed previous to the Reformation) ought to reverſe the motto, and write in his volume ε χρησις αλλα κλησις. Time may yet ſtand our friend.

* Deloney, in his "Strange Hiſtories," 1607, and "Garland of

popular authors were allowed to periſh. The more generally acceptable a ballad became, the more it was handed about for peruſal or performance, and the more it was expoſed to the danger of deſtruction.

The conſequence has been, that very few ballads, as they came from the hands of thoſe who may be called our elder printers, have deſcended to our day; and many of the beſt in our volume would have been irretrievably loſt, but that the conſtant demand for them induced typographers of the reigns of James and Charles, in particular, to republiſh them. The year, whether of impreſſion or re-impreſſion, is very rarely given on the broadſide; but it is uſually known between what dates the printers, whoſe names are appended, carried on buſineſs, and from thence we are generally able to form a judgment as to the age of productions of their preſſes. The times when reprinted ballads were firſt compoſed and iſſued muſt often be matter of mere conjecture, depending much upon *internal evi-*

Good-will," (publiſhed before 1596) and *Johnſon*, in his "Crown Garland of Golden Roſes," 1612. Some new particulars regarding Deloney are to be found in "Memoirs of the Principal Actors in the Plays of Shakeſpeare," printed by the Shakeſpeare Society, pp. xxviii. 110, 193. Richard Johnſon began writing early, for he was not born until 1573, (as appears by the Regiſter of St. Giles, Cripplegate, a point in his hiſtory not hitherto aſcertained,) and he publiſhed his firſt work in 1592.

dence, and even this is rendered more uncertain by interpolations, not unfrequently made, in order that the work ſhould be more welcome to auditors of the period of republication. In our brief preface to each ſeparate piece we have, among other points, endeavoured, as far as poſſible, to aſſiſt the reader in ſettling the date of its earlieſt appearance; but in not a few caſes it has been a taſk of extreme doubt and difficulty, and we can hardly flatter ourſelves that in many inſtances we have entirely ſucceeded. The beſt we could now and then accompliſh was to make an approximation; and our volume contains frequent proofs of the changes ballads underwent, with a view to adapt them to circumſtances of comparatively recent occurrence. We will afford one inſtance in point, and leave the reſt to the diſcovery of the reader, with ſuch help as we may have elſewhere afforded.

In the Roxburghe volumes, from which, as already ſtated, we have ſo largely drawn, are two copies of a ſingular and amuſing ballad with the title of "Mock-beggar's *Hall*:" both appear to belong to about the period of the Civil Wars; but one copy is evidently anterior to the other, and the older of the two (that of which we have availed ourſelves on p. 49) muſt have been publiſhed before the final cloſing of the theatres by the puritans in 1648. The author is ſpeaking of the

increaſe of expenſe and luxury, and laughing at thoſe who, aping their richer neighbours, were not content to paſs through the ſtreets in anything but a coach, although they could afford to keep no other ſervant than a man to drive it: he ſays,

> "They are not able two men to keep,
> With a coachman they muſt content be,
> Which at Playhouſe door in's box lies aſleep,
> While Mock-begger Hall ſtands empty."

When theſe lines were written, and originally publiſhed, the play-houſes were open, and many auditors were driven to them in coaches; but when the later copy of the ſame ballad was printed, the theatres had been ſhut up by authority, and, as any alluſion to theſe places of amuſement and inſtruction might be unpalatable to the rulers of the ſtate, and as the cuſtom of going to play-houſes in coaches was neceſſarily at an end, the paſſage was thus altered:

> "They are not able two men to keep,
> With a coachman they muſt content be,
> Which *at Goldſmith's Hall door* in's box lies aſleep,
> While Mock-begger Hall ſtands empty."

It would be eaſy to multiply examples to the ſame effect, but it is the leſs neceſſary here, becauſe we have adverted to ſome of them in the preliminary matter, explanatory of circumſtances connected with each

ballad. This information we have rendered as complete as our limits would permit.*

We have made no attempt to arrange the enſuing ſpecimens according to date: in but few inſtances, as already remarked, could we have felt ſufficient confidence, as to the preciſe period of compoſition or publication, to enable us to ſpeak at all deciſively; and the ſubjects are ſo varied, that to have placed them in any order dependent upon character and deſign would have been clearly impoſſible. The comic and ſatirical, in point of number, much prevail over the ſerious and legendary; and it might reaſonably be expected, that productions intended to be popular would generally rather aim at exciting laughter than tears: ſome of them are highly humorous, and, no doubt, a great deal of drollery was frequently diſplayed by ſtreet-performers in ſinging them.

It is not neceſſary, on this occaſion, to enter into the origin, or ancient hiſtory, of ballad-writing and ballad-ſinging in England: we have very few ballads,

* The reader muſt be prepared for irregularities of metre, not merely becauſe the writers ſometimes truſted to the finger and the tune, to correct and reconcile faults of ſyllabic conſtruction, but becauſe it not unfrequently happened that corruptions were introduced in the proceſs of reprinting ballads, which marred the meaſure of the original author. What we have juſt quoted is an inſtance in point, as regards a change in the metre, as well as in the meaning.

in our preſent ſenſe of the word, of an earlier date than the reign of Edward VI.*. We know, indeed, that they muſt have been ſung about the town and country before the Reformation; and in 1537 a man of the name of John Hogon was arreſted for amuſing the people in various places by a political ballad: he had offended againſt the proclamation of 1533, which was iſſued to ſuppreſs "fond books, ballads, rhimes, and other lewd treatiſes in the Engliſh tongue."† Ten years afterwards it was deemed neceſſary to paſs an act of parliament in order, among other things, to put a ſtop to the circulation of "printed ballads, plays, rhimes, ſongs and other fantaſies;" ſo that the multiplication of them by the preſs was then conſidered an evil requiring the intervention of the legiſlature, al-

* Ritſon is probably correct in ſtating, that "the oldeſt printed ballad known to be extant, is that on the downfall of Thomas Lord Cromwell in 1540, reprinted by Dr. Percy."—*Ancient Songs, I. xcviii.*

† Collier's Shakeſpeare, I. cclxxxviii. The only words of Hogon's ſong preſerved are theſe, and we quote them as a literary curioſity.

"The hunt is up, the hunt is up, &c.
The Maſters of Arte and Doctours of dyvynyte
Have brought this realme out of good unyte.
Thre nobyll men have take this to ſtay,
My Lord of Norffolk, Lorde of Surrey,
And my Lorde of Shrewſbyrry:
The Duke of Suffolk myght have made Inglond mery."

though only a ſingle broadſide of about that date has been handed down to us.

Ballads ſeem to have multiplied after Edward VI. came to the throne, and two or three of theſe have been preſerved, and are in cloſe cuſtody in the cabinets of the curious:* no new proclamation was iſſued, nor ſtatute paſſed, on the ſubject while Edward continued to reign; but in leſs than a month after Mary became Queen, ſhe publiſhed an edict againſt "books, ballads, rhymes, and treatiſes," which ſhe complained had been "ſet out by printers and ſtationers, of an evil zeal for lucre, and covetous of vile gain." There is little doubt, from

* A manuſcript drama of great peculiarity of conſtruction, and bearing date in the laſt year of the reign of Edward VI. contains the firſt lines of ſeveral ſongs aſſigned to the characters: the words were not inſerted at length, becauſe (as was often the caſe afterwards) they were ſo popular, and well known to the ſinger, that it was only deemed neceſſary to ſignify them. They are highly curious relics: one of them begins, "Bring ye to me, and I to thee;" another, "Hey noney, noney, houghe for money;" a third, "The mercy of God;" and a fourth,

"Haye, haye, haie, haie!
I wilbe merie while I maie."

None of theſe have come down to us in a printed ſtate, although doubtleſs in print at the time they were ſung. The original manuſcript play is entitled "Reſpublica," and is in the library of Hudſon Gurney, Eſq. to whom the editor was ſeveral years ago obliged for the opportunity of copying it.

the few pieces remaining, that it was in a conſiderable degree effectual for the end in view.

No ſuch reſtraint was deemed neceſſary when Elizabeth ſucceeded her ſiſter, and the conſequence was an increaſe of ballads and ballad-ſingers: then it was that ſome productions of the kind, which had been preſerved in manuſcript, were printed, and new additions were made to the popular ſtock. Robert Langham, who wrote his "Letter from Kenilworth" in the autumn of 1575, has left behind him in it a goodly liſt of works of romance and drollery then in circulation, including a bundle of ballads, "fair wrapped up in parchment and bound with a whipcord:" theſe he tells us were "all ancient," meaning perhaps to refer to a date when ſuch publications had been forbidden. He ſupplies ſome of the titles;* and others are enumerated by one of the characters in the old interlude by W. Wager, "The longer thou liveſt the more Fool thou art," printed without date, but *after Lang-*

* We give them in Langham's peculiar and *conceited* ſpelling:—"What ſhoold I rehearz heer what a bunch *of Ballets* and ſongs, all auncient? Az Broom broom on hill—So *wo iz* me begon—Troly lo—Ouer a whinny Meg—Hey ding a *ding*—Bony laſs vpon a green—My bony on gaue me a bek—By a *bank* az I lay; and a hundred more he hath, fair wrapt vp in Parchment, and bound with a whipcord."—*Collier's Bridgewater Catalogue*, privately printed for the Earl of Elleſmere, 4to, 1837, p. 164.

ham's tract.† Few of theſe have ſurvived, and until not far from the cloſe of the reign of Elizabeth, broad-

† It will be ſeen that two of the ballads mentioned by Wager are the ſame as thoſe given by Langham, which affords evidence of their popularity at the time they wrote. The following is aſſigned to Moros, the Vice of the play, who enters ſinging.

"Brome, Brome, on hill,
The gentle Brome on hill, hill;
Brome, Brome, on Hiue hill,
The gentle Brome on Hiue hill,
The Brome ſtandes on Hiue hill a.

Robin, lend me thy bowe, thy bowe;
Robin the bow, Robin lende to me thy bow a.

There was a Mayde come out of Kent,
Deintie loue, deintie loue!
There was a mayde cam out of Kent
Daungerous be [ſhe]:
There was a mayde cam out of Kent,
Fayre, propre, ſmall and gent,
And euer vpon the ground went,
For ſo ſhould it be.

By a banke as I lay, I lay,
Muſinge on things paſt, hey how!

Tom a lin and his wife, and his wiues mother,
They went ouer a bridge, all three together:
The bridge was broken and they fell in;
The Deuill go with all, quoth Tom a lin.

Martin Swart and his man, ſodledum, ſodledum;
Martin Swart and his man, ſodledum bell.

Come ouer the boorne, Beſſe,

ſides cannot be ſaid to have been at all numerous. Philip Stubbes, writing his "Anatomy of Abuſes" in 1583, objects to the "minſtrels and muſicians" who infeſted town and country, and inveighs violently againſt the "ſongs, filthy ballads and ſcurvy rhymes," which they vended to the populace. Coming down to a later date, we have the authority of Chettle's "Kind Heart's Dream," 1592, for the fact that "many a tradeſman, of a worſhipful trade," brought up apprentices to "ſinging brokery," and ſoon truſted them "with a dozen groatſworth of ballads." About this period, and ſomewhat earlier, it was that Elderton, Munday, Deloney, Johnſon and ſeveral others flouriſhed, and kept the metropolis, as well as the provinces, fully ſupplied with ballad literature.*

My little pretie Beſſe,
Come ouer the boorne, Beſſe, to me."

Hiſt. Engl. Dram. Poetry and the Stage, ii. 333.

* Chettle's evidence is deciſive as to the number of *ballad-ſingers* in his day: "I am given to underſtand that there be a *company* of idle youths, loathing honeſt labour, and deſpiſing lawfull *trades*, betake them to a vagrant and vicious life, in every corner of *cities* and market-townes of the realme, ſinging and ſelling ballads," &c. He ſeverely cenſures the character and tendency of theſe productions, and eſpecially points out "Watkin's Ale," "The Carman's Whiſtle," "Chopping Knives," "Friar Foxtail," and "The Friar and the Nun."—*Kind Heart's Dream*, 1592. Thomas Naſh in his humorous tracts mentions "Watkin's Ale," and ſeveral other ballads extremely popular be-

Matters continued without much alteration during the reign of James I., excepting that particular printers were then licenſed to publiſh broadſides and other pieces, occupying only one ſide of paper, of courſe including ballads: they granted aſſignments to others for ſtipulated ſums, and the "worſhipful trades" of ballad-making, ballad-ſelling, and ballad-ſinging, had certainly never been more flouriſhing.*

About the middle of the reign of Charles I. ſome new writers of this claſs made their appearance, the

fore the end of Elizabeth's reign. Henry Bold, more than half a century afterwards, ſpeaks of ancient tunes ſtill "ſung to Barber's Citterns," viz. "The Lady's Fall," "John come kiſs me now," "Green Sleeves and Pudding Pies," "The Punk's Delight," "The Winning of Bullogne," and "Eſſex's laſt Good-night."—*Latin Songs and their Engliſh Words.*

* To about this period we may refer the enumeration of ballads in Fletcher's "Monſieur Thomas," Act. III. Sc. 3. A Fiddler is there introduce, who informs the hero that he can ſing the following: "The Duke of Norfolk—the merry ballad of Dives and Lazarus—the Roſe of England—In Crete when Dedimus firſt began—Jonas his Crying-out againſt Coventry—Maudlin the Merchant's Daughter—the Devil—Ye dainty Dames—the Landing of the Spaniards at Bow, with the bloody Battle of Mile-end."—*Dyce's Beaumont and Fletcher*, vii. p. 364. To theſe we may ſubjoin the titles of ſome ballads mentioned by Samuel Rowlands, in his "Crew of kind Goſſips," &c. 1613. They are, "Miſtreſs, will you do," "My man Thomas did me promiſe," "The Pinnace rigg'd with ſilken ſaile," "Pretty Birds," "The Garden Nightingale," "I'll tie my Mare in thy ground," and "Beſs for Abuſes." See alſo his "'Tis merry when Goſſips meet," 1602.

principal of whom was Martin Parker, who induſtriouſly availed himſelf of every opportunity for putting his pen to paper: he was ſubſequently aſſiſted by another prolific poet of the ſame deſcription, named Lawrence Price, while Wade, Climſell, Guy, &c. were not by any means ſlow in their contributions. Thus, we have many more broadſides belonging to the forty years immediately preceding the Reſtoration, than have come down to us during the whole previous period from the Reformation. Among them are to be included not a few reprints of older ballads, of which only the re-impreſſions are now extant: they were, no doubt, ſcarce when their republication was undertaken by the printers, bookſellers, and ſtationers, who carried on a profitable buſineſs from about 1620 to 1660.

An imperfect attempt to put a ſudden termination to dramatic performances was made in 1642, and carried into execution in 1648: theatres remained ſhut (with a few inſtances of diſobedience) until the return of Charles II. During this interval the writers and printers of ballads (which were ſtill iſſued as black-letter broadſides) ſeem to have reaped an unuſually abundant harveſt; for in proportion as the people were deprived of one ſpecies of amuſement they evidently required another. We know that many of

theſe productions were of a political complexion; and although none ſuch have reached our day, it is not unlikely that ſome ballads were ſatirically directed againſt the parties who had been prominent, or inſtrumental, in putting an end to theatrical repreſentations. The act for ſuppreſſing the ſtage was iſſued in the Spring, and in the Autumn of 1648 the Provoſt Marſhal was directed and empowered "to ſeize upon all ballad-ſingers, ſellers of malignant pamphlets, and to ſend them to the ſeveral militias, and to ſuppreſs ſtage-plays."* This exhibition of arbitrary power does not ſeem to have been by any means effectual as regards ballad-ſingers, and judging from the numerous broadſides of the time, whether reprints of older productions, or entirely new compoſitions, the preſs, after the theatres were put down, may be ſaid to have teemed with ballads, and the ſtreets to have been filled with itinerant muſicians, who, in a remarkable tract of the time, are humorouſly called "the running ſtationers of London."†

* Whitelocke's Memorials, p. 337.

† "Knaves are no honeſt Men, or More Knaves yet, &c. compoſed by I. L.," without name of printer, or date. The author's words are, "Marry, they ſay that the running ſtationers of London, I mean ſuch as uſe to ſing ballads, and thoſe that cry malignant pamphlets in the ſtreets have all laid their heads together," &c.

Introduction.

Had not the public eagerly encouraged this ſpecies of performance, of courſe, ſo many ballads would not have been publiſhed; but, recollecting the comparative value of money, the price of a broadſide could hardly have been within the reach of the pooreſt claſſes. We may perhaps calculate, that during the Protectorate money was worth at leaſt twice as much as at preſent, yet we find that then (and earlier, when money was far more ſcarce) the coſt of a ballad was a penny. Of this fact ſeveral diſtinct proofs are contained in our volume, for on p. 41 the ſinger tells his auditors,

> "Nor would I have a ſcold
> *one penny* here beſtow,
> But honeſt men and wives
> buy theſe before you goe:"

and on p. 151 we read as follows:

> "And thus you now have heard the praiſe
> of Nothing, *worth a penny*,
> Which, as I ſtand to ſing here now,
> I hope will yeeld me many."

Such it appears had been the charge, as it were by preſcription, for many years: Nicholas Breton, in his "Paſquil's Madcap," 1600, had adviſed "proſe writers" to change their occupation, in conſequence of the greater ſucceſs of the authors of "*penny* bal-

lads."* At that period money was four or five times leſs abundant than with us: a quarto play, ſuch as "Much ado about Nothing," (printed in 1600) was then ſold for ſixpence; a ſmall tract or poem for four-pence; a chap-book, in 8vo. for two-pence, and a broadſide ballad for one penny. It was not long after the Reſtoration that ballads ſo degenerated, in quality and eſtimation, that they were ſaleable at only half the ſum they had produced from the reign of Elizabeth downwards. The theatres, as every body knows, were then once more in active operation.

We have already ſaid ſomething of the general fidelity with which we have adhered to the old copies:

* His lines are theſe:

"Goe, tell the poets that their pedling rimes
Begin apace to grow out of requeſt,
While wanton humours in theſe idle times
Can make of love but as a laughing jeſt:
And tell proſe-writers, ſtories are ſo ſtale
That penny ballads make a better ſale."

No man put the town to the teſt, as regards both verſe and proſe, more frequently and perſeveringly than Breton; but we are not aware of any ballad, properly ſo called, of his compoſition, unleſs we may aſſign to him one on p. 254 of our volume. He was a very popular pamphleteer, and, as the pariſh regiſters ſhew, lived very near Trundle, the ballad-bookſeller, where ſeveral of his children were born and buried: this is not the place for inſerting extracts from them, but they form entirely new points in his biography.

we have carried this ſo far, that we have not only obſerved the orthography of our originals, but even their miſprints, if they were not mere literal errors, if the miſtakes in a manner corrected themſelves, or did not materially interfere with the ſenſe.* Our object has been to preſent the compoſitions, as nearly as our typography would allow, in their earlieſt ſhape, even to the diſuſe of many capital letters at the commencement of lines. This practice, with our old printers, aroſe out of the fact that lines, often divided into two, were in truth only one, the ſeparation having been made for the convenience of the page: we ſelect a ſingle illuſtration from p. 250, where we read,

* We take a ſpecimen, almoſt at random, from one of the very few broadſides we have inſerted, which are not in the ſtricteſt ſenſe of the word ballads: it occurs on p. 56.

"So likewiſe pride in London now
Doeth floriſhe in ſuche goodly ſorte,
That they invent which waie and how
Thereby augmented it might be."

In every other ſtanza the ſecond and fourth lines rhyme, and here we may be pretty ſure that the ſecond line ought to end "in goodly 'gree," in order that it might correſpond with "be" in the fourth line. As, however, "ſorte" perfectly well ſuits the ſenſe of the paſſage, we have not diſturbed the old text. This poem (which is by one of the poets we have for the firſt time introduced to the knowledge of the reader) alſo appeared in 8vo. in the ſame year as the broadſide, 1573.

"While married men doe lie
with worldly cares oppreſt,
Wee batchelors can ſleepe,
and ſweetly take our reſt."

which, in the author's manuſcript, we may ſuppoſe, ſtood thus:

"While married men doe lie with worldly cares oppreſt,
Wee batchelors can ſleepe, and ſweetly take our reſt.

Even when the ſhort lines rhymed alternately, the old typographers frequently rejected capitals, perhaps becauſe, being in a ſmall way of buſineſs, they had not ſufficient letter for their purpoſe. We have accompanied the ballads by fac-ſimiles of ſuch wood-cuts as uſed to be prefixed to the old broadſides themſelves; the main difference being, that we have transferred to the end what was formerly invitingly placed at the beginning. Moſt of thoſe we have adopted were repeatedly employed by the printers of broadſides, who ſeldom cared whether an ornament of the kind were or were not appropriate to the ſubject of the ballad, as long as it was likely to attract attention.

In this reſpect we have uſually been ſomewhat more obſervant than they were: a ballad-printer was in the habit of buying up old wood-cuts, which had been engraved for any other works, and of applying them to his own purpoſes. Diſregarding their age, rudeneſs, and

condition, we have made a ſelection of ſuch as were moſt characteriſtic, or intereſting on account of their reference to notorious perſonages: thus on p. 54 will be found a repreſentation of the celebrated Richard Tarlton, whoſe popular portrait was often employed, and who, beſides being a famous actor, was himſelf a ballad-writer. On p. 120 is a wood-cut of the old poet John Gower, apparelled as he was exhibited on the ſtage in Shakeſpeare's "Pericles," and as he is ſeen on the title-page of the novel of 1608, founded upon that play.* On p. 134 is a full length of that great proſe-ſatiriſt Thomas Naſh, in fetters, as he figures in one of Gabriel Harvey's tracts againſt him; and another repreſentation of Naſh, as a ghoſt, is inſerted on p. 263. Gabriel Harvey, his antagoniſt, is found on p. 201, probably from Naſh's own drawing in his "Have with you to Saffron Walden," 1596. Will Kemp, the comic performer in ſome of Shakeſpeare's

* For the title and a full account of this very *remarkable volume* ſee "Farther Particulars regarding Shakeſpeare and *his Works*," 8vo. 1839. It was ſold by auction among Mr. Heber's books, as *if it* were the ſtory of which our great dramatiſt had availed *himſelf*; but it was much more curious, becauſe it was founded upon *the play*, not the play upon it, and becauſe it contains various *paſſages*, reduced to proſe, which were no doubt acted, but are not *in any of the* printed copies of "Pericles." Much illuſtrative matter, connected with the progreſs of the plot, is alſo ſupplied by the novel.

dramas, will be ſeen dancing his Morris to Norwich on p. 216, from the title-page of his "Nine Day's Wonder," 1600: and the notorious Robert Greene, the pamphleteer and dramatiſt, is depicted writing in his winding ſheet on p. 303.*

Other amuſing repreſentations, in the courſe of our volume, had alſo been previouſly employed for various productions; and in looking at them, it is always to be borne in mind that, as accurate imitations of the originals, they give a perfect notion of the ſort of ornaments required by the ballad-buying public for more than half a century before the death of Charles I. The wood-cut of Robin Goodfellow, on p. 41, had been employed in a pamphlet devoted to his "mad merry pranks," publiſhed, perhaps, before Shakeſpeare wrote for the ſtage: the man and his dog on p. 59, belongs to the firſt edition of Dekker's "Belman of London," printed in 1608: the Pyramus and Thiſbe, on p. 96, is a foreign production, but adorns the title-page of R. Wolfe's "Pierce Ploughman's

* This is from the title-page of a rare tract called "Greene in Conceipt, new raiſed from his Grave to write the Tragique Hiſtorie of faire Valeria of London," &c. 4to. 1598. It is the only reſemblance (if indeed ſuch it may be termed) of that remarkable man, who died juſt as Shakeſpeare was faſt riſing into popularity, and who left behind him the earlieſt alluſion to his name and fame.

Creed," as early as 1553: the wiſe man of Gotham, hedging in the cuckoo, on p. 126, is from an old impreſſion of Andrew Borde's celebrated collection of Tales: the Watchman on p. 152, is one of a curious ſet of the "Cries of London," publiſhed in the reign of James I.: the Conjuror ſwallowing the ſerpent is contained in an ancient and droll account of Bartholomew Fair: the gentleman and countryman converſing, on p. 231, firſt appeared in Robert Greene's "Quip for an Upſtart Courtier," 1592: the Tinker, on p. 286, was a favourite and frequent decoration of ballads during nearly the whole period our volume embraces; and Sir Bevis, attended by his Squire, on p. 297, is evidently older, but was uſed in the romance relating to that hero, printed by W. Stanſby before Charles I. came to the crown.

Were it worth while, we might go into much farther detail reſpecting the ſources whence we have obtained our illuſtrations: among them are *only three* which do not form the head-pieces *of old ballads*, or are not derived from chap-books *and tracts* of an early date, ſubſequently employed by printers of broadſides of an ephemeral character and temporary intereſt. Two of theſe will be noticed on pp. 220 and 311, in a different and ſuperior ſtyle of deſign, while the third concludes the preſent introduction: it was

cut from a ſpirited ſketch by no leſs an artiſt than Inigo Jones, as the repreſentation of an Engliſh ballad-ſinger about twenty years after the death of Shakeſpeare, and it is ſo deſcribed in his own hand-writing upon the original drawing. The editor was permitted to copy it by favour of the Duke of Devonſhire, to whom, as on many former occaſions, he begs leave to tender his grateful acknowledgments.

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BALLADS.

Death's Dance.

To be ſung to a pleaſant new Tune called, " Oh no no no not yet, or The Meddow Brow."

[It is, perhaps, not now poſſible to arrive at any greater certainty reſpecting the age of this moral and ſatirical ballad, than that it muſt have been written ſome time after the opening of the Royal Exchange in 1570, that building being mentioned, in the third ſtanza, as the common reſort of merchants. Henry Goſſon, for whom the copy we have uſed was printed, was a bookſeller in the reign of James I. and afterwards; but we may reaſonably believe that " Death's Dance" was originally publiſhed before the year 1580: J. Awdeley had licenſe to print a " Daunce and Song of Death" as early as 1568, but it could not be this ballad, which ſeems to have been unknown to Mr. Douce, when he prepared his learned volume on the deſigns imputed to Macaber and Holbein. There are ſeveral ballads to the popular tune of " the Shaking of the Sheet, or the Dance of Death" (See Chappells " Nat. Engl. Airs" ii. 121.) but the preſent is entirely a different production.]

IF Death would come to ſhew his face
as he dare ſhow his powre,
And ſit at many a rich mans place
both every day and houre,
He would amaze them every one
to ſee him ſtanding there,
And wiſh that ſoone he would be gone
from all their dwellings faire.

Or if that Death would take the paines
to goe to the water ſide,
Where merchants purchaſe golden gaines
to pranke them up in pride,
And bid them thinke upon the poore,
or elſe, " Ile ſee you ſoone,"
There would be given them at their doore
good almes both night and noone.

Or walke into the Royall-Exchange
when every man is there,
No doubt, his comming would be ſtrange
to put them all in feare,
How they do worldly buy and ſell,
to make their markets good;
Their dealings all would proſper well,
if ſo the matter ſtood.

Or if Death would take the paine
to go to Pauls one day,
To talke with ſuch as there remaine
to walke, and not to pray;
Of life they would take laſting leaſe,
though nere ſo great a *fine*:
What is not that but ſome would give
to ſet them up a *ſhrine*?

If Death would go to Weſtminſter
to walke about the Hall,

And make himſelfe a counſellor
in pleas amongſt them all,
I thinke the Court of Conſcience
would have a great regard,
When Death ſhould come with diligence
to have their matters heard.

For Death hath been a Checker-man
not many yeares agoe;
And he is ſuch a one as can
beſtow his checking ſo,
That never a clarke within the Hall
can argue ſo his caſe,
But Death can overrule them all
in every court and place.

If Death would keepe a tipling houſe
where royſters do reſort,
And take the cup and drinke carowſe
when they are in their ſport;
And briefly ſay, "My maſters all,
why ſtand you idle here?
I bring to you Saint Giles his bowle,"
'twould put them all in feare.

If Death would make a ſtep to dance
where luſty gallants be,
Or take dice and throw a chance
when he doth gameſters' ſee;

And ſay, " My maſters, have at all,
I warrant it will be mine,"
They would in amazement fall
to ſet him any coyne.

If Death would goſſip now and then
amongſt the crabbed wives,
That taunt and raile at their good men
to make them weary lives,
It would amaze them, I might ſay,
ſo ſpightfully to boaſt,
That they will beare the ſwing and ſway,
and overrule the roaſt.

If Death but quarterly would come
amongſt the landlords crue,
And take account of every ſum
that riſes more then due,
As well of income as of fine,
above the old ſet rent,
They would let leaſes without coyne,
deſtroyed. for feare they ſhould be ſhent.

If Death would take his dayly courſe
where tradeſmen ſell their ware,
His welcome, ſure, would be more worſe
then thoſe of monyes bare:
It would affright them for to ſee
his leane and hollow lookes,

If Death would ſay, " Come, ſhow to me
my reckoning in your bookes."

If Death would thorow the markets trace
where Conſcience uſ'd to dwell,
And take but there a huckſter's place,
he might do wondrous well:
High prizes would abated be,
And nothing found too deare;
When Death ſhould call, " Come, buy of me,"
'twould put them all in feare.

If Death would prove a gentleman,
and come to court our dames,
And do the beſt of all he can
to blazon forth their names;
Yet ſhould he little welcomes have
Amongſt ſo fayre a crew
That daily go ſo fine and brave,
when they his face do view.

Or if he would but walke about
our city ſuburbs round,
There would be given, out of doubt,
full many a golden pound
To ſpare our wanton female crew,
and give them longer day;
But Death will grant no leaſes new,
but take them all away.

For Death hath promiſed to come,
and come he will indeede:
Therefore I warne you, all and ſome,
beware and take good heede;
For what you do, or what you be,
hee's ſure to find and know you:
Though he be blind, and cannot ſee,
in earth he will beſtow you.

FINIS.

The World's Sweet-heart.

To the tune of " The Beggar Boy."

[Richard Barnfield firſt publiſhed his poem " The Encomion of Lady Pecunia" in 1598, (again in 1605) and ſhe is mentioned by the ſame name in the following ballad, which touches humorouſly upon topics Barnfield had treated more ſeriouſly. The copy we have followed was " Printed at London for Thomas Lambert, at the ſigne of the Horſhoo in Smithfield" about the year 1630; but it moſt likely made its original appearance before 1600. The following couplet is added to the old title, preceding the information of the tune to which the ballad was to be ſung:—

" Whereby is ſhewed, that Miſtris Money
Is the world's Sweet-heart and Honey."

There is we believe, a copy in the Pepyſian Library at Cambridge, of a later date and without theſe lines.]

SWEET Miſtris Money, I here will declare
thy beauty, which every one adoreth,
The lofty gallant and beggar ſo bare
ſome help and comfort from thee implor-
For thou art become the World's Sweet-heart, [eth;
while every one doth make thee their honey,
And loath they are from thee to depart,
ſo well they doe love ſweet Miſtris Money.

Money is that which all men obey,
the wealthy rich miſer doteth upon it,
He puts her to trading until ſuch a day,
and is very careful in parting from it:
It joyes him to ſee a great heap of wealth,
and Lady *Pecunia* is his deare honey,
While he is content for to ſtarve himſelfe,
even for the love of Miſtris Money.

The Citty of London doth take great care
to gaine her favour by ſome new faſhion,
And for her ſake they will give you ſuch ware,
as there is not better in any nation:
For every one's heart is now ſet upon her,
and ſhe is become their onely deare honey;
Wherever ſhe goes her ſteps they doe honour,
ſo well they doe love ſweet Miſtris Money.

Though Money's complexion be very white,
yet I doe thinke there was never yet any
Could equall her beauty which is ſo bright,
ſo that ſhe hath friends and lovers many:
Each one will lend her a helping hand
to carry abroad their deareſt honey,
And they will be ready at her command,
even for the love of Miſtris Money.

Your country men to the market will goe
with corne, and ſuch other like proviſion,

And to procure Money ſometimes, you do know,
they will ſell it off upon any condition:
To cure their hearts of ſorrow and care
the ſavour of coyne is as ſweete as honey,
And they are glad to ſell off their ware,
even for the love of Miſtris Money.

The ſhepheard, that lyeth abroad in the field
and never careth for wind or weather,
Doth hope that his ſheepe ſome profit will yeeld,
which makes him to keepe them all together;
For he will ſit on the ſide of a rock,
or elſe lye upon a greene banke that is ſunny,
And there he will keepe his poore little flock,
even for the love of Miſtris Money.

In city, in country, and every place
tis Money that is ſo much reſpected,
For ſhe can never receive diſgrace,
ſince many deviſes are ſtill projected
By thoſe that ſeeke her favour to gaine,
and make her their onely delight and honey;
For they will refuſe no labour and paine,
in hope for to get Sweet Miſtris Money.

I thinke the world ſhall come to an end
before that Money ſhall be deſpiſed,
For in every corner ſhe hath a cloſe friend,
and by every one ſhe is highly priſed.

In every country, where ever you ride,
the ſavour of coyne is as ſweete as the honey,
And all the inns on the roade doe provide
to entertaine ſweete Miſtris Money.

Now Cupid may lay by his quiver and bow,
whereby ſometime love was procured,
Since now to marry they are very ſlow,
unleſſe that a portion may be aſſured;
For that doth carry their fancy away,
ſo that young men doe make it their honey,
And many a wedding, without all delay,
is made up for the love of Miſtris Money.

Mark where you doe come, and you ſhall ſtill find,
that for your Money you ſhall be attended:
My hoſt and my hoſteſſe will be very kind;
but when that your ſilver and coin is ſpended,
Faith, then you may goe with much grief and woe,
becauſe you have parted from your deare honey;
For that reſpect which to you they did ſhow
was for the love of Miſtris Money.

At Rome the prieſts doe make her a ſaint,
who cheat the people by fond deluſion;
And if that you no money doe want,
you ſhall for your ſins have an abſolution:
Thus in forraine countries, where ever you goe,
this Mammon is counted their onely honey,

And unto you much kindneſſe they'll ſhow,
even for the love of Miſtris Money.

The ſeaman likewiſe will travaile abroad,
in ſtorms and in tempeſts his heart ne're faileth,
Untill with commodities he be well ſtor'd,
and then through the ocean he luſtily ſaileth.
He cares not if that he meet with ſome blowes,
for he ſo eſteemeth his deareſt honey,
That he ſpreadeth his ſayls and away he goes,
and ſometimes he bringeth home gold and Money.

Thus all mens affections are equally bent
to Money, which maketh them full of mettle,
And when they doe want it they are diſcontent,
becauſe their love on it they doe ſettle:
Yet I would not have you to ſet your heart
on worldly treaſure, to make it your honey,
But to buy this ditty before you depart,
if that you doe love ſweet Miſtris Money.

Chriſtmas' Lamentation.

To the tune of "Now the Spring is come."

[This ſingular ballad is unqueſtionably as old as the reign of Elizabeth: "yellow ſtarch," which is mentioned, and would ſeem on ſome accounts to fix it in that of James I., was in faſhion ſome time before the death of his predeceſſor on the throne. It is a bold and ſtriking reproof of the decay of hoſpitality, eſpecially at Chriſtmas, and we are aware of no other production of preciſely the ſame kind and character. The full title in the only copy known is, "Chriſtmas' Lamentation for the loſſe of his acquaintance; ſhowing how he is forſt to leave the Country, and come to London." It was "printed at London for F. C. dwelling in the old Bayly," F. C. being Francis Coles, who publiſhed many broadſides of a comparatively late date, and various reprints of much older ballads, among which laſt the following is to be placed.]

CHRISTMAS is my name, farre have I gone,
Have I gone, have I gone, have I gone,
without regard,
Whereas great men by flockes there be flowne,
There be flown, there be flown, there be flowne,
to London-ward;
Where they in pomp and pleaſure doe waſte
That which Chriſtmas was wonted to feaſt,
Welladay!

Houſes where muſicke was wont for to ring
Nothing but batts and howlets doe ſing.
Welladay! Welladay! Welladay!
where ſhould I ſtay?

Chriſtmas beefe and bread is turn'd into ſtones,
Into ſtones, into ſtones, into ſtones,
and ſilken rags;
And Ladie Money ſleepes and makes moanes,
And makes moanes, and makes moanes, and makes moanes,
in miſers bags:
Houſes where pleaſures once did abound,
Nought but a dogge and a ſhepheard is found,
Welladay!
Places where Chriſtmas revells did keepe
Are now become habitations for ſheepe.
Welladay! Welladay! Welladay!
where ſhould I ſtay?

Pan, the ſhepheards god, doth deface,
Doth deface, doth deface, doth deface,
Lady Ceres crowne,
And tillage that doth goe to decay,
To decay, to decay, to decay:
in every towne,
Landlords their rents ſo highly inhance,
That Pierce, the plow-man, bare foot may dance;
Welladay!

And farmers, that Chriſtmas would entertaine,
Have ſcarce wherewith themſelves to maintaine.
Welladay! Welladay! Welladay!
where ſhould I ſtay?

Come to the country man, he will proteſt,
Will proteſt, will proteſt, will proteſt,
and of bull beefe boſte;
And for the citizen he is ſo hot,
Is ſo hot, is ſo hot, is ſo hot,
he will burne the roſte.
The courtier he good deeds will not ſcorne,
Nor will he ſee poore Chriſtmas forlorne:
Welladay!
Since none of theſe good deeds will doe,
Chriſtmas had beſt turn courtier too.
Welladay! Welladay! Welladay!
where ſhould I ſtay?

Pride and luxury they doe devoure,
Doe devoure, doe devoure, doe devoure,
houſe-keeping quite;
And beggery that doth beget,
Doth beget, doth beget, doth beget,
in many a knight.
Madam, forſooth, in her coach muſt wheele,
Although ſhe weare her hoſe out at heele,
Welladay!

And on her back weare that for a weed,
Which me and all my fellowes would feed.
Welladay! Welladay! Welladay!
where ſhould I ſtay?

Since pride came up with the yellow ſtarch,
Yellow ſtarch, yellow ſtarch, yellow ſtarch,
poore folkes doe want,
And nothing the rich men will to them give,
To them give, to them give, to them give,
but doe them taunt;
For Charity from the country is fled,
And in her place hath nought left but need;
Welladay!
And corne is growne to ſo high a price,
It makes poore men cry with weeping eyes.
Welladay! Welladay! Welladay!
where ſhould I ſtay?

Briefely for to end, here I doe find,
I doe find, I doe find, I doe find,
ſo great vacation,
That moſt great houſes ſeem to attaine,
To attaine, to attaine, to attaine,
a ſtrong purgation:
Where purging pills ſuch effects they have ſhewed,
That forth of doores their owners have ſpewed;
Welladay!

And whereas Chriſtmas comes by and calls,
Nought but ſolitary and naked walls.
Welladay! Welladay! Welladay!
where ſhall I ſtay?

Philemon's cottage was turn'd into gold,
Into gold, into gold, into gold,
for harbouring Jove:
Rich men their houſes for to keepe,
For to keepe, for to keepe, for to keepe,
might their greatneſſe move;
But in the city they ſay they doe live,
Where gold by handfulls away they doe give:
Ile away,
And thether therefore I purpoſe to paſſe,
Hoping at London to finde the golden aſſe.
Ile away, Ile away, Ile away,
for here's no ſtay.

The Gentleman in Thracia.

To the tune of "Chevy Chace."

[This, like many others, is a ballad without date, but no doubt it was written late in the ſixteenth, or early in the ſeventeenth century: it has no name nor initials at the end, but the ſtyle, excepting that it is a little too proſaic, is very like that of Thomas Deloney, who was a prolific ballad writer of that period. The romantic ſtory may have been a mere invention, or the author may have found it, as he ſtates, in ſome "ancient chronicle." The full title of the broadſide is this, "A pleaſant Hiſtory of a Gentleman in Thracia, which had foure Sonnes, and three of them none of his own: ſhewing how miraculouſly the true heire came to enjoy his Inheritance." It was "Printed at London for H. G." H. G. being of courſe Henry Goſſon, who, we may preſume, was ſome relation to the celebrated Stephen Goſſon, rector of St. Botolph, Biſhopgate, the adjoining pariſh to that in which the bookſeller's family ſeems at one time to have reſided.]

IN ſearching ancient chronicles
it was my chance to finde
A ſtory worth the writing out,
in my conceit and mind:
It is an admonition good
that children ought to have,

With reverence for to thinke upon
their parents laid in grave.

In Thracia liv'd a gentleman
of noble progeny,
Who rul'd his houſhold with great fame,
and true integrity:
This gentleman did take to wife
a neat and gallant dame,
Whoſe outward ſhew and beauty bright
did many hearts inflame.

The luſter that came from her lookes,
her carriage and her grace,
Like beauteous Cynthia did outſhine
each lady in that place;
And being puffed up in pride,
with eaſe and jollity,
Her huſband could not her content,
ſhe other men muſt try.

Laſciviouſly long time ſhe liv'd,
yet bore it cunningly;
For ſhe had thoſe that watch'd ſo well,
that he could nought eſpy:
With bribes and gifts ſhe ſo bewitch'd
the hearts of ſome were neere,
That they conceal'd her wickedneſſe,
and kept it from her deare.

Thus ſpending of her time away
in extreme wantonneſſe,
Her private friends, when ſhe did pleaſe,
unto her had acceſſe;
But the all-ſeeing eye of heaven
ſuch ſinnes will not conceale,
And by ſome meanes at laſt will he
the truth of all reveale.

Upon a time ſore ſicke ſhe fell,
yea to the very death,
And her phyſician told her plaine
ſhe muſt reſigne her breath:
Divines did likewiſe viſit her,
and holy counſell gave,
And bade her call upon the Lord,
that He her ſoule might ſave.

Amongſt the reſt ſhe did deſire
they would her huſband bring:
I have a ſecret to reveale
(ſhe ſaid) my heart doth ſting.
Then he came poſting preſently
unto her where ſhe lay,
And weeping then he did deſire
what ſhe to him would ſay.

She did intreat that all might voyd
the roome, and he would ſtay.

Your pardon, huſband, I beſeech,
unto him ſhe did ſay,
For I have wrong'd your marriage bed
and plaid the wanton wife:
To you the truth I will reveale
ere I depart this life.

Foure hopefull ſonnes you think you have,
To me it beſt is knowne,
And three of them are none of yours;
of foure but one's your owne,
And by your ſelfe on me begot,
which hath a wanton beene.
Theſe dying teares forgiveneſſe beg;
let mercy then be ſeene.

This ſtrooke her huſband in a dump,
his heart was almoſt dead;
But rouzing of his ſpirits up
theſe words to her he ſaid.
I doe forgive thee with my heart,
ſo thou the truth wilt tell
Which of the foure is my owne ſonne,
and all things ſhall be well.

O, pardon me, my huſband deare!
unto him ſhe did ſay,
They are my children every one:
and ſo ſhe went away.

Away he goes with heavy heart;
his griefes he did conceale
And like a wiſe and prudent man
to none did it reveale.

Not knowing which to be his owne,
each of his love did ſhare,
And to be train'd in vertues paths
of them he had a care:
In learning great and gentle grace
they were brought up and taught;
Such deare affection in the hearts
of parents God hath wrought.

They now were growne to mens eſtates,
and liv'd moſt gallantly;
Each had his horſe, his hawke, his hound,
and did their manhood try.
The ancient man did joy thereat,
but yet he did not know
Which was his ſonne amongſt the foure;
that bred in him much woe.

At length his glaſſe of life was run,
the fates doe ſo decree;
For poore and rich they all muſt dye,
and death will take no fee.
Unto ſome judges he did ſend,
and counſell that were grave,

Who preſently to him did come
to know what he would have.

They coming then to his beds ſide,
unto them he did ſay:
I know you all to be my friends,
moſt faithfull every way;
And now, before I leave the world,
I beg this at your hands,
To have a care which of my ſonnes
ſhall have my goods and lands.

And to them all he did relate
what things his wife had done.
There is but one amongſt the foure
that is my native ſonne;
And to your judgement I commit,
when I am laid in grave,
Which is my ſonne, and which is fit
my lands and goods to have.

He dying, they in councill ſate
what beſt were to be done,
For 'twas a taſke of great import
to judge which was his ſonne.
The brothers likewiſe were at ſtrife,
which ſhould the living have,
When as the ancient man was dead,
and buried in his grave.

The judges muſt decide the cauſe,
and thus they did decree,
The dead man's body up to take
and tye it to a tree:
A bow each brother he muſt have,
and eke an arrow take,
To ſhoot at their dead fathers corps,
as if he were a ſtake.

And he whoſe arrow neareſt hit
his heart, as he did ſtand,
They'd judge him for to be right heire,
and fit to have the land.
On this they all did ſtraight agree,
And to the field they went:
Each had a man his ſhaft to beare,
and bow already bent.

Now (quoth the judges) try your ſkill
upon your father there,
That we may quickly know who ſhall
unto the land be heire.
The eldeſt tooke his bow in hand,
and ſhaft, where as he ſtood,
Which pierc'd ſo deep the dead mans breſt,
that it did run with blood.

The ſecond brother then muſt ſhoot,
who ſtraight did take his aime,

And with his arrow made a wound,
that blood came from the ſame.
The third likewiſe muſt try his ſkill
the matter to decide,
Whoſe ſhaft did make a wound moſt deep
into the dead man's ſide.

Unto the fourth and youngeſt, then,
a bow and ſhaft were brought,
Who ſaid, D'ee thinke that ere my heart
could harbour ſuch a thought,
To ſhoot at my dear father's heart,
although that he be dead,
For all the kingdomes in the world
that farre and wide are ſpread?

And turning of him round about,
the teares ran downe amaine:
He flung his bow upon the ground,
and broke his ſhaft in twaine.
The judges ſeeing his remorſe,
they then concluded all
He was the right; the other three
they were unnaturall.

And ſo he ſtraight poſſeſt the lands,
being made the heire of all,

And heaven by nature in this kind
unto his heart did call.
His brothers they did envy him,
but yet he need not care,
And of his wealth, in portions large,
unto them he did ſhare.

FINIS.

Ragged, and Torne, and True.

To the Tune of " Old Simon the King."

[This capital old ballad, we may conjecture from internal evidence, was first publiſhed while Elizabeth was ſtill on the throne: the broad-ſide we have uſed was " Printed for the Aſſignes of Thomas Symcocke" who in the reign of James I. had a patent for publications occupying only " one ſide" of paper or parchment (" Hiſt. Engl. Dram. Poetry and the Stage," III. 383). Symcocke granted deputations to others, and by one of his " aſſigns" the preſent impreſſion of an older production was put forth.]

I AM a poore man, God knowes,
and all my neighbours can tell,
I want both money and clothes,
and yet I live wondrous well:
I have a contented mind,
and a heart to beare out all,
Though fortune (being unkind)
hath given me ſubſtance ſmall.
Then hang up ſorrow and care,
it never ſhall make me rue;
What though my backe goes bare,
I'me ragged, and torne, and true.

I ſcorne to live by the ſhift,
or by any ſiniſter dealing;
Ile flatter no man for a gift,
nor will I get money by ſtealing:

Ile be no knight of the poſt
to ſell my ſoule for a bribe,
Though all my fortunes be croſt,
yet I ſcorne the cheaters tribe.
Then hang up ſorrow and care,
it never ſhall make me rue;
What though my cloake be thred-bare,
I'me ragged, and torne, and true.

A boote of Spaniſh leather
I have ſeene ſet faſt in the ſtockes,
Expoſed to wind and weather,
and foul reproach and mocks,
While I in my poore ragges
can paſſe at liberty ſtill:
O, fie on theſe brawling bragges,
when money is gotten ſo ill!
O, fie on theſe pilfering knaves!
I ſcorne to be of that crue,
They ſteale to make themſelves brave;
I'me ragged, and torne, and true.

I have ſeene a gallant goe by
with all his wealth on his backe,
He look't as loftily
as one that did nothing lacke;
And yet he hath no meanes
but what he gets by the ſword,

Which he conſumes on queanes,
for it thrives not, take my word.
O, fie on theſe high-way thieves!
the gallowes will be their due:
Though my doublet be rent i'th' ſleeves,
I'me ragged, and torne, and true.

Some do themſelves maintaine
with playing at cards and dice:
O, fie on that lawleſſe gaine
got by ſuch wicked vice!
They coozen poore countrey-men
with their deluſions vilde,
Yet it happens now and then
that they are themſelves beguilde;
For if they be caught in a ſnare
the pillory claimes its due.
Though my jerkin be worne and bare,
I'me ragged, and torne, and true.

vile.

I have ſeene ſome gallants brave
up Holborne ride in a cart,
Which ſight much ſorrow gave
to every tender heart:
Then have I ſaid to my ſelfe,
what pity is it for this,
That any man for pelfe
ſhould do ſuch a foule amiſſe.

O, fie on deceit and theft!
it makes men at the laſt rue;
Though I have but little left,
Ime ragged, and torne, and true.

The pick-pockets in a throng,
at a market or a faire,
Will try whoſe purſe is ſtrong,
that they may the money ſhare;
But if they are caught i'th' action,
they are carried away in diſgrace,
Either to the Houſe of Correction,
or elſe to a worſer place.
O, fie on theſe pilfering theeves!
the gallowes will be their due:
What need I ſue for repreeves?
Ime ragged, and torne, and true.

The hoſtler, to maintaine
himſelfe with money in's purſe,
Approves the proverbe true,
and ſayes, Gramercy horſe:
He robs the travelling beaſt,
that cannot divulge his ill;
He ſteales a whole handfull at leaſt
from every halfe peck he ſhould fill.
O, fie on theſe coozening ſcabs,
that rob the poore jades of their due!

Ragged, and Torne, and True.

I ſcorne all theeves and drabs,
Ime ragged, and torne, and true.

Tis good to be honeſt and juſt,
though a man be never ſo poore;
Falſe dealers are ſtill in miſtruſt,
th'are afraid of the officers doore:
Their conſcience doth them accuſe,
and they quake at the noiſe of a buſh,
While he that doth no man abuſe
for the law needs not care a ruſh.
Then welfare the man that can ſay,
I pay every man his due:
Although I go poore in array,
Ime ragged, and torne, and true.

The Complaint of King James,

Who was ſlayne at Flodden Fielde, anno 1513.

[This piece, not ſtrictly ſpeaking a ballad, is in the form and ſpirit of that ancient popular work, "The Mirror for Magiſtrates." Ulpian Fulwell originally printed it in his "Flower of Fame," 1575, 4to. where the title ſtands thus:—"The lamentable complaint of King James of Scotland, who was ſlayne at Scottiſh fielde," meaning, of courſe, Flodden Field. The work was "Imprinted at London in Fleete Streate, at the Temple gate by William Hoſkins."]

AMONG the reſt whom rewfull fate hath reft,
Whoſe ſhrouding ſheetes have wrapt their woful lyves,
Why have not I a place among them left,
Whoſe fall eche tong with dayly talke revives?
Such is the wheele that froward Fortune drives;
To day a king of puiſance and might,
And in one howre a wofull wretched wight.

A happie life by happie end is tride,
A wretched race by wofull ende is known:
Though pleaſant wind the ſhip do rightly guyde,

The Complaint of King James.

At laſt by rage of ſtormes tis over throwne:
The greateſt oke with tempeſt is fyrſt blowne.
Though Fortune ſeeme a loft to hoyſe thy ſayle,
Yet Fortune ofte tymes ſmyles to ſmall avayle.

I thought my bower buylt on happie ſoyle,
Which under propped was with tickle ſtaye;
ſudden. Wherfore on ſodayne chaunce I tooke the foyle,
In hope for to have had a noble praye,
In ſearch whereof I reapt my fatall daye.
With ſhamefull death my fame was forcte to bow;
reward. A gwerdon meete for breach of ſacred vow.

A Prince his promiſe ought not to be broke,
Much more his othe of ryght obſervde ſhould be;
But greedie gayne doth oft the mynde provoke
To breake both othe and vowe, as ſeemes by mee:
Ambition blearde myne eyes, I coulde not ſee.
I fynde though man with man his faith forgoe,
Yet man with God may not [in deede] do ſo.

I was a king, my power was not ſmall;
I ware the crowne to wield the Scottiſh land;
I raignde and rewlde, the greater was my fall:
The myght of God no kingdome can withſtand.
An Earle wan of mee the upper hande;
With blodie ſworde my luckleſſe lyfe to ende
By ſhamefull death, without tyme to amende.

Such was the force of Atrop's cruell ſpight,
Unlooked for to cut my fatall lyne.
My wretched carcas then was brought in ſight
Through London ſtreets, wherat the Scots repine:
The endles ſhame of this miſhap is myne.
Like butchers ware on horſebacke was I brought:
The King of Kinges for me this end hath wrought.

Let Princes all by me example take
What daunger tis to dally in ſuch caſe;
By perjurye their faythes for to forſake,
Leaſt ſeate of ſhame ſhall be their endles place:
Foule infamie ſhall their renowne deface.
Of falſed faith ſuch is deſerved hyre,
And he muſt falle that will too hyghe aſpyre.

Ye noble Peeres, whoſe lives with myne did end,
Send forth from graves your grieſly ghoſts ech one,
To wayle the chaunce that Fortune us did ſende:
Let all the Scots powre out their plaints and mone,
That we to hedles haſte were apt and prone;
Which raſh beginning, voyde of Godly awe,
Had lyke ſucceſſe for breach of ſacred lawe.

I thought that Englande had beene far too weake
For my ſtrong powre, when Henry was away,
Which made mee light regarde my vow to breake;
But yet I founde they were left in good ſtay,

The Complaint of King James.

With force and ſtrength to purchaſe my decay.
Thus my aſpiring minde had guerdon due,
Which may a myrror bee for men to vewe:

Whereby to ſhun the breach of ſacred vow,
And not to ſeeke a lawleſſe meanes to raygne,
For right will force urſurped rule to bow,
And reape repulſe in ſteade of noble gaine.
Thus truth in tyme doth turne her foe to paine,
And God him ſelfe doth ſhield the rightfull cauſe:
Then, let men learne to lyve within his lawes.

ULPIAN FULWELL.

The Devil and the Scold.

To the Tune of "The Seminary Prieſt."

[This is certainly an early ballad: the alluſion, in the ſecond ſtanza, to Tom Thumb and Robin Goodfellow (whoſe "Mad Pranks" had been publiſhed before 1588, with the wood-cut which follows the ballad) is highly curious, and one proof of its antiquity, although it has reached us only in an impreſſion "Printed at London for Henry Goſſon, dwelling upon London Bridge, neare to the Gate." Beſides the heading, the following couplet forms part of the title:—

"A pleaſant new Ballad you here may behold,
How the Devill, though ſubtle, was gul'd by a ſcold."]

GIVE eare, my loving countrey-men
that ſtill deſire newes,
Nor paſſe not while you heare it ſung,
or elſe the ſong peruſe;
For ere you heare it I muſt tell
my newes it is not common;
But Ile unfold a truth betwixt
a Devill and a woman.

Tom Thumb is not my ſubject,
whom Fairies oft did aide,
Nor that mad ſpirit Robin,
that plagues both wife and maid;

Nor is my ſong ſatyricke like,
invented againſt no man,
But onely of a pranke betwixt
a Devill and a woman.

Then, widdowes wives and maids
give eare as well as men,
And by this woman learne
to gull the world agen:
You may by this turn artiſts,
or maſters of your art,
And when the Devill comes for you
you need care nothing for't.

A woman well in yeares
liv'd with a huſband kinde,
Who had a great deſire
to live content in minde;
But 'twas a thing impoſſible
to compaſs his deſire,
For night and day with ſcolding
ſhe did her huſband tire.

roguiſh.

With, roughiſh lowtiſh clowne!
deſpite thee Ile be wilde;
Doeſt thou think I marryed thee
to uſe thee like a childe,
And ſet thee on my lap,
or humour what you ſpeake?

Before Ile be ſo fond
thy very heart Ile breake.

Why, loving wife, quoth he,
Ile never doe thee wrong,
So thoul't be rul'd by me,
and onely hold thy tongue;
And when I come from worke
wilt pleaſe at board and bed:
Doe this, my loving wife,
and take all, being dead.

Marke well, quoth ſhe, my words,
what ere you ſpeake me to,
By faire meanes or by foule,
the contrary Ile doe.
According to her ſpeech
this man led ſuch a life,
That oft he wiſh't the Devill
to come and fetch his wife.

Had he bid her goe homely,
why then ſhe would goe brave;
Had he cal'd her good wife,
ſhe cal'd him rogue and ſlave;
Bade he, wife, goe to church,
and take the faireſt pew,
Shee'd goe unto an alehouſe
and drinke, lye downe and ſpew.

The Devil and the Scold.

The Devill, being merry
with laughing at this mirth,
Would needs from hell come trotting
to fetch her from the earth;
And coming like a horſe
did tell this man his minde,
Saying, ſet her but aſtride my backe,
Ile hurry her through the winde.

Kinde Devill, quoth the man,
if thou a while wilt wait,
Ile bid her doe that thing
ſhall make her backe thee ſtraight:
And here Ile make a vow,
for all ſhe is my wife,
Ile never ſend for her againe,
Whileſt I have breath or life.

Content, the Devill cry'd:
then to his wife goes he;
Good wife, goe leade that horſe
ſo blacke and faire you ſee.
Goe leade, ſir knave! quoth ſhe,
and wherefore not goe ride?
She tooke the Devill by the reines,
and up ſhe goes aſtride.

The Devill neighed loud,
and threw his heeles i'th'ayre:

Kick in the Devills name! quoth ſhe,
a ſhrew doth never fear.
Away to hell he went
with this moſt wicked ſcold,
But ſhe did curbe him with the bit,
and would not loſe her hold.

The more he cry'd, Give way,
the more ſhe kept him in,
And kickt him ſo with both her heeles,
that both his ſides were thin.
Alight, the Devill cry'd,
and quicke the bridle looſe:
No, I will ride (quoth ſhe)
whiles thou haſt breath or ſhoes.

Again ſhe kickt and prickt,
and ſate ſo ſtiff and well,
The Devill was not ſo plagu'd
a hundred yeares in hell.
For pity light (quoth he)
thou put'ſt me to much paine:
I will not light (quoth ſhe)
till I come home againe.

The Devill ſhewd her all
the paines within that place,
And told her that they were
ordain'd for ſcolds ſo baſe.

The Devil and the Scold.

Being bereft of breath,
for ſcolding 'tis my due;
But whileſt I live on earth,
Ile be reveng'd on you.

Then did ſhe draw her knife,
and gave his eare a ſlit:
The Devill never felt
the like from mortall yet.
So, fearing further danger,
he to his heeles did take,
And faſter then he came
he poſt haſte home did make.

Here take her (quoth the Devill)
to keep her here be bold,
For hell will not be troubled
with ſuch an earthly ſcold.
When I come home I may
to all my fellowes tell,
I loſt my labour, and my bloud,
to bring a ſcold to hell.

The man half dead did ſtand,
away the Devill hyde:
Then ſince the world nor hell
can well a ſcold abide.
To make a ſaile of ſhips
let huſbands fall to worke,

And give their free conſents
to ſend them to the Turke.

Then, honeſt wives and maides,
and widdowes of each ſort,
Might live in peace and reſt
and Silence keep her court:
Nor would I have a ſcold
one penny here beſtow,
But, honeſt men and wives,
buy theſe before you goe:

The Lamentacion of Freyndſhyp.

[Thomas] Churchyard, the author of the ſubſequent ſatire, for it is only a ballad in appearance, began writing in the reign of Edward VI. and did not ceaſe until James I. had aſcended the throne: his many worldly diſappointments gave a colour to nearly all he wrote, and what follows is ſtrongly tinged with miſanthropy. It was compoſed in couplets, but the printer of the broadſide (no name is attached to our copy, and perhaps it has been accidentally cut off) thought fit to give it the appearance of ſtanzas. There ſeems to have been another impreſſion, "Imprinted at London by Thomas Colwell for Nicolas Wyer," a copy of which was in the collection of the late Mr. Heber.]

IN Court, ſome ſay, doth freindſhyp flowe,
And ſome to Court for freindſhyp goe,
But I that walke the worlde aboute
Could never yet fynde freyndſhyp out;
For fyneneſſe ſhewes ſo fayre a face,
That freyndſhyp hath no dwellynge place.

Yea, depe dyſſemblynge manners mylde
Hath fayth and freindſhyp both exylde.
The holowe harte is fowle and fell,
Wheare freyndſhyp loketh now to dwell:
The humble ſpeche and Syrenes ſonge
Hath ſhrouded freyndſhyp over longe.

The wylye wordes that wave wyth wynde
Hath brought true frendſhyp out of mynde;
And, to be ſhorte, fayre wordes is all
The fruite that from the tree dothe fall.
Wordeș welde the worlde, and beare the ſwaye, wield.
And freindſhyp daylye doth decaye.

Yet durſte I make of it reporte,
It is amonge the meaner ſorte
If any faythe or freindſhyp bee;
But I ſo lytle freindſhyp ſee,
I feare the vertue of the ſame
Conſyſtes but in a gentle name.

The worlde is waxen now ſo nyce
That we have learnd the Frenche devyce,
At your commaundement, for a ſhowe,
And meane no farther for to goe:
We are as free of promyſe ſtyll,
As though we mente a great good wyll;

And brave it out for gloryes ſake,
And much adoe therof we make,
To blaſe abrode our bountye great.
Tuſh, man! the fyre hath loſt his heate;
The flame yeldes furthe but ſparkles ſmall,
Theare is no freyndſhyp now at all.

Geve eare, and heare a pretye jeſt.
Theare was a man (at my requeſt)

That ſeemd an earneſt freinde in dede,
And ſwore he wolde ſupplye my nede
Wyth all hys helpe he could devyſe;
And ofte to blere his ladyes eyes,

And make her know hys lyberall mynde,
bounty. (For women larges love of kynde)
He promyſt many a goodlye gyfte;
But when I put hym to hys ſhyfte
For quycke performaunce of this geare,
Then backwarde gan he for to ſweare

Eche worde had paſt hys mouth before.
I pray you now, if we had ſtore
Of ſuch good freinds when nede ſhuld cum,
Myght not a pore man ſtryke hys drum
ſpirit. Before theyr dores wyth chereful ſprete,
And ſounde a marche in open ſtrete

A thouſand tymes amidſte hys greefe,
Ere. Or he ſhould fynde thearby releefe?
Fyve hundred of ſuch mates as theaſe
(Whoſe freyndſhyp is not worth a peaſe,
Whoſe bravery ſhynes beyonde the ſunne,
Yet ſlypper laddes when all is done)

My hap hath bene to mete or thys.
Beware, I ſay, the Judas kyſſe,
The ſlyrynge face, the parate gaye,
The bablynge tongue that hath no ſtaye,

The fawner fyne that croutcheth lowe,
The plyant head that bendes lyke bowe,

Whoſe nature lykes not freindſhyp's lawe,
The gloryous man, the pratynge dawe.
Tut, tut! I warne thee overſoone,
Ful longe hath nede to be the ſpoone
A man ſhould have for every feate,
That wyth the dyvell thynkes to eate:

For dyvels in theſe dayes are ryfe,
And thou muſt nedes leade out thy lyfe
Wyth depe dyſſemblers every wayes.
The dyvels are much more to prayſe,
Then muffled men that myſcheife breede,
Who are not knowen but by theyr deede.

Oh frendſhyp! thou art much myſuſed
To be wyth freindes thus abuſed;
For freyndſhyp ſhould wyth open face
Be ſeene and felt in every place:
Of playneneſſe firſt was freyndſhyp wrought,
Juſt as the Gods, and pure of thought.

Full free and franke, as lordes have byn,
Full bent the peoples hartes to wynne;
Full glad to fyll the nedye hande,
Full firme of worde, and ſure to ſtande,
As oke that every ſtorme wyl byde,
Not loſt with want, nor wonne wyth pryde,

And welthy pompe, the pumpe of ſynne,
That bryngeth every myſcheife in;
But alwayes cleare from falſehedde's trayne.
Then, tell me now, and do not fayne,
Where does that freindſhyp buylde his bowre?
Where is ſuch freinſhyp had this howre?

Where maketh he now hys manſyon place?
Or where (good Lord!) hath men ſuch grace
To lyght upon ſo great a bliſſe?
Mans mynde and nature altered is:
The worlde in wyckedneſſe is drounde,
And, trulye, freindſhyp is unſounde,

And rotten lyke corrupted fruite.
noiſe. Though gloryous men wyll beare a brute
Of freindes, theyr freyndſhyp is ſo colde
That we therof have lytle holde:
When it ſhould ſerve our turne (God knowes)
We reape the weede and plant the roſe.

We gape for golde, and grype but glaſſe.
Now do ſuch wordes of offyce paſſe
Tweene all eſtates, bothe farre and nere,
That talke is nought but fayned chere,
To make fayre weather for a whyle,
Tyl one the other do beguyle.

I tell thee, man, who playes the parte
Of wylye fox muſt lerne thys arte:

They are no ſmąll byrdes (as I geſſe)
If I in authors maye expreſſe
The ſynnes that now be kept in ſtore,
That put in practyſe this and more,

To compaſſe cloked freindſhyp fyne.
The fowler never drawes hys lyne
So ſtrayght upon the ſelye fowle,
Nor ſure the byas of the bowle
Goeth not ſo ſtrayghte on mayſter blocke,
As dayly dothe thys dallyenge flocke

Upon the polycye of the brayne,
To brynge the ſelye foole to trayne.
Men are ſo uſed theſe dayes wyth wordes,
They take them but for jeſtes and boordes, jokes.
That Chriſtmas Lordes were wonte to ſpeke.
Well, well, I ſay the worlde is weke,

And weker it is lyke to bee,
When credyte out of the worlde ſhall flye;
When truſt is gone, and trothe is dead,
And faythfull freyndſhyp hydes hys head,
And wordes are helpe of none effecte,
And promyſe faythfull is ſuſpecte.

Farewell! all earthly hope is paſt.
I ſee our maners change ſo faſt,
And ſuche affection leades our wyll
Awry to fickle freindſhyp ſtyll,

The Lamentacion of Freyndſhyp.

That ſure true freindſhyp ſylent ſyttes,
And nought beares rule but wylye wyttes,

Unſhamefaſte wayes, and meare deceyte
For playneneſſe, ſuch a pleaſante bayte
As choketh up both hye and lowe,
And poyſoneth all the worlde, I trowe.
Wherfore, ſynce freyndſhyp takes hys leave,
And fyneneſſe dothe us all deceyve,

Let freyndſhyppes name be banyſhed quyte;
For ſure it is a great dyſpyte
To ſpeke of freindſhyp any tyme,
To make of freindſhyp proſe or ryme,
Or gyve to freyndſhyp anye prayſe,
That is ſo fruteleſſe in our dayes.

T. CHURCHYARD.

Mock-Begger's Hall.

To the tune of "It is not your Northern Nanny," *or* "Sweet is the Lass that loves me."

[This ballad is a very amuſing and clever ſatire on many changes for the worſe, about the period it ſeems to have been written—the beginning of the ſeventeenth century. The full title is "Mock-Begger's Hall, with his ſituation in the ſpacious country called Anywhere;" and we have been obliged (from the exiſtence of no other, excepting a ſtill more modern reprint,) to uſe a copy publiſhed, during the civil wars: it purports to have been "Printed for Richard Harper, at the Bible and Harp, in Smithfield." The wood-cut at the end is a repreſentation of Tarlton, the comedian, who was ſo popular before 1588, when he died. If the entry in the regiſter of St. Leonard's, Shoreditch, apply to him, as no doubt it does, his name has never been accurately ſpelt in the quotations of it: it there ſtands Richard Torrelton; and it is remarkable that he was buried on the very day his will bears date, September 3. We may conclude perhaps that he died of the plague. There was a wood-cut of Tarlton, playing upon his pipe and tabor, as early as 1590, no doubt ſimilar to that we have inſerted, and not unfrequently found at the head of old ballads.]

IN ancient times, when as plain dealing
Was moſt of all in faſhion,
There was not then half ſo much ſtealing,
Nor men ſo given to paſſion;
But now a days truth ſo decays,
And falſe knaves there are plenty,
So pride exceeds all worthy deeds,
While Mock-begger Hall ſtands empty.

The hangman now the faſhion keeps,
And ſwaggers like our gallants;
While love and charity ſits and weeps,
To ſee them waſte their talents;
Spend all their ſtore untill no more,
Such prodigals there are plenty,
Thus brave it out, while men them flout,
And Mock-begger Hall ſtands empty.

Ned Swaſh hath fetched his cloaths from pawn,
With dropping of the barrell;
Joan Duſt hath bought a ſmock of lawn,
And now begins to quarrell:
She thinks herſelfe, poor ſilly elfe,
To be the beſt of twenty,
And yet her ſcore is wondrous poor,
While Mock-begger Hall ſtands empty.

I read in ancient times of yore,
That men of worthy calling
Built almes houſes and ſpittles ſtore,
Which now are all down falling;
And few men ſeek them to repair,
Nor none is there among twenty
That for good deeds will take any care,
While Mock-begger Hall ſtands empty.

Farm houſes which their fathers built,
And land well kept by tillage,

Their prodigal ſons have ſold for gilt
In every town and village.
To the city and court they do reſort,
With gold and ſilver plenty;
And there they ſpend their time in ſport,
While Mock-begger Hall ſtands empty.

Young landlords, when to age they come,
Their rents they would be racking;
The tenant muſt give a golden ſum,
Or elſe he is turn'd packing:
Great fines, and double rent beſide,
Or elſe they'l not content be:
It is for to maintain their monſtrous pride,
While Mock-begger Hall ſtands empty.

Their fathers went in homely freez,
And wore good plain cloth breeches;
Their ſtockings with the ſame agrees,
Sowed on with good ſtrong ſtitches:
They were not then called gentlemen,
Though they had wealth great plenty;
Now every gull's grown worſhipfull,
While Mock-begger Hall ſtands empty.

No gold nor ſilver parchment lace
Was worn but by our Nobles;
Nor would the honeſt harmleſs face
Wear cuffs with ſo many doubles.

money.

Their bands were to their ſhirts ſown then,
Yet cloth was full as plenty;
Now one hand hath more cloth than ten,
While Mock-begger Hall ſtands empty.

Now we are apes in imitation,
The more indeed's the pity;
The city follows the ſtranger's faſhion,
The country followes the city:
And ere one faſhion is known throughout,
Another they will invent ye;
'Tis all your gallants ſtudy about,
While Mock-begger Hall ſtands empty.

Methinks it is a great reproach
To thoſe that are nobly deſcended,
When for their pleaſures they cannot have a coach
Wherewith they might be attended;
But every beggerly Jack and Gill,
That eat ſcant a good meal in twenty,
Muſt through the ſtreets be jaunted ſtill,
While Mock-begger Hall ſtands empty.

There's ſome are rattled thorough the ſtreets,
Probatum eſt, I tell it,
Whoſe names are wrapt in parchment ſheets;
It grieves their hearts to ſpell it:
They are not able two men to keep,
With a coachman they muſt content be,

Which at play-houſe doore in's box lies aſleep,
While Mock-begger Hall ſtands empty.

Our gentlewomen, whoſe means is nothing
To that which they make ſhow of,
Muſt uſe all the faſhions in their cloathing,
Which they can hear or know of:
They take ſuch care themſelves to deck,
That money is oft ſo ſcanty,
The belly is forc'd to complain to the back,
While Mock-begger Hall ſtands empty.

There is a crue, and a very mad crue,
That about the town doth ſwagger,
That ſeem like Knights to the people's view,
And wear both ſword and dagger,
That ſweeten their cloaths once a week;
Hunger with them is ſo plenty,
The broker will not have them to ſeek,
While Mock-begger Hall ſtands empty.

Some gentlemen and citizens have,
In divers eminent places,
Erected houſes fine and brave,
Which ſtood for the owners' graces.
Let any poor to ſuch a door
Come, they expecting plenty,
They there may aſk till their throats are ſore,
For Mock-begger Hall ſtands empty.

Thus plainly I to you declare
How ſtrangely times are changed;
What humors in the people are,
How vertue is eſtranged:
How every jackanapes can ſtrut,
Such coxcombs there are plenty;
But at the laſt in the priſon ſhut,
So Mock-begger Hall ſtands empty.

FINIS.

A

Larum Bell for London.

[The name of the author of the following production—John Carre—is new in the hiſtory of our poetry, although it may be thought that he does not add much to its claims to admiration: his ſtanzas, however, contain a remarkable exhortation againſt the prevailing vices of the metropolis at an early date, for the colophon of a work in which they appeared is, "Imprinted at London, by Henry Kirkham, 1573." The broadſide has no date, but may be even older.]

FOR thee, O London! I lament,
And wring my hands with mourning chere,
Becauſe that thou wilt not repent,
Seyng thy deſtruction draweth nere.
If it be true as Scriptures tell,
Thy ſynnes will ſincke thee doune to hell.

The vices whiche in thee are uſed,
Too tedious are for me to tell:
Thy noble fame is ſore abuſed,
By thoſe whiche in thee now doe dwell;
Whereby I ſee thy great decaie,
That God doth threaten thee eche daie.

The vice of pride hath tane ſuche place,
That it can not be rooted out;
And hath continued ſo long ſpace,
That of Gods ire thou haſt no doubt:
And ſuche a place pride doeth ſupplie,
That from thee it will never flie.

For like a weede it up doeth ſpryng,
It is not ſet nor ſowen at all;
The whiche good herbes and fruictes will bryng,
Ere they be ripe, unto a fall.
To cut it doune it is no boote,
Except you cleane plucke up the roote.

For where this weede doth ſpring and grow,
Good fruictes can not there proſper well,
Becauſe that cruelneſſe ſo doeth flowe,
That vertuous herbes it doeth excell:
Whiche weede we maie compare to pride,
That cauſeth vertue awaie to ſlide.

So likewiſe pride in London now
Doeth floriſhe in ſuche goodly ſorte,
That they invent whiche waie and how
Thereby augmented it might be;
And nothyng doe regarde at all,
That pride in the ende will have a fall.

Conſider well that pride hath been
The fall of many cities greate,

And Sodom ſoncke for ſuche like ſynne,
As ſacred Scriptures dooth repete;
Gomorrha eke came to decaie,
Becauſe that pride did beare the ſwaie.

And Alexandria in like cace,
Whiche was a citie ſtrong and greate;
Pride would not let them purchaſe grace,
Nor yet for mercie would intreate:
Becauſe that pride ſo muche did flowe,
It was deſtroied, and lies full lowe.

And Ninivie like cauſe I finde,
In the ende for pride was cleane deſtroied,
For pride ſo muche did puffe their minde,
That God was cleane forgot and voide:
In pride ſo much they did delite,
That God the ſame deſtroied quite.

Jeruſalem, that citie ſtrong,
Pride would not let them God to knowe,
In whiche pride they continued long,
As Joſephus the ſame doeth ſhowe;
Till Titus did deſtroie the ſame,
And did accuſe their pride with ſhame.

Enſample take by noble Troie;
The like for pride was never ſene:
With warres the Greekes did it deſtroie,
Bothe wall and houſe they threwe doune clene:

Becauſe that pride did beare the ſwaie,
It came to ruine and decaie.

Therefore, O London! now take heede,
For thou waſt called Troie ſometyme,
That ſuche decaie doeth not procede
For to revenge of pride the crime:
Therefore repent, from pride refraine,
Leſt, as Troie did, thou feele ſome paine.

For God doeth threaten thy greate fall,
By ſignes and tokens many waies,
The whiche unto thee happen ſhall
Shortly, Chriſt ſaieth, and in fewe daies.
Therefore his power divine to pleaſe
Repent, his ire thou ſhalt appeaſe.

O London! thou haſt cauſe to weepe,
For to conſider thyne eſtate:
Thou art in ſynne now drownde ſo deepe,
That from hell mouthe thou canſt not ſcape:
Except repentance thou embrace,
At God's hande thou ſhalt finde no grace.

To practiſe pride thou doeſt delight,
foolish And fonde deviſes for to gaine,
Whiche is eſteemed all in God's ſight
A thing moſt frivolous and vaine:
Yet thou doeſt ſeke the ſame to uſe,
Whiche doeth thy noble fame abuſe.

Let this a reformation be
For thee, that thou in time repent,
Whereby thou mightſt have grace to flee
From pride, the Lorde's will to content.
Revolve in mynde what happen ſhall,
For pride in the ende ſhall have a fall.

JOHN CARRE.

The Bride's Good-morrow.

To a pleaſant new Tune.

[This is a peculiar, but a pleaſing ballad, tinged with a puritanical ſpirit, and unqueſtionably of an early date, though, as we learn at the end of it, "Printed by the Aſſignes of Thomas Symcocke," of whom we have before ſpoken (p. 26). The domeſtic ceremonials, preceding a marriage, near the end of the reign of Elizabeth, are delicately touched, and afford a not unintereſting illuſtration of the manners of the time. The lines near the cloſe,

"With ſweet roſemary in their hand,
a perfect token of your virgin's life,"

ſhew why that herb was of old employed as an emblem at weddings, and afford a particular explanation of a paſſage in "Pericles." Act iv. Sc. 6. The exclamation "Good morrow, Miſtris Bride!" is found, as a quotation, in more than one play of the time of Shakeſpeare, with other alluſions to this ballad.]

THE night is paſſed, and joyfull day appeareth
moſt cleare on every ſide,
With pleaſant muſick we therefore ſalute you:
good morrow, Miſtris Bride!
From ſleepe and ſlumber now wake you out of hand,
your Bridegroome ſtayeth at home,
Whoſe fancy, favour and affection ſtill doth ſtand
fixed on thee alone.
Dreſſe you in your beſt array;
This muſt be your wedding day.

God almighty ſend you happy joy!
In health and wealth to keep you ſtill,
And, if it be his bleſſed will,
God keepe you ſafe from ſorrow and annoy.

This day is honour now brought into thy boſome,
and comfort to thy heart;
For God hath ſent you a friend for to defend you
from ſorrow care and ſmart.
In health and ſicknes, for thy comfort day and night
he is appointed and brought,
Whoſe love and liking is moſt conſtant ſure and right:
then, love him as ye ought.
Now you have your hearts deſire
And the thing you did require.
God almighty ſend you happy joy!
In health and wealth to keepe you ſtill,
And, if it be his bleſſed will,
God keepe you ſafe from ſorrow and annoy.

There is no treaſure the which may be compared
unto a faithfull friend:
Gold ſoone decayeth, and worldly wealth conſumeth,
and waſteth in the winde;
But love once planted in a perfect and pure minde
indureth weale and woe:
The frownes of fortune, come they never ſo unkinde,
cannot the ſame overthrowe.

The Bride's Good-morrow.

A bit of bread is better cheare,
Where love and friendſhip doth appeare,
then dainty diſhes ſtuffed full of ſtrife;
For where the heart is cloyd with care,
Sower is the ſweeteſt fare,
And death far better then ſo bad a life.

Sweet Bride, then may you full well contented ſtay you,
and in your heart rejoyce,
Sith God was guider both of your heart and fancy,
and maker of your choice:
And he that preferd you to this happie ſtate
will not behold you decay,
Nor ſee you lacke reliefe or helpe in any rate,
if you his precepts obey.
To thoſe that aſk it faithfully
The Lord will no good thing deny;
this comfort in the Scriptures you may finde:
Then, let no worldly griefe and care
Vexe your heart with foule diſpaire,
Which doth declare the unbelieving minde.

All things are ready, and every whit prepared,
to beare you company;
Your friends and parents doe give their due attendance
together courteouſly.
The houſe is dreſt and garniſht for your ſake
with flowers gallant and green:

A ſolem feaſt your comely cooks do ready make
where all your friends will be ſeen.
Youngmen and maids do ready ſtand,
With ſweet roſemary in their hand,
a perfect token of your virgin's life:
To wait upon you they intend
Unto the Church to make an end,
And God make thee a joyfull wedded wife!

FINIS.

The Soldier's Repentance.

To an excellent new Tune, called "Calino."

[This ballad has neither printer's name (which is unuſual) nor date (which is commonly omitted) but we may feel ſure that it was written about the middle of the reign of Elizabeth. The Iriſh tune to which it was to be ſung, was employed as early as 1584, in Clement Robinſon's "Handfull of Pleaſant Delights;" and Piſtol uſes it in Shakespeare's "Henry V.," though Malone, Steevens, &c. were at fault about it (See Collier's Shakeſpeare, iv. 543). The ballad was ſuppoſed to be ſung regarding ſome worthy ſoldier, who perhaps had returned poor and wounded from the wars in the Low Countries: it is much in the ſpirit of Barnaby Rich, but it is too good for his verſification. The full title in the original broadſide is ſomewhat long:—"A pleaſant ſong made by a Soldier, whoſe bringing up had been dainty, and partly by thoſe affections of his unbridled youth is now beaten with his own rod; and therefore termed his Repentance, or the Fall of Folly."]

IN ſummer time, when Phœbus rayes
Did cheer each mortall mans delight,
Increaſing of the cheerfull dayes,
And cutting of the darkſome night:

When nature brought foorth every thing
By juſt return of Aprill ſhowers,
To make the pleaſant branches ſpring
With ſundry ſorts of herbs and flowers,

It was my chance to walk abroad
To view dame Natures new come brood:
The pretty birds did lay on load
With ſugred tunes in every wood.

The gallant nightingale did ſet
Her ſpeckled breſt againſt a bryer,
Whoſe mournfull tunes bewail (as yet)
Her brother Tereus falſe deſire.

The ſerpents having caſt their coats
Lay liſtning how the birds did ſing;
The pretty birds with ſugred notes
Did welcome in the pleaſant ſpring.

I drew me to the green-wood ſide
To hear this country harmony,
Whereas er'e long I had eſpy'd
A wofull man in miſery.

He lay alone upon the ground,
And to the heavens he caſt his eye:
The bordering hills and dales reſound
The echoes of his piteous cry.

He wailing ſore and ſighing ſaid,
O heavens, what endleſſe grief have I!
Why are my ſorrows thus delaid?
Come therefore, Death, and let me die.

The Soldier's Repentance.

When Nature firſt had made my frame,
And ſet me looſe when ſhe had done,
Steps Fortune in, that fickle dame,
To end what Nature had begun.

She ſet my feet upon her knee,
And bleſt my tender age with ſtore;
But, in the end, ſhe did agree
To mar what ſhe had done before.

I could no ſooner creep alone,
But ſhe forſook her foſtered child:
I had no lands to live upon,
But trac'd abroad the world ſo wild.

At length I fell in company
With gallant youths of Mars his train:
I ſpent my life in jeopardy,
And got my labour for my pain.

I watched on the ſieged walls,
In thunder lightning rain and ſnow,
And oft being ſhot with powdred balls,
Whoſe coſtly markes are yet to ſhow.

When all my kindred took their reſt
At home in many a ſtately bed,
The ground and pavement was my neſt,
My flaſk a pillow for my head.

My meat was ſuch as I could find,
Of roots and herbs of ſundry ſort,
Which did content my hungry mind,
Although my commons were but ſhort.

My powder ſerv'd to ſalt my meat,
My murrion for a gilded cup; helmet.
Whereas ſuch drink as I could get
In ſpring or ditch, I drank it up.

My rapier always by my ſide,
My piece lay charged with match and light,
Thus many a month I did abide,
To ward all day, and watch by night.

I lived in this glorious vein,
Untill my limbs grew ſtiff and lame;
And thus I got me home again,
Regarding no ſuch coſtly fame.

When I came home I made a proof
What friends would do, if need ſhould be:
My neareſt kinsfolk lookt aloof,
As though they had forgotten me.

And as the owl by chattering charmes
Is wondred at by other birds,
So they came wondring at my harms,
And yeeld me no relief but words.

The Soldier's Repentance.

Thus do I want, while they have ſtore,
That am their equall every way,
Though Fortune lent them ſomewhat more,
Elſe I had been as good as they.

Come, gentle Death, and end my grief.
Ye pretty birds ring forth my knell:
Let Robin Red-breaſt be the chief
To bury me, and ſo farewell.

Let no good ſouldier be diſmaid
To fight in field with courage bold;
Yet mark the words that I have ſaid,
Truſt not to friends when thou art old.

The Widow of Watling Street.

PART I.

To the Tune of "Bragandary."

[This ballad, in two parts, and to two different tunes, was entered for publication on the books of the Stationers Company by Richard Jones on 15th Aug. 1597, which with ſufficient exactneſs aſcertains its date. It was extremely popular, and muſt have been often reprinted: our impreſſion is made from a reprint, no copy of the oldeſt edition being now known, and all others being of extreme rarity. Malone could not obtain a ſight of it, and ſuppoſed that it was the foundation of the play called "The Puritan, or the Widow of Watling Street," firſt printed in 1607, and attributed to Shakeſpeare in the folio of 1664, but in reality by Wentworth (not William, as Malone gives it, Suppl. ii. 534,) Smith, whoſe name occurs in Henſlowe's "Diary," printed by the Shakeſpeare Society. The fact is, that the ballad has no ſort of connexion with the play, beyond the title, which perhaps was adopted by the dramatiſt on account of its popularity. The copy we have uſed was "Printed for Fr. Cowles," who omitted the burden after the firſt ſtanza.]

OF the kind Widdow of Watling ſtreet
I will the ſtory tell,
Who by her huſband deere was left
in ſubſtance very well.
A prodigall ſonne likewiſe had ſhe,
And faire young daughters lovely three.

Great miſery, ſorrow and miſery,
Commeth for want of grace.

For by his daily practiſes,
which were both lewd and ill,
His father's heart from him was drawne,
his love and his good will:
But what chance ſo ere befell,
His mother lov'd him dearely well.

When in priſon he lay full poore
for debt that he did owe,
His father would not ſtirre out of doore
for to releaſe his woe;
But when his mother his griefe did ſee,
Shee found the meanes to ſet him free.

And when her huſband fell full ſicke,
and went to make his will,
O huſband! remember your ſon, ſhe ſayd,
although he hath beene ill;
But yet, no doubt, he may returne,
Repenting the evill he hath done.

Remember, wife, what ſorrow and care
through him I daily found,
Who through his lewd ungracious deedes
hath ſpent me many a pound;
And, therefore, let him ſinke or ſwim,
I meane not for to deale with him.

And, therefore, ſole Executor heere
I doe thee onely make,
To pay my debts and legacies;
the reſt unto thee take.
Not ſo, my huſband deare, quoth ſhe,
But let your ſonne be joyn'd with me.

For why he is our child, ſhe ſayd,
we can it not denie,
The firſt that ever graced you
with father's dignitie:
Oh! that ever you did me love,
Grant this requeſt for his behove.

Thy love, deare wife, was evermore
moſt pretious unto me;
And, therefore, for thy ſweet love's ſake,
I grant thy ſuit to thee;
But ere one yeare be fully ſpent,
I know thou wilt the ſame repent.

Now was his sonne received home,
and with his mother deare
Was joyn'd Executor of the will,
which did his courage cheere.
The old man dying buried was:
And now behold what came to paſſe.

The funerall being ended quite,
it fell upon a day,

Some friend did fetch the Widdow forth,
to drive conceits away:
While ſhe was forth, and thought no ill,
Her wicked ſonne doth worke his will.

Poſſeſſion of the houſe he took
in moſt deſpitefull wiſe,
Throwing his ſiſters out of doore
with ſad lamenting cryes.
When this they did his mother ſhow,
She would not believe he would do ſo.

But when ſhe came unto her houſe,
and found it ſo indeede,
She cald unto her ſonne and ſaid,
although her heart did bleede,
Come downe, my ſonne, come downe, ſaid ſhe;
Let in thy mother and ſiſters three.

I will not let in my mother, he ſaid,
nor ſiſters any one;
The houſe is mine, I will it keepe;
Therefore, away, begone!
O ſonne! how canſt thou endure to ſee't
Thy mother and ſiſters to lye *i'th' ſtreet?*

Did not thy father by his will,
for tearme of this my life,
Give me this houſe for to enjoy,
without all further ſtrife?

And more, of all his goods, ſaid ſhee,
I am Executor joyn'd with thee.

My father left you the houſe, he ſaid,
but this was his intent,
That you therefore, during your life,
ſhould pay me yearely rent:
An hundred pound a yeare therefore
You ſhall give me, or elſe give it o're.

And ſith the cittie's cuſtom is,
That you your thirds muſt have
Of all my father's moveables,
I grant what law doth crave;
But not a penny more will I
Diſcharge of any legacie.

O wicked ſonne! quoth ſhee, that ſeekes
thy mother thus to fleece.
Thy father to his daughters gave
three hundred pound a peece:
Tell me, who ſhall their portions pay,
Appointed at their marriage day?

Then with a ſcornefull ſmile he ſaid,
what talke you of ſo much?
Ten pounds a peece I will them give,
my charity is ſuch.
Now fie upon thee, beaſt! quoth ſhe,
That thus doſt deale with them and me.

But ere that they and I will take
this injurie at thy hand,
The chiefeſt peeres of England ſhall
the matter underſtand.
Nay, if you go to that, quoth he,
Marke well what I ſhall tell to thee.

Thou haſt a ſecret harlot beene;
and this Ile prove full plaine,
That in my father's lifetime didſt
lewd ruffians entertaine;
The which did then beget of thee,
In wicked ſort, theſe baſtards three.

No daughters to my father, then,
were they in any wiſe,
As he ſuppoſed them to be,
Thou blinding ſo his eyes:
Therefore, no right at all have they
To any penny given this day.

When ſhee did heare her ſhameleſſe ſonne
for to defame her ſo,
Shee with her lovely daughters three
with griefe away did goe.
But how this matter out did fall
The ſecond part will ſhew you all.

FINIS PART I.

PART II.

To the Tune of "The Wanton Wife."

THE beautifull Widdow of Watling Street,
Being thus falſely accuſed by her ſonne,
With her three daughters of favour ſo ſweet,
Whoſe beauty the love of many had wonne,
With her daughters three for ſuccour went ſhe
Unto the King's Counſell of noble degree.
Now, fie upon falſehood and forgerie fraile!
For great is the truth, and it will prevaile.

Her ſonne by writ now ſummoned is
At the Star-chamber with ſpeed to appeare,
And anſwer the vile abuſes of his;
The Lords of the Counſell the matter will heare.
This newes being brought, his wits he ſought,
Which way his villany beſt might be wrought.

Then up and down the citie ſo faire
He ſeeketh companions to ſerve his turne,
A ſort of vagabonds naked and bare,
The which to worke murders for money are won.
Theſe wretches, behold, for money and gold,
He hired for witneſs, his lies to uphold.

My maſters, quoth he, my mother by name
To be a lewd ſtrumpet accuſed I have;

And having no witneſſe to prove the ſame,
Your ayde and aſſiſtance herein I doe crave:
Therefore, without fear, before the Lords there,
That this thing is certain you ſixe ſhall it ſweare.

The firſt two, quoth he, ſhall ſweare on a booke
That ſixteene yeares paſt they plainely did ſee,
As they through the garden hedge ſadly did looke,
That ſhe in one houre was abuſed by three:
And how it befell, they two mark'd it well,
That juſt nine months after ſhe had her firſt girle.

The ſecond couple ſhall ſweare in this ſort;
That at Briſtow, about thirteene yeares paſt,
She with her owne prentice did fall in ſuch ſport,
That her ſecond daughter was got at the laſt.
Now truſt us, quoth they, wee'le ſweare what you ſay,
Or any thing elſe for money this day.

And thus the third couple their oath now ſhal take,
That as at the Bath ſhee ſtay'd on a day,
For ach in the bones an excuſe ſhe did make,
How ſhee with a courtier the wanton did play;
And how, well you wot, in that pleaſant plot
Her deareſt young daughter for certaine was got.

But now, my maſters, your names let me know,
That I may provide your apparell with ſpeede
Like ſixe grave citizens, ſo you muſt goe;
The better your ſpeeches the Nobles will heed.

So ſhall I with ſcorne, ere Saturday morne,
Prove her a harlot, my ſiſters baſe borne.

My name is Make-ſhift, the firſt man did ſay;
And Francis Light-finger, the ſecond likewiſe;
Cuthbert Creepe-window, the third to diſplay;
And Rowland Robman with foule ſtaring eyes;
Jacke Shameleſſe came then with Harry Steale-hen:
You are, quoth the young man, ſome right honeſt men.

Before the Lords moſt prudent and grave
This wretch doth with his witneſſes come.
The mother complaines, and juſtice doth crave,
Of all the offences that he hath her done.
My Lords, then quoth he, I pray you heare me;
The law for my deeds my warrant ſhall be.

Her ſonne ſayd alſo, ſhee's a harlot moſt vilde,
And thoſe be her baſtards that ſtond here in place;
And that ſhe hath often her body defilde,
By very good witneſſe Ile prove to her face.
This thing of thy mother thou oughteſt to ſmother:
Tis ſhame for a child to ſpeake ill of his Mother.

But if this matter be proved untrue,
And thou a falſe lyar be found to thy face,
Worſe than an infidel Pagan, or Jew,
Thou ought'ſt to be puniſh'd and plagu'd in this caſe:
And therefore draw neare, and let us heare
What ſays the witneſs that here doth appeare.

When the firſt couple did come for to ſweare,
They quivered and quaked in moſt wondrous ſort:
The Lords very countenance did put them in feare,
And now they knew not what to report.
The ſecond likewiſe ſo ſtar'd with their eyes,
They ſtammered, and knew not what to deviſe.

The Lords perceiving the caſe how it went,
Did aſke the laſt couple what they had to ſay,
inſtantly Who fell on their knees incontinent,
Saying they were hired for money that day:
Quoth they, it is ſo; the truth for to ſhow,
Againſt the good Widdow no harme we doe know.

Thus was the Widdow delivered from blame,
With her three daughters of beauty moſt bright;
Her ſonne reproached with ſorrow and ſhame,
Having his judgement appointed him right:
For forfeit even all the goods he poſſeſt,
To looſe both his eares, and baniſht ſo reſt.

When he heard his judgement pronounced to be,
The tears full bitterly fell downe from *his* face;
To mother and ſiſters he kneeled on *his* knee,
Confeſſing that lucre had brought this diſgrace:
That for mine owne gaine I ſought to detaine
My ſiſters' three portions, this lie I did faine.

Therefore, deare mother, forgiveneſſe I crave
Of you and my ſiſters, offended ſo ſore;

My body from perill if you will but ſave,
I ſweare I will grieve and offend you no more.
The Lords then replide, the law juſtly tride,
The puniſhment now thou art like to abide.

Therefore to priſon now thou ſhalt goe,
Whereas thou ſhalt the King's pleaſure abide,
From thence to be brought with ſhame and with woe,
To ſuffer the puniſhment due for thy pride.
Then out of hand thou ſhalt underſtand,
That preſently thou ſhalt be baniſh'd the land.

Now while in priſon this priſoner did reſt,
Himſelfe he hanged in deſperate wiſe,
Such horrour of conſcience poſſeſed his breaſt;
And, being caſt forth, the ravens peckt out his eyes.
All children behold, what truth hath been told:
Accuſe no man falſely for lucre of gold.

Cupid's Courteſie: or

The Young Gallant foil'd at his own Weapon.

To a moſt pleaſant "Northern Tune, &c."

[An early love-ballad, the date of which we cannot pretend to aſcertain farther than that there exiſts a manuſcript copy of it, dated 1595: the edition we have uſed has, as uſual, no year added to the imprint, which runs thus:—"London: Printed by and for W. O. for A. M. and ſold by the Bookſellers." A miſprint occurs in the laſt ſtanza but four, where "which made *him* tremble" is given, inſtead of "which made *me* tremble." The ſecond ſtanza would have afforded the Rev. Mr. Halpin (See Shakeſpeare Society's Papers, ii. 14.) a very appoſite illuſtration for his charming eſſay on the paſſage "runaway's eyes," &c. in "Romeo and Juliet," Act iii. Sc. 2.]

THRO' the cool ſhady woods
as I was ranging,
I heard the pretty birds
notes ſweetly changing:
Down by a meadow ſide
there runs a river;
A little boy I eſpy'd
with bow and quiver.

Little boy, tell me why
thou art here diving?

Art thou ſome run-away,
and haſt no biding?—
I am no run-away;
Venus, my mother,
She gave me leave to play
when I came hither.

Little boy, go with me,
and be my ſervant:
I will take care to ſee
for thy preferment.—
If I with thee ſhould go,
Venus would chide me,
And take away my bow,
and never abide me.

Little boy, let me know
what's thy name termed,
That thou doſt wear a bow,
and go'ſt ſo armed?—
You may perceive the ſame
with often changing,
Cupid it is my name;
I live by ranging.

If Cupid be thy name,
that ſhoots at rovers,
I have heard of thy fame
by wounded lovers.

Cupid's Courteſie.

Should any languiſh that
are ſet on fire
By ſuch a naked brat,
I much admire.

If thou doſt but the leaſt
at my laws grumble,
I'll pierce thy ſtubborn breaſt,
and make thee humble:
If I with golden dart
wound thee but ſurely,
There's no phyſitian's art
that e'er can cure thee.

Little boy, with thy bow
why doſt thou threaten?
It is not long ago
ſince thou was beaten.
Thy wanton mother fair,
Venus, will chide thee:
When all thy arrows are gone,
thou may'ſt go hide thee.

Of powerful ſhafts, you ſee,
I am well ſtored,
Which makes my deity
ſo much adored:
With one poor arrow now
I'll make thee ſhiver,

And bend unto my bow,
and fear my quiver.

Dear little Cupid, be
courteous and kindly;
I know thou canſt not hit,
but ſhooteſt blindly.—
Although thou call'ſt me blind,
ſurely I'll hit thee,
That thou ſhalt quickly find;
I'll not forget thee.

Then little Cupid caught
his bow ſo nimble,
And ſhot a fatal ſhaft
which made him tremble.
Go, tell thy miſtreſs dear
thou can'ſt diſcover
What all the paſſions are
of a dying lover.

And now his gallant heart
ſorely was bleeding,
And felt the greateſt ſmart
from love proceeding:
He did her help implore
whom he affected,
But found that more and more
him ſhe rejected.

For Cupid with his craft
quickly had choſen,
And with a leaden ſhaft
her heart had frozen;
Which cauſ'd this lover more
ſadly to languiſh,
And Cupid's aid implore,
to heal his anguiſh.

He humble pardon crav'd
for his offence paſt,
And vow'd himſelf a ſlave,
and to love ſtedfaſt.
His prayers ſo ardent were,
whilſt his heart panted,
That Cupid lent an ear,
and his ſuit granted.

For by his preſent plaint
he was regarded,
And his adored ſaint
his love rewarded.
And now they live in joy
ſweetly imbracing,
And left the little boy
in the woods chaſing.

FINIS.

My Wife will be my Maſter.

To the Tune of "A Taylour is no man."

[The full title of this "merry ballad" in the broadſide is "My Wife will be my Maſter; or the Married-man's Complaint againſt his unruly Wife, being a warning for all unmarried perſons to have eſpeciall care in chooſing their Maike, leſt they meet with ſuch a Myre-ſnype as this poor man did." It has no printer's name nor date, but we may place it after 1600. Several obvious miſprints occur, ſuch as *ſhooes* for "ſheets" in the ſecond line of the eighth ſtanza, and *offend her* is twice ſubſtituted for "diſtaſte her," which the rhyme requires. On this point it is to be obſerved that "maſter" was of old pronounced and printed *maiſter*, and ſuch may have been the caſe in the original edition of this ballad.]

AS I was walking forth of late,
I heard a man complaining;
With that I drew me near to him,
to know the cauſe and meaning
Of this his ſorrow, pain, and grief,
which bred him ſuch diſaſter:
Alace! quoth he, what ſhall I do?
my wife will be my maſter.

If I ſhould give her fourty pound
within her apron folding,

My Wife will be my Maſter.

No longer then the telling on't
her tongue leaves never ſcolding:
As Æſop's dog barkt at the moon,
thinking for to diſtaſte her,
So doth my wife ſcold without cauſe,
and ſtrives to be my maſter.

Were I ſo ſtrong as Hercules,
or wiſer then Apollo,
Or had I Icarus wings to flee,
my wife would after follow;
Or ſhould I live as many years
as ever did King Neſtor,
Yet do I greatly ſtand in fear
my wife would be my maſter.

I know no cauſe nor reaſon why
that ſhe with me ſhould jangle:
I never gave her cauſe at all
to make her with me wrangle.
I pleaſe her ſtill in what I may,
and do no jot diſtaſte her,
Yet ſhe doth ſtrive, both night and day,
alwayes to be my maſter.

I every morning make a fire,
all which is done to eaſe her,
I get a nutmeg, make a toſt,
In hope therewith to pleaſe her,

With a cup of nappy ale and ſpice,
of which ſhe is firſt taſter;
And yet this croſs-grain'd quean will ſcold,
and ſtrive to be my maſter.

I waſh the diſhes, ſweep the houſe,
I dreſs the wholeſome dyet;
I humour her in every thing,
becauſe I would be quyet.
Of every ſeveral diſh of meat
ſhe'l ſurely be firſt taſter,
And I am glad to pick the bones,
ſhe is ſo much my maſter.

Sometimes ſhe'l ſit while day be light
in company with good fellowes,
In taverns and in bowſing tents,
or in ſome pimping ale-houſe;
And when ſhe comes home drunk at night,
though I do not diſtaſte her,
She'l fling, ſhe'l throw, ſhe'l ſcratch, ſhe'l bite,
and ſtrive to be my maſter.

Her bed I make both ſoft and fine,
and put on ſheets compleatly;
Her ſhooes and ſtockings I pull off,
and lay her down moſt neatly:
I cover her and keep her warm
for fear I ſhould diſtaſte her;

My Wife will be my Maſter.

I hug her kindly in my arme,
yet ſtill ſhe'l be my maſter.

And when I am with her in bed,
ſhe doth not uſe me well, ſir;
She'l wring my noſe and pull my ears,
a pittiful tale to tell, ſir;
And when I am with her in bed,
not meaning to moleſt her,
She'l kick me out at the bed's feet,
and ſo become my maſter.

And thus you hear how cruelly
my wife doth ſtill abuſe me,
At bed, at board, at noon, at night,
ſhe alwayes doth miſuſe me;
But if I were a luſty man,
and able for to baſte her,
Then would I ſurely uſe a means,
that ſhe ſhould not be my maſter.

You batchelours that ſweet-hearts have,
when as you are a wooing,
Be ſure you look before you leap,
for fear of your undoing:
The after wit is not the beſt,
and he that weds in haſte, ſir,
May like to me bewaile his caſe,
if his wife do prove his maſter.

You married men that have good wives,
I pray you ſet much by them,
For they more precious are then gold,
if once you come to try them:
A good wife makes a huſband glad,
then let him not diſtaſte her;
But a ſcold will make a man run mad,
if once ſhe prove his maſter.

FINIS.

The Conſtancy of True Love.

To the tune of " Downe by a Forreſt."

[This ballad is, in the main incidents, the tale of Pyramus and Thiſbe, told ſeriouſly, as in the " Midſummer Night's Dream" it is burleſqued. Dunſtan Gale took the ſame ſubject, and his poem was printed in 1617, but there is little doubt that this ballad is older, and nearer the date which Gale gives to his dedication, viz. 1596 (ſee the " Bridgewater Catalogue," p. 125). The word " muſled," in the line

" And having muſled thus the ſame,"

is uſed in the ſenſe Shakeſpeare employs " mouſed"— " Well *mouſed*, lion;" from the Italian *muſo*, the mouth or muzzle. The full title of the ballad is, " The Conſtancy of True Love, or an excellent Relation of the untimely death of Two Faithfull Lovers:" the imprint is, " Imprinted at London for Francis Coules, and are to be ſould at his ſhop in the Old-Bayly."]

IN that faire fragrant month of May,
When earth her curtaines doth diſplay,
I did by chance my corps repoſe
Upon a banke, where woods did cloſe
With greene and leafy bowres about;
A place to ſhunne the tedious rout
Of Tibs and Toms: for this intent
This flowrie ſeat I did frequent.

Nature had ſtrove to ſhew her feate
In the compoſure of this ſeat,
For in a valley plaine was found
This place by hills encircled round.
Both lofty beech and cedars tall
Did ſhelter this rich ſilvan hall:
Here Satires and the Naiades,
Here Silvans and the Driades.

Here rurall gods and tripping nymphs
Did bath their corps in the pure lymphs,
And chriſtall ſtreams, which made a noiſe,
In compaſſing this place of joyes.
No fairer place nor fountain found
Dian, with golden treſſes crown'd,
And lady-guarded: in this ſeate
The whiſtling wind cool'd ſummers heat.

Here the nine Muſes uſde to dance,
Here the kind Graces uſde to prance;
Here Phœbus his warbling harpe did tune
The liſeſome monthes of May and June:
Here Philomel tun'd melody;
Hither the chirping birds did fly,
Here thruſh and blackbird from their throats
Strain'd divers ſundry pleaſant notes.

Here the nymph Eccho in hollow ground
Did the laſt ſyllable reſound.

The Conſtancy of True Love.

What harbour could the world ſpare
More trim, more neat, more ſweet, more rare?
Here, as I ſate muſing alone,
Me thought I heard one grieve and groane.
Ah me, poore wretch! this creature ſaid,
Whereat my ſenſes grew afraid.

I ſtarted, looking here and there,
To view the ſubject of this feare:
A Lady, object to mine eyes,
I found the effect of all theſe cryes.
I haſted to enquire the cauſe,
Which did her weeping eyes amaze:
Behold, quoth ſhe, my love, (alas!)
Whoſe crimſon blood here dyes the graſſe.

The ſweeteſt creature here lyeth dead,
That famous Europe ever bred:
I have my wronged lover ſlaine;
His death ſhall be the death of twaine.—
I praid her then for to relate
The cauſe of his untimely fate:
She then, ſcarce fetching of her breath,
Beginnes the ſtory of his death.

Blinde Cupid, quoth ſhe, with his dart,
In tender yeares did wound his heart,
Made ſubject to the love of me,
An actor in this tragedie.

His heart and mind, together tried,
His love and mine together ti'ed.
Our parents ſought to croſſe our will,
But we continued conſtant ſtill.

Though time the diſadvantage gave,
As we no place for love could have,
Yet ſtill we ſought to recompence
Love with true love without offence.
We dwelt in neighbouring houſes nie;
And getting conference thereby,
We did appoint under this tree
To meet, but diſappointed bee.

When bright Aurora peeped out,
And Phœbus newly look'd about,
I firſt (according to my vow)
Made haſte unto this plighted bough:
Here, as I ſtayed for my love,
Whoſe comming over-late did prove,
A lyon with inhumane pawes
Came to that well to coole his jawes.

His mouth was all with blood beſmear'd.
This inſtrument of death I fear'd;
I fled to hide my ſelfe for feare,
And left behind my mantle there.
The lyon, having ſlak'd his thirſt,
Ran where I left my garment firſt;

But when he ſaw no place for prey,
He foul'd with blood my liverie:

And having muſled thus the ſame,
Thither he went whence firſt he came;
But I knew not that hee was gone
And therefore ſtayd I hid, alone.
In the meane time (Oh griefe!) came hee,
Who promiſ'd had to meet with mee,
And under this our plighted bough
He ſought performance of our vow.

He found not mee, but found my coat
All bloodied by the lyons throat;
Which when he ſaw with bloud belayd,
My abſence made him ſore afraid.
What ſhould he thinke, but that ſome beaſt
Upon my carcaſſe made his feaſt?
He thought that the grim lyon's whelpe
Devoured mee, being voyd of helpe.

While hee theſe events thus did brooke,
The inſtrument of death he tooke,
A naked ſword, which by his ſide
Ready for combats he had tyed.—
I have, quoth hee, wrought my loves death,
The end of her ſhall end my breath;
And thereupon thruſt to the hilt
His ſword, and thus his blood he ſpilt.

That the firſt paſſenger might know,
The diſmall events of this woe,
He wrote and pinn'd a note thereof
Upon his hatt, to ſhew the proofe;
Which I, being voyd of feare, at laſt,
And thinking all the danger paſt,
Returning from that hideous bed,
Whereto I from the lyon fled,

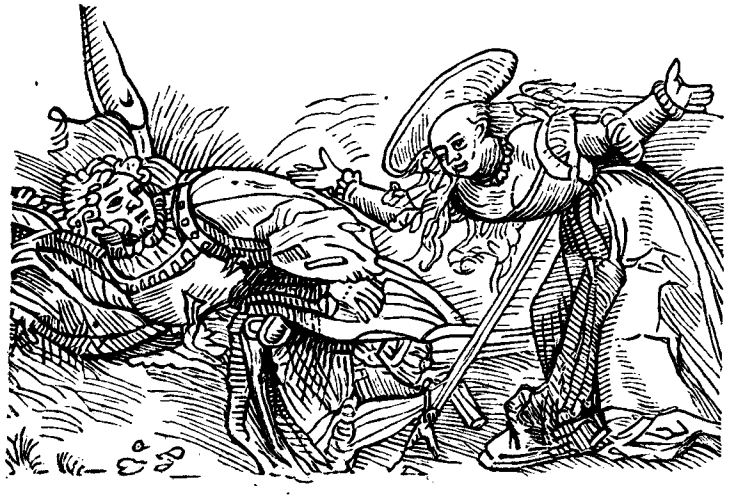
I found the copie of his death,
And his dead carcaſſe voyd of breath.
No ſobs, no ſighes, no griefes, no groanes,
No trickling teares, no mournfull moanes,
No ejaculations, no cries,
No dolefull dittie or elegies,
Shall ſerve for to bewaile his end,
Which for my love his life did ſpend.

In life his love did mee purſue,
But by his death he prov'd it true.
If hee, then, for my ſake did die,
As much for him why ſhould not I?
Since death hath us denied our right,
Then friendly death ſhall us unite;
And I will follow him in haſte,
Who thought he follow'd me being paſt.

Theſe words aſſoone as ſhee had ſpoke,
She gave her ſelfe a deadly ſtroke:

Shee drew the ſword out of his breaſt
And in her owne the ſame ſhee thruſt;
And as in life their hearts were one,
So are their lives together gone.
In ſpight of parents, time, and place,
Fond love will runne his wiſhed race.

Thus have you heard a tragedy,
Acted by lovers conſtancy:
God ſend ſuch lovers better ſpeed,
Where fervency true love doth breed.



Few Words are beſt.

To the Tune of "Ile tell you but ſo."

[A ballad, in its original ſhape, probably of the latter part of the reign of Elizabeth, from what is ſaid about encloſures, recuſants, puritans, &c. Two of the ſtanzas, the ſixth and ſeventh, ſeem to have a peculiar application to the life of Shakeſpeare, and to the religious opinions of his father (ſee the Shakeſpeare Society's Papers, ii. 115). The droll ſatire of the writer applies to nearly all callings and claſſes, and he ſpares no body. It was printed, like many other broadſides, "by the Aſſignes of Thomas Symcocke," and, to the title, "Few Words are beſt," the following diſtich is added:—

"Come buy this new ballad before you doe goe:
If you raile at the Author, I know what I know."]

IT is an old ſaying
that few words are beſt,
And he that ſays little
ſhall live moſt at reſt;
And I by experience
doe finde it right ſo,
Therefore Ile ſpare ſpeech,
but I know what I know.

Yet you ſhall perceive well
though little I ſay,
That many enormities
I will diſplay:

Few Words are beſt.

You may gueſſe my meaning
by that which I ſhow;
I will not tell all,
but I know what I know.

There be ſome great climbers
compoſ'd of ambition,
To whom better-borne men
doe bend with ſubmiſſion.
Proud Lucifer climbing,
was caſt very low;
Ile not ſtay theſe men,
but I know what I know.

There be many foxes
that goe on two legges,
They ſteale greater matters
then cocks, hennes and egges:
To catch many gulls
in ſheepes cloathing they goe;
They might be deſtroy'd,
but I know what I know.

There be many men
that devotion pretend,
And make us beleeve
that true faith they'le defend;
Three times in one day
to church they will goe:

They cozen the world,
but I know what I know.

There be many rich men
both yeomen and gentry,
That for their owne private gaine
hurt a whole countrey,
By cloſing free commons,
yet they'le make as though
Twere for common good;
but I know what I know.

There be divers Papiſts
that, to ſave their fine,
Come to church once a moneth
to hear ſervice divine.
The Pope gives them power
as they ſay, to doe ſo,
They ſave money by't too,
but I know what I know.

There be many upſtarts
that ſpring from the cart,
Who gotten to the Court
play the gentleman's part:
Their fathers were plaine men,
they ſcorne to be ſo;
They thinke themſelves brave,
but I know what I know.

Few Words are beſt.

There be many officers,
men of great place,
To whom if one ſue
for their favour and grace,
He muſt bribe their ſervants,
while they make as though
They know no ſuch thing;
but I know what I know.

There be many women
that ſeeme very pure,
A kiſſe from a ſtranger
they'le hardly endure;
They are like Lucretia,
modeſt in ſhow:
I will accuſe none,
but I know what I know.

Likewiſe there be many
diſſembling men,
That ſeeme to hate drinking
and wenching, yet when
They meet with a wench
to the taverne they'le goe:
They are civill all day,
but I know what I know.

There be many batchelors
that, to beguile

Beleeving kind laſſes,
uſe many a wile:
They all ſweare that they love,
when they meane nothing ſo,
And boaſt of thoſe trickes;
but I know what I know.

There's many an uſurer
that like a drone
Doth idly live
upon his money's lone:
From tens unto hundreds
his money doth grow;
He ſayes he doth good,
but I know what I know.

There be many gallants
that goe in gay rayment,
For which the taylor
did never receive payment:
They ruffle it out
with a gorgeous ſhow.
Some take them for knights,
but I know what I know.

There be many rovers
that ſwagger and rore,
As though they in the warres had been
ſeven yeares and more;

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And yet they never lookt
in the face of a foe:
They ſeeme gallant ſparkes,
but I know what I know.

There's many, both women
and men, that appeare
With beautifull outſides,
the world's eyes to bleare;
But all is not gold
that doth gliſter in ſhow:
They are fine with a fox,
but I know what I know.

There's many rich tradeſmen
who live by deceit,
And in weight and meaſure
the poore they doe cheat:
They'le not ſweare an oath,
but, indeed, I, and no,
They truely proteſt;
but I know what I know.

There be many people
ſo given to ſtrife,
That they'le goe to law
for a twopenny knife:
The lawyers nere aſke them
why they doe ſo;

They get by their hate,
but I know what I know.

I know where be many
will carpe at this ballet,
Becauſe it is like
ſowre ſawce to their pallet;
But he, ſhee, or they,
let me tell ere I goe,
If they ſpeake againſt this ſong,
I know what I know.

The Merchant's Daughter of Briſtow.

To the Tune of "The Maiden's Joy."

[This narrative ballad, which is full of graceful but unadorned ſimplicity, is mentioned in Fletcher's "Monſieur Thomas," (Act iii. Sc. 3.) by the name of "Maudlin the Merchant's Daughter." Two early editions of it are known: one without printer's name, (clearly much older than the other) is that which we have uſed: we may conclude that it was written conſiderably before James I. came to the throne. It was laſt re-printed in 1738, but in that impreſſion it was much modernized and corrupted.]

BEHOLD the touchſtone of true love,
Maudlin the Merchant's Daughter of Briſtow towne,
Whoſe firme affection nothing could move;
This favour beares the lovely browne.

A gallant youth was dwelling by,
Which many yeares had borne this lady great good will;
Shee loved him ſo faithfully,
But all her friends withſtood it ſtill.

The young man now, perceiving well
He could not get nor win the favour of her friends,
The force of ſorrow to expell
To view ſtrange countreys hee intends.

And now, to take his laſt farewell
Of his true love, his faire and conſtant Maudlen,
With muſicke ſweete that did excell
Hee plaies under her window then.

Farewell (quoth he) mine owne true love,
Farewell, my deare, and chiefeſt treaſure of my heart!
Through fortune's ſpight, that falſe did prove,
I am inforc'd from thee to part,

Into the land of Italy:
There wil I waile, and weary out my dayes in wo;
Seeing my true love is kept from mee,
I hold my life a mortal fo.

Faire Briſtow towne, therefore, adieu,
For Padua ſhall bee my habitation now;
Although my love doth lodge in thee,
To whom alone my heart I vow.

With trickling teares this hee did ſing,
With ſighs and ſobs deſcending from his heart full ſore:
Hee ſaid, when he his hands did wring,
Farewell, ſweet love, for evermore!

Fair Maudlin, from a window high
Beholding her true love with muſicke where hee ſtood,
But not a word ſhe durſt reply,
Fearing her parents angry mood.

In teares ſhe ſpent this dolefull night,
Wiſhing (though naked) with her faithfull friend:
She blames her friends, and fortune's ſpight,
That wrought their loves ſuch luckleſſe end.

And in her heart ſhee made a vow
Cleane to forſake her country and her kinsfolkes all,
And for to follow her true love,
To bide all chance that might befall.

The night is gone, and the day is come,
And in the morning very early ſhee did riſe:
She gets her downe in a lower roome,
Where ſundrie ſeamen ſhe eſpies.

A gallant maſter amongſt them all,
(The maſter of a faire and goodlie ſhip was he)
Who there ſtood waiting in the hall,
To ſpeake with her father, if it might be.

She kindly takes him by the hand,
Good ſir (ſaid ſhee) would you ſpeake with any heere?
Quoth he, faire maid, therefore I ſtand:
Then, gentle Sir, I pray you draw neere.

Into a pleaſant parlour by,
With hand in hand ſhe brings the ſeaman all alone;
Sighing to him moſt piteouſly,
She thus to him did make her moane.

Shee falls upon her tender knee:
Good ſir (ſhe ſaid) now pittie you a woman's woe,
And prove a faithfull friend to me,
That I my griefe to you may ſhew.

Sith you repoſe your truſt, he ſaid,
To me that am unknowne, and eke a ſtranger heere,
Be you aſſur'd, moſt proper maid,
Moſt faithfull ſtill I will appeare.

I have a brother, then, quoth ſhee,
Whom as my life I love and favour tenderlie:
In Padua, alas! is he,
Full ſicke, God wot, and like to die.

And faine I would my brother ſee,
But that my father will not yeeld to let me goe;
Wherefore, good ſir, be good to mee,
And unto me this favour ſhew.

Some ſhip-boye's garment bring to mee,
That I diſguiſ'd may goe away from hence unknowne;
And unto ſea Ile goe with thee,
If thus much favour may be ſhowne.

Faire maid (quoth he) take heere my hand:
I will fulfill each thing that you deſire,
And ſet you ſafe in that ſame land,
And in that place that you require.

She gave him then a tender kiſſe,
And ſaith, your ſervant, gallant maſter, will I be,
And prove your faithfull friend for this,
Sweet maſter, then, forget not me.

This done, as they had both decreed,
Soone after (early) before the breake of day,
He brings her garments then with ſpeed,
Wherein ſhe doth her ſelfe array:

And ere her father did ariſe,
Shee meets her maſter as he walkes in the hall:
Shee did attend on him likewiſe,
Even till her father did him call.

But ere the Merchant made an end
Of all the matters to the maſter he could ſay,
His wife came weeping in with ſpeed,
Saying, our daughter is gone away!

The Merchant, thus amaz'd in mind,
Yonder vile wretch intic'd away my child, quoth he;
But, well I wot, I ſhall him find
At Padua, in Italy.

With that beſpake the maſter brave:
Worſhipfull maſter, thither goes this pretty youth,
And any thing that you would have,
He will performe it, and write the truth.

Sweet youth (quoth hee) if it be ſo,
Beare mè a letter to the Engliſh marchants there,
And gold on thee I will beſtow:
My daughter's welfare I do feare.

Her mother takes her by the hand;
Faire youth (qd ſhe) if there thou doſt my daughter ſee,
Let me thereof ſoone underſtand,
And there is twenty crownes for thee.

Thus, through the daughter's ſtrange diſguiſe,
The mother knew not when ſhee ſpake unto her child;
And after her maſter ſtraightway ſhee hies,
Taking her leave with countenance milde.

Thus to the ſea faire Maudlin is gone
With her gentle maſter: God ſend them a merry wind;
Where wee a while muſt let them alone,
Till you the ſecond part doe find.

FINIS PART I.

THE SECOND PART.

To the ſame Tune.

WELCOME, ſweete Maudlin, from the ſea,
Where bitter ſtormes and tempeſts doe ariſe:
The pleſant bankes of Italy
Wee may behold with mortal eyes.

Thankes, gentle maſter, then quoth ſhee:
A faithfull friend in ſorrow haſt thou beene;
If fortune once doth ſmile on mee,
My thankfull heart ſhall well bee ſeene.

Bleſt be the land that feedes my love!
Bleſt be the place where as his perſon doth abide!
No triall will I ſticke to prove,
Whereby my true love may be tride.

Nowe will I walke with joyful heart,
To viewe the towne where as my darlinge doth remaine,
And ſeeke him out in every part,
Untill I doe his ſight attaine.

And I, quoth he, will not forſake
Sweete Maudlin in her ſorrow up and downe:
In wealth and woe thy part Ile take,
And bring thee ſafe to Padua towne.

And after many wearie ſteps
In Padua they ſafely doe arrive at laſt:
For very joy her heart it leapes;
She thinkes not of her ſorrowes paſt.

Condemned to dye hee was, alas!
Except he would from his religion turne;
But rather then hee would to maſſe,
In fiery flames he vow'd to burne.

Now doth Maudlin weepe and waile:
Her joy is chang'd to weeping, ſorrow, griefe and care;
But nothing could her plaints prevaile,
For death alone muſt be his ſhare.

Shee walkes under the priſon walls,
Where her true love doth lye and languiſh in diſtreſſe;
Moſt wofully for foode he calls,
When hunger did his heart oppreſſe.

He ſighs and ſobs and makes great moane:
Farewell, hee ſaid, ſweete England, now for evermore,
And all my friends that have me knowne
In Briſtow towne with wealth and ſtore.

But moſt of all farewell, quoth hee,
My owne true love, ſweet Maudlin, whom I left behind;
For never more ſhall I ſee thee.
Woe to thy father moſt unkind!

The Merchant's Daughter.

How well were I, if thou wert here,
With thy faire hands to cloſe theſe wretched eyes:
My torments eaſie would appeare;
My ſoule with joy ſhall ſcale the ſkies.

When Maudlin heard her lover's moane,
Her eyes with teares, her heart with ſorrow filled was:
To ſpeake with him no meanes is knowne,
Such grievous doome on him did paſſe.

Then ſhee caſt off her lad's attire;
A maiden's weede upon her back ſhe ſeemely ſet:
To the judge's houſe ſhee did enquire,
And there ſhee did a ſervice get.

Shee did her duty there ſo well,
And eke ſo prudently ſhe did her ſelfe behave,
With her in love her maſter fell;
His ſervant's favour hee doth crave.

Maudlin, quoth hee, my heart's delight,
To whom my heart is in affection tied,
Breed not my death through thy deſpight;
A faithfull friend I will be tryed.

Grant me thy love, faire maid, quoth hee,
And at my hands require what thou canſt deviſe,
And I will grant it unto thee,
Whereby thy credit may ariſe.

I have a brother, ſir, ſhe ſaid,
For his religion is now condemned to dye:
In loathſome priſon hee is layd,
Oppreſt with griefe and miſery.

Grant me my brother's life, ſhee ſaid,
And to you my love and liking I will give.
That may not be, quoth hee, faire maid;
Except he turne, he cannot live.

An Engliſh Frier there is, ſhee ſaid,
Of learning great and paſſing pure of life,
Let him to my brother be ſent,
And he will finiſh ſoone the ſtrife.

Her maſter hearing this requeſt,
The marriner in frier's weed ſhe did array,
And to her love, that lay diſtreſt,
Shee did a letter ſtraight convey.

When hee had read theſe gentle lines,
His heart was raviſhed with ſudden joy;
Where now ſhee was full well hee knew:
The frier likewiſe was not coy;

But did declare to him at large
The enterpriſe for him his love had taken in hand.
The young man did the frier charge,
His love ſhould ſtraight depart the land.

Here is no place for her, hee ſaid,
But woefull death and danger of her harmleſſe life:
Profeſſing truth I was betraid,
And fearfull flames muſt end my ſtrife.

For, ere I will my faith deny,
And ſweare my ſelfe to follow damned Antichriſt,
Ile yeeld my body for to die,
To live in heaven with the higheſt.

O ſir! the gentle frier ſaid,
For your ſweet love recant, and ſave your wiſhed life.
A wofull match, quoth hee, is made
Where Chriſt is loſt to win a wife.

When ſhe had wrought all meanes that might
To ſave her friend, and that ſhe ſaw it would not bee,
Then of the judge ſhee claimed her right,
To die the death as well as hee.

When no perſwaſion could prevaile,
Nor change her mind in any thing that ſhee had ſaid,
She was with him condemned to die,
And for them both one fire was made.

And arme in arme moſt joyfully
Theſe lovers twaine unto the fire they did goe:
The marriner moſt faithfully
Was likewiſe partner of their woe.

But when the judges underſtood
The faithfull friendſhip did in them remaine,
They ſaved their lives; and afterward
To England ſent them home againe.

Now was their ſorrow turned to joy,
And faithfull lovers had now their heart's deſire:
Their paines ſo well they did imploy,
God granted that they did require.

And when they were to England come,
And in merry Briſtow arrived at the laſt,
Great joy there was to all and ſome
That heard the dangers they had paſt.

Her gentle maſter ſhee deſired
To be her father, and at the church to give her then:
It was fulfilled as ſhee required,
Unto the joy of all good men.

My pretty little one.

To a pleaſant new Tune.

[We may perhaps carry this ballad back to the reign of Henry VIII. the ſcore of a ſong of that date, called "My little pretty one," being known (Chappell's Nat. Engl. Airs, ii. 167). It is indiſputably very old, although in the only impreſſion that has come down to us—"London, Printed for W. Thackaray, T. Paſſenger, and W. Whitwood"—it has been modernized and obviouſly miſprinted. The full title conſiſts of the burden "Come turn to me, thou pretty little one, and I will turn to thee."]

SWEET, if thou wilt be
As I am to thee,
Then, by Cupid's mother
I have vow'd to have
none other ſhe.
Then turn to me, thou pretty little one,
and I will turn to thee.

Thoſe bright eyes of thine,
Which do dazzle mine,
Like the ſtars of heaven,
Which do keep their even
courſe and ſhine:
Then let us in conjunction meet,
and both our loves combine.

If that lovely face
Will to mine give place,

That with love's devotion,
We may uſe the motion
of imbrace,
Then ſit thee down, my pretty little one,
and let us love a ſpace.

What hurt is this
For to take a kiſſe?
If it may be granted,
I that long have wanted
ſuch a bliſſe,
Then be not ſparing of a few,
whereas ſuch plenty is.

If thy breaſts do pant
For the milk they want,
Every hill and mountain
To ſupply each fountain
be not ſcant:
Then give to me thy lilly white hand,
and I thee mine will grant.

If ſo be that I
May but thee come nigh,
The vine and elm ſhall never
Joyn more cloſe together,
then will I:
Then ſhew thy fruits, my amorous joy,
and Ile with love ſupply.

My pretty little one.

If that thou doſt crave
Silks and garments brave,
Or what rich attyre
Could thy heart deſire
to receive,
Declare to me, thou pretty little one;
thou canſt but aſk and have.

Sweet-heart, for thy ſake
I will never make
Choice of any other;
Then, by Cupid's mother,
freely ſpeak.
Its at thy choice, my deareſt love,
either to leave or take.

I thy mary gold,
Wrapt in many fold,
Like the golden clyent
To the ſun ſupplient,
ſhew its gold:
Diſplay thy beams, my glorious ſun,
and Ile to thee unfold.

Thoſe bright locks of hair,
Spreading o'er each ear,
Every criſp and curle
Far more rich then pearl
doth appear:

Then, be thou conſtant in thy love,
and I will be thy dear.

Till I have poſſeſt
Thee, whom I love beſt,
I have vow'd for ever,
In thy abſence never
to take reſt.
Deny me not, thou pretty little one,
in whom my hopes are bleſt.

If a kiſſe or two
Can thee a favour do,
Were it more then twenty,
Love's indu'd with plenty
lovers know:
For thy ſweet ſake a thouſand take,
for that's the way to wooe.

It doth grieve my heart
From thee for to part;
It is to me more pleaſant
Ever to be preſent
where thou art:
Yet in the abſence of a friend
my love ſhall never ſtart.

As to me thou art kind,
Duty ſhall mee bind

My pretty little one.

Ever to obey thee;
Reaſon ſo doth ſway me
to thy mind;
Thou haſt my heart where e're thou art,
although I ſtay behind.

In thy bed or bark
I will be thy mark:
Couples yet more loving
Never had their moving
from the Ark.
Welcome to mee, my only joy,
all times, be it light or dark!

The Devil driven away by Women.

To the Tune of "Death's Dance."

[The tune to which the enſuing comic ballad was ſung, is ſtated on the broadſide to be "Death's Dance," but it muſt have been a different Dance of Death to that which ſtands firſt in our volume, as both would not run to the ſame air. We may conclude, therefore, that it was "Death's Dance" which alſo went by the name of "The Shaking of the Sheet," and was popular in 1560, if not earlier. (Hiſt. Engl. Dram. Poetry and the Stage, ii. 474.) The ſomewhat peculiar title of the old copy is this:—

"An excellent new Ditty, or
Which proveth that women the beſt warriers be,
For they made the Devill from earth for to flee."

It was "Printed at London, for H. G." *i. e.* Henry Goſſon, who publiſhed ſo many productions for the amuſement of the multitude.]

OLD Beelzebub merry
diſpoſed to be,
To earth he did hurry,
ſome paſtime to ſee:
A landlord he proved,
and leaſes would let
To all them that loved
a long life to get.

The Devil driven

Come hither, all mortalls,
quoth the Devill of hell,
Come longtailes and curtailes
now unto my cell:
To you I here proffer
a bargaine to buy;
If you'l take my offer,
you never ſhall dye.

This bargaine them pleaſed,
they long'd it to gaine;
The ſicke and diſeaſed
came thither amaine;
And though they were craſie,
they thither could flye,
The ſluggard and lazy
this bargaine would buy.

The gallants and gentry,
his love to embrace,
From city and country
flockt hither apace:
Long life they deſired
with much jollity;
Their hearts they were fired
this bargaine to buy.

The dames of the city
came hither with ſpeed;
Your merchant wives pretty

would ſeale to this deed,
To live with a lover
and never to dye:
Here curteſans hover
this bargaine to buy.

No females there wanted,
but hither they came;
They came till they panted,
to purchaſe the ſame:
Wives, widdowes, and maidens
to the Devill did hye;
Brave laſſes and ladies
this bargaine would buy.

The lecher, which viewed
ſuch pretty ones there,
His love was renewed,
and hee'd have a ſhare;
And here he ſojourned,
'cauſe never hee'd dye:
His heart it was burned
this bargaine to buy.

Now wicked ſonnes came in,
that had their meanes ſpent
In dicing and gaming,
to this office went:
Apace they here gather,
becauſe they'd not dye,

But to outlive their father
this bargaine they'd buy.

Next comes the ſhoomaker
to crave a long life,
Here to be partaker
he brought his fine wife.
The taylor attends here;
for money they cry,
And follow the ſpender
this bargaine to buy.

The uſurers follow
that pawnes have in hand;
With whoop and with hollow
they call for the land,
Which ſpend-thrifts pawne to them,
while for caſh they hye:
To live to undoe them
this bargaine they'll buy.

Next came theſe rich farmers
that coozin the poore,
And hoord up in corners
proviſion and ſtore;
To live till a deare yeere,
and never to dye,
Theſe greedy corn-mizers
this bargaine would buy.

Now brokers came hither,
that in their hands had
Pawnes heaped together,
both good ones and bad:
To live till they view them
all forfeited lye,
To the Devill they ſue them
this bargaine to buy

This purchaſe contented
the Devill of hell,
To ſee ſuch flockes enter
all into his cell;
Yet ſtill he proclaimed
they never ſhould dye,
Who ere it was aimed
this bargaine to buy.

Next came the poore women
that cry fiſh and oyſters;
They flocke here in common,
and many great cluſters:
They ran hither ſcolding
and to the Devill cry,
Sir, wee'd be beholding
this bargaine to buy.

But when theſe came hither
they kept ſuch a noiſe,
Each brabled with other

which firſt ſhould have choiſe,
As that their noyſe frighted
the Devill of hell:
No more he delighted
ſuch bargaines to ſell.

Quoth he, I muſt from them,
for ſhould I ſtay here,
In pieces among them
my body they'l teare:
Quoth he, I am willing
to deale among men,
But nere will have dealing
'mongſt women agen.

The Lamentation of Englande.

To the Tune of "Weepe, weepe."

[It is impoſſible now to aſcertain whom the initials W. M. at the end of this hiſtorical ballad repreſent: he wrote it in 1584, and two years afterwards Thomas Deloney penned an effuſion of preciſely the ſame character, and to the ſame tune, upon the execution of Ballard Babbington, &c. (See "Old Ballads" printed for the Percy Society in 1840, p. 101.) This "Lamentation" on the execution of Throgmorton contains ſome particulars connected with his death that are not given by our Chroniclers, and the mention of the execution of Arden, a relation of Shakeſpeare by his mother's ſide, is intereſting. The title of the ballad in the old black-letter copy runs thus: "The Lamentation of Englande for the late Treaſons conſpired againſt the Queene's Majeſtie, and the whole Realme, by Francis Throgmorton, who was executed for the ſame at Tyborne on Friday, being the tenth day of July laſt paſt, 1584." After the notice of the tune to which it was to be ſung come the following lines, as the burden at the end of every ſtanza,

"Pray, pray, and praiſe the Lord, whoſe wondrous works are ſeene,
That brought to light the ſecret ſnare laid lately for our Queene."

It was "Imprinted at London by Richard Jhones."]

WITH briniſhe teares and ſobbing ſighes,
I, Englande, pine in paine,
To ſee and heare ſuch ſecret ſectes
among my people raine:
Now being in my golden prime,
where nectar ſweete doth flowe,

And where the ſacred worde is taught,
eche Chriſtian's joye to ſhowe.

And where the Lord of Lords hath ſet
his handmaide pure and cleene,
Annoynting her my rightfull Prince,
to reigne a royall Queene;
Indued with wiſedome from above,
and ſtorde with knowledge great,
That flying fame throughout the world
her praiſes doth repeate.

Who to the ſacred worde doth ſtande
with zeale and godly minde,
Maintaining truth, embracing faith,
and to eche ſubject kinde.
Alas! why then, my people deare,
what is the cauſe you ſwerve
Againſt the Lord's annoynted ſo,
your owne ſelfe willes to ſerve?

Have you not peace and plentie both,
which other realmes do want?
Have you not worldly pleaſures ſtore,
whereof there is no ſkant?
Have I not not foſtered you with foode,
which Nature bringeth foorth?
Have I not fed you dayntily,
with milke and hony both?

And have not I a carefull Prince,
the prop of all your ſtay,
Which loveth me, which cares for you,
and prayes for us eche day?
What is the cauſe ſuch miſchiefes, then,
among you doe remaine?
Truely, the fulnes of the fleſh,
which you ſo much obtaine.

It makes me weepe with trickling teares,
and wring my hands full colde,
To heare, to ſee, and thinke upon,
the dangers manyfolde,
My loving Prince and Queene is in
by means of Satan's crew,
Which often doth conſpire the death
Of her, my lover true.

How many miſcheefes are deviſed?
how many wayes are wrought?
How many vilde conſpiracies
againſt her Grace are ſought?
Yet God, that rules in heaven above,
lookes downe on earth belowe,
Who dauntes them in their wickedneſſe,
and doth his power ſhowe.

For when his highnes doth perceive
that dangers are at hande,

Then doth he ſhewe by ſecret meanes
thoſe perils to withſtande;
And will not let his choſen flocke
to periſhe on the earth,
But doth her ſecret foes confounde
by meanes of ſhamefull death.

As late was ſeene by Arden he,
and Sommervile alſo,
intend Who did pretende to kill my Queene,
and worke her ſubjects woe:
But God who doth her ſtill defende,
her Grace he did preſerve,
And wrought a ſhame unto them ſelves,
as they did beſt deſerve.

Throgmorton lately did conſpire
to overthrowe the State,
That ſtrangers might invade the realme
upon an evening late,
And lande in places where he knewe
the realme was ſomething weake,
The ſecret of which thing he did
to forraigne Princes breake.

His dealing with the Queen of Scottes,
by letters to and fro,
Informing her and other States
of all that he did knowe;

What freends in England they ſhould find,
What power they ſhould bring,
Our Queene thereby for to diſplace;
this was a wofull thing.

He ſought to diſpoſſeſſe my Queene
Of dignitie and crowne,
And place a ſtranger in her ſtate,
thereby to tread her downe:
Ireland and Scotland, by adviſe,
the enemie ſhould invade,
Then into England bring a power,
as he the plat had made.

Theſe were the treaſons which he wrought,
my good Queene to diſplace,
To ſpoyle the ſtate of all this realme,
Such was his want of grace:
But God, who doth protect me ſtill,
offended at the ſame,
Even in his yong and tender yeares,
did cut him off with ſhame.

O, thou Throgmorton, wicked wight!
why didſt thou this deviſe?
Why did the feare of God and Prince
depart ſo from thine eyes?
No rebelles power ſhall her diſplace,
God will defende her ſtill;

Her ſubjectes all will looſe their lives,
ere traytors have their will.

And though he floriſht for a ſpace,
in ſeeking his intent,
When to the pit's brinke that he came,
God did his worke prevent;
And did preſerve, in ſpight of him,
his choſen veſſell pure,
That ſhe might floriſh ſtill in peace,
my comfort to procure.

When as the ſervants of the Lorde,
I meane the children three,
Were put into the fierie oven,
deſtroyed for to bee,
Then fierie flames did them no harme,
they ſung and prayed with joye,
And thoſe which ſtood to worke their woe,
the ſparkles did deſtroye.

And when the children of the Lord
King Pharao did purſue,
To drowne them in the foming floods,
God was a captaine true:
The waves like walles ſtood on eche ſide,
and they free paſſadge founde,
And Pharao with his mightie hoſte
came after, and was drounde.

Even ſo the Lord, by his great might,
my comfort doth maintaine,
In keeping and preſerving ſtill
my Prince from traitors traine:
And did preſerve her from the harmes
Throgmorton did pretende,
Who even at Tyborne for the ſame
did make a ſhamefull ende.

And though ſuch impes do worke her ſpite
ten thouſande kinde of waies,
Yea, though the devill himſelfe do fite,
to ſpoyle her golden daies,
Yet if the Lorde defende my wrong,
their courage ſoone ſhall quaile:
So long as God ſtands on her ſide,
no power ſhall prevaile.

Therefore, my loving people deare,
graunt England her requeſt,
Pray to the Lord, him ſerve with feare,
and traitors hearts deteſt:
Embrace the truth, lay holde on faith,
walke in the path of peace,
Obey your Prince, fight in her cauſe,
and England's wealth encreaſe.

And with new warning take new hearts,
olde venomed minds deteſt;

Eſchue all ſinne, encreaſe good works,
that you in peace may reſt.
From all olde cuſtomes that are evill,
put on the new man Chriſt,
And newly change your former lives,
and learne to pleaſe the higheſt.

W. M.

FINIS.

Be merry, Friends.

To be ſung to a new Tune.

[This, in its original ſtate, is a ballad of the time of Henry the VIII. Edward VI. or Mary, for its author, John Heywood, wrote in thoſe reigns, and it exiſts in a manuſcript of about that time formerly in the library of Mr. Bright. Our copy is evidently in many places a clever modernization, and it was "Printed for Thomas Millington in Cornhill" ſoon after the year 1600. In Mr. Bright's manuſcript ſome of the ſtanzas are incomplete, but in the broadſide the deficiencies were ſupplied, either from a better copy or by conjecture. It appears from a MS. in the poſſeſſion of Lord Francis Egerton that John Heywood was ſtill living in 1576, and that he was a native of Kent.]

BE merry, friends, and take no thought;
For worldly cares now care ye nought,
For who ſo doth, when all is ſought,
Shall find that thought availeth not.
Be merry, friends!

And ſuch as have all wealth at will,
Their wills and pleaſures to fulfill,
Need never grudge at any ill,
Nor need I ſing this ſong untill.
Be merry, friends!

But unto ſuch as wiſh and want,
Whoſe worldly wealth is very ſcant,
No wealth to ſpend, no land to plant,
To them it is I chiefly chant
Be merry, friends!

To ſuch as have had grief annext
Unto their lives, extremely vext,
In worldly ſtorms toſt, and perplext,
To them I ſing this ſhort ſweet text,
Be merry, friends!

To laugh and winne each man agrees,
loſe But each man cannot laugh and leeſe;
Yet laughing in the laſt of theſe
Hath been allowd in all degrees.
Be merry, friends!

Be merry in ſorrow, the wiſe have ſaide,
Which ſaying, being wiſely waide,
It ſeems a leſſon truly made
For thoſe whom ſorrows ſtill invade.
Be merry, friends!

Make not two ſorrowes out of one,
For one is ſure enough alone;
To graft new ſorrow there upon
Is graffing crab with crab, ne're done.
Be merry, friends!

Be merry, Friends.

To take our ſorrows mournfully
Augmenteth but our malady;
But taking ſorrows merrily
Maketh them ſmaller, verily.
Be merry, friends!

Of griefes to come ſtand not in fray,
But make defence, the beſt you may;
Which done, no more to do or ſay,
Come what come ſhall, but care away.
Be merry, friends!

If ſorrowes come we can not flee,
But needs they muſt indured bee,
Make vertue of neceſſitie,
And bear thy ſelfe right manfullie.
Be merry, friends!

Be ever joyous, loſe or winne,
So be no fault of thine therein;
Do not be firſt for to beginne:
The only grief is truly ſinne.
Be merry, friends!

If friends be loſt, then get thee more;
If wealth be loſt, thou ſtill haſt ſtore;
The merry man is never poor,
He lives upon the world: therefore,
Be merry, friends!

Be merry, Friends.

The loſs of wealth is loſs of dirt,
As ſages in all times aſſert:
The happy man's without a ſhirt,
And never comes to maim or hurt.
Be merry, friends!

All ſeaſons are to him the ſpring,
In flowers bright and floriſhing,
With birds upon the tree or wing,
Who in their faſhion alway ſing
Be merry, friends!

If that thy doublet has a hole in,
Why, it can keep the leſs thy ſoule in,
Which rangeth foorth beyond controulling,
Whilſt thou haſt nought to dò, but trolling
Be merry, friends!

Be merry in God, St. Paule ſaith plaine:
Be merry in God, I ſay again,
And let not his advice be vain;
Or if thou wilt, thou cannot complain.
Be merry, friends!

Let the world ſlide, let the world go:
A fig for care, and a fig for woe!
If I cant pay, why, I can owe;
And death makes equall the high and low.
Be merry, friends!

JOHN HEYWOOD.

Epitaph on Biſhop Jewell.

[This broadſide is in the form of a ballad, and it was the compoſition of one of the moſt notorious authors of ſuch pieces: it relates, alſo, to an individual of the higheſt eminence in the Church, and until now it has never been re-printed from the old copy, nor mentioned in any liſt of Elderton's productions. Theſe are the reaſons which have led to its inſertion here: the full title of the unique broadſide is, "An Epitaphe uppon the Death of the Right Reverend and learned Father in God, I. Juell, Doctor of Divinitie, and Biſhop of Sariſburie, whom God called to his marcie the 22 of September, 1571." Anthony Wood (Ath. Oxon. i. 395. edit. Bliſs) gives the day of Jewell's death 23 Sept. The colophon runs thus: "Imprynted at London in Fleete-ſtreate, beneath the Conduit at the ſigne of S. John Evangeliſt by Thomas Colwell."]

THE Juell of our joye is gone!
the happie heavens have wonne
The greateſt gift that ever was
with us beneth the ſonne:

Which makes ſuch weeping eyes
in Salleſbury, they ſaye,
As all the ronning ſtreames thereof,
can never waſhe awaye.

Alas! is Juell dead,
the folder of the flocke?
If Death hath caught the diall up,
then who ſhall keepe the clocke?

Epitaph on Biſhop Jewell.

O God! what greefe is this,
thye charie Church ſhould want
A Biſhoppe of ſo good a grace,
wher good men be ſo ſkant.

Wee feare the plague, they ſaye,
but ſuch a plague as this,
Sithens I was borne I never knewe,
nor never ſhall i'wis:

certainly

Yet are there ſome behinde,
I truſt, will learne to knowe,
How Juell to his dieng daye
his talents did beſtowe.

So buſie at his booke,
to bring the truth to light,
As they that lyke the redie way,
maye looke and finde it right.

His houſe and houſholde was
ſo kept, for his degree,
As Paull in his Epiſtles wrightes
a Biſhoppes houſe ſhould be.

His dioceſſe, I beleeve,
he kept in ſo good awe,
As vertue is content to ſweare,
they lived within her lawe.

His handes and harte were free,
the needie could not lacke;
Such peace and concorde planted hee,
as nothing went to wracke.

And charie went to churche
himſelfe by breake of daye,
That his example might procure
the reſt to go that waye:

And gave unto his men
their dueties when he died, debts
With large and lordlie recompence:
this can not be denied.

Alas! with piteous mone
all Chriſtians now maye weepe,
That wee have ſuch a ſhepard gone:
God helpe the ſelie ſheepe!

Methinkes, I ſee in heaven
triumphant Truth appeare,
And Faythfulnes, which ſpeake alowde,
Let Juell nowe come neare.

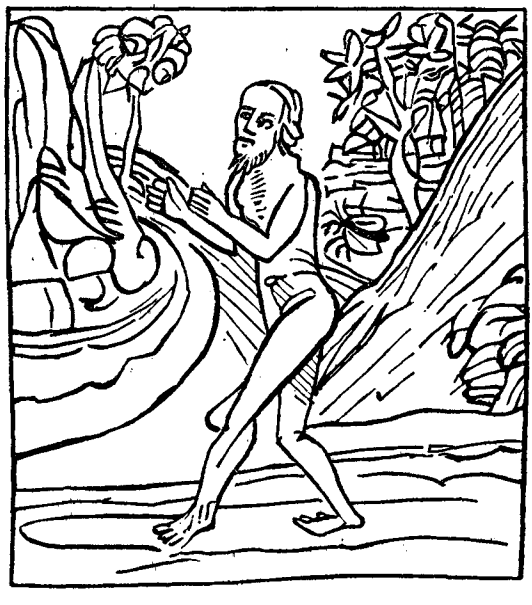
Th' Appoſtelles all do preaſe, preſs
methinkes, to ſee his face;
And all the angells go about
to bring him to his place:

Epitaph on Biſhop Jewell.

Even Chriſt himſelſe, me thinkes,
I ſee begins to ſmile,
And ſaith, Beholde my choſen frend,
I lookte for all this while.

And Abraham rendes his clothes,
and bowells out his breſt,
And ſayth to Juell, Jumpe in here,
and take thye quiet reſt.

W. ELDERTON.



The Father's Admonition.

To the Tune of "Grim King of the Ghoſts."

[This ballad is not of a very early date, although it is impoſſible to ſettle that date with any degree of accuracy. It was written to the tune of a ſong in Percy's Reliques, ii. 395. (Edit. 1812.) there printed under the title of "The Lunatic Lover," beginning

"Grim king of ghoſts, make haſte."

The air long continued popular, and Rowe wrote to it his famous ſong, "Deſpairing beſide a clear ſtream," &c. The ballad here given is from a copy "Printed for P. Brookſby, J. Deacon, J. Blare, and J. Back," which muſt have been a comparatively modern re-print, iſſued late in the ſeventeenth century, with the following title: "The Father's wholeſome Admonition, or a lumping Pennyworth of good Counſel for bad Huſbands."]

MY ſon, if you reckon to wed,
and take your ſelf to a kind wife,
Then, then, let it never be ſaid,
but that you'll reform your old life:
There's many good pounds you have ſpent,
the which you had reaſon to prize;
But labour in time to repent:
'tis good to be merry and wiſe.

The Father's Admonition.

Be ſure keep a penny in ſtore,
'twill help you when friends they may fail,
For ſhould you ſpend all, and grow poor,
your caſe you'll have cauſe to bewail:
In troubles you'll ſtrangely be hurl'd,
the which will your ſenſes ſurpriſe;
But he that will thrive in this world
muſt learn to be merry and wiſe.

Perchance you may meet with a friend,
which doth to your dealings belong,
If with him a teſter you ſpend,
this can do you no great wrong;
And then to your labour again,
it being enough to ſuffice.
This care will your houſehold maintain:
'tis good to be merry and wiſe.

There's many a woman well bred
has marry'd a prodigal knave,
So that, the ſame day ſhe was wed,
'twere better ſhe had gone to her grave:
Her lands and her livings all ſold,
which cauſ'd tears to flow from her eyes;
And likewiſe true friendſhip grew cold:
then, 'tis good to be merry and wiſe.

Son, if a rich wife be thy lot,
be careful and thrifty, I pray,

For means is not eaſily got,
as it may be ſquander'd away.
Be carefull, and always contrive
thoſe temporall bleſſings to prize,
For he that is willing to thrive
muſt learn to be merry and wiſe.

There's ſome that are abſolute poor,
as well I can make it appear,
Who will in ſtrong liquor ſpend more
than ſome that have hundreds a year;
And bring their poor families low,
and can't get wherewith to ſuffice:
But that man would never do ſo,
who learns to be merry and wiſe.

The workman that is a boon lad,
you'll find his condition is thus;
If trading ſhould chance to grow bad,
he ſcarce has a groat in his purſe:
While he that doth get, ſpend, and ſave,
has always enough to ſuffice.
Then, ſon, if this bleſſing you'd have,
pray learn to be merry and wiſe.

This counſel which to you I give,
oh! prize it more dearer than gold,
And then you in credit may live,
and ſave ſomething while you grow old:

The Father's Admonition.

There's many have dearly bought wit,
when fathers' good words they deſpiſe.
My ſon, ne'er ſpend all that you get,
but learn to be merry and wiſe.

Great getters, that ſpend all, are like
the cow that gives much at a meal,
Who, having done, ſtraightway doth ſtrike,
and kick it all down with her heel.
Act like the induſtrious bee,
and then you to riches may riſe;
And flouriſhing days you will ſee,
if you'll but be merry and wiſe.

The Praiſe of Nothing.

To the Tune of "Though I have but a marke a yeare, &c."

[In 1585, Sir Edward Dyer printed a brief proſe tract called "The Prayſe of Nothing." The following clever ballad ſeems a verſified imitation of it, and being intended for the amuſement of the crowd, treats ſome of the topics popularly, which Sir Edward Dyer had dealt with learnedly. It will call to mind in ſeveral places the poem long afterwards attributed to the Earl of Rocheſter, who, however, ſeems to have borrowed more cloſely from the *Capitolo* of Franceſco Copetta, *nel quale ſi lodano le Noncovelle*, publiſhed as early as 1548. To the general title of the ballad, "The praiſe of Nothing," are added the following lines:

"Though ſome do wonder why I write the praiſe
Of Nothing in theſe lamentable daies,
When they have read, and will my counſell take,
I hope of Nothing they will Something make!"

From the expreſſion "in theſe lamentable days," we are perhaps to infer that the plague, as it was called, was prevailing in London when the ballad was compoſed. Our text has the imprint of "H. Goſſon, dwelling upon London-Bridge, nere the Gate." Had not the ballad been written before the date of Shakeſpeare's comedy, it would, perhaps, have been called "Much ado about Nothing."]

THE praiſe of wiſdom ſome doe write,
and ſome the praiſe of money,
And every one, like bees to th' hive,
from ſomething gather hony:

But if my genius doe not faile
To prompt me, ere I end my tale
You'll find that Nothing will prevaile;
for all muſt turne to Nothing.

Nothing was firſt and ſhall be laſt,
for Nothing holds for ever;
And Nothing ever yet ſcap't death,
ſo can't the longeſt liver:
Nothing's immortall; Nothing can
From croſſes ever keepe a man:
Nothing can live when the world is gone,
for all ſhall come to Nothing.

Nothing in all the world be finde
with ſorrow more perplexed,
Than he that with a ſcolding wife
eternally is vexed,
Whoſe tongue by Nothing can be quel'd,
Although with red hot pincers held,
For ſhe will to no reaſon yeeld,
but ſcold and brawle for Nothing.

Nothing is ſwifter then the winde,
or lighter than a feather,
Yet I another thing have found,
which quite excelleth either:
A harlot's love that every day
Is chang'd and ſwiftly blowne away;

But what's more light then her, I pray?
the wiſeman anſweres, Nothing.

Nothing ſhall therefore pleaſe me more
than women to abandon;
For if that I ſhould fall in love
or joyne with ſuch a wanton,
Shee'd breake my very heart-ſtrings ſure,
Or I muſt Vulcan's lot endure,
And patiently abide the cure,
or elſe be help'd by Nothing.

Take you heed, then, unmarried lads,
before you grow a lover,
And ere too ſoone you chuſe a wife
with honeſt patience prove her;
For Nothing can againe unwed,
Nor cure a cuckold's aking head;
Beſides, once loſt, a maiden-head
can be recal'd by Nothing.

In heat of war Nothing is ſafe;
in peace Nothing reſpected,
But ill got wealth, which to procure
no vice at all's neglected.
The ſonne doth wiſh his father's end,
That he may have his wealth to ſpend;
But let ſuch lads their manners mend,
or all will come to Nothing.

The Praiſe of Nothing.

Nothing is ſafe by ſea or land,
nor alwaies free from danger,
Which is committed to the truſt
of either friend or ſtranger;
For Nothing in the world remaines,
But for their private ends or gaines
They'l hav't, although they break their brains,
or bring themſelves to Nothing.

Nothing's regarded more then gold,
but vertue's quite decay'd;
For gold the uſurer ſets his ſoule,
which muſt at laſt be paid,
When Nothing from the grave can call
Such mizers, who their ſoules inthrall
To gripe and hoord the devill and all;
but better they had Nothing.

Nothing can from the ſight of God
conceale the faults of any,
For his cleare eye can ſearch into
the ſmalleſt chinke or cranny:
He can within thy heart eſpy
The ſecret'ſt ſinnes which there doe lye,
But if you to repentance hie,
they ſhall appeare as Nothing.

Nothing therefore hereafter ſeeke,
but vertue, vice deteſting,

With pureſt robes of ſanctity
your humble ſoule inveſting;
And ſeeke you after no ſuch thing
Which may your ſoule to ſorrow bring,
Or while thou liv'ſt thy conſcience ſting,
or elſe deſire Nothing.

For though but little thou art worth,
yet Nothing doſt deſire,
Nor coveteſt thy neighbour's goods,
nor 'bove thy ſelfe aſpire,
But reſteſt honeſtly content
With that poore little God hath ſent,
Thou mayſt diſperſe in merriment,
and ſay thou wants for Nothing.

When earth-wormes ſpend their dayes in care,
and nere can reſt in quiet,
Nor with the feare to loſe their gold
have time to ſleepe or dyet;
But with a ſad and penſive minde
Still ſtudying how the poore to grinde,
Untill at laſt with ſorrow finde
themſelves are turn'd to Nothing.

And thus you now have heard the praiſe
of Nothing, worth a penny,
Which as I ſtand to ſing here now
I hope will yeeld me many:

But if that price be held too deare,
Or any miſlike this counſell here,
He may depart with a flea in's eare,
for I will give him Nothing.

FINIS.

The Norfolk Farmer's Journey to London.

To the Tune of "The Spaniſh Pavin."

[The name of Edward Ford is new in our ballad-poetry, though not in our literature, as he was known as a writer in the reign of James I: poſſibly he was related to John Ford the dramatiſt. He has left us an amuſing picture of manners in the enſuing ſatirical effuſion, in which he ſuppoſes an old Norfolk farmer and his wife to come to town to viſit relations, who receive them very inhoſpitably: the points, in which various places in London are deſcribed, are curious; but the dialogue is irregularly conducted, and mixed up with narrative matter. The full title is as follows: "A merry Diſcourſe betweene Norfolke Thomas and Siſly Standtoo't, his wife; together with their thankleſſe journey from Norfolk to London, onely to ſee their friends, and how they doe reſpect and entertaine 'um for their love and labour:

Which ſhewes that this ſame age, moſt certaine true,
Is onely for to aſke yee how ye doe."

It was "Printed by M. P. for F. C." conſiderably later, we apprehend, than the firſt appearance of the broadſide, which clearly came out during the prevalence of the plague, perhaps in 1603.]

TO London is mad Thomas come,
With Siſly, here, his wife alone,
To ſee ſome friends, I hear, are gone
to heaven a while ago:
But I do hope it is a lye,

As I ſhall find it by and by,
Or elſe poore Tom and Siſſe ſhould cry,
till Doomes-day.

Thomas.

For though they be none of the beſt,
I ſhould be loath, I do proteſt,
To hear that they are gone to reſt,
and never take their leave:
For I do love 'um all ſo well,
A little thing would make me dwell
Within the ſounding of Bow-bell,
at London.

Siſly.

Nay, huſband, do not you ſay ſo:
Our cottage poore wee'l not forgo
For the beſt houſe that ſtands aroe
'twixt Cheap and Charing Croſſe;
For though our houſe be thatch't with ſtraw,
We do not live, as ſome, in awe,
For 'tis our own by common law,
in Norfolke.

Beſides, we live at heart's content:
We take no care to pay our rent,
For that is done incontinent,
in twinkling of an eye;
When here at London, as they ſay,

They brawle and brabble every day,
And few or none but finds a way
to Hogdſdon.

Thomas.

Mum, Siſly; keep your clapper ſtill;
There's them can hear at Highgate Hill:
There's rats has been in Peggie's mill,
or elſe ſhe lies her ſelfe.
What if the world be vilde and bad, vile
Shall I be ſuch a fooliſh lad
To blaze and noyſe it all abroad?
I ſcorn it.

Although, indeed, I muſt confeſſe
Thou ſpeak'ſt but truth, my honeſt Siſſe,
Yet ever while you live marke this,
and take it for a rule,
That every chimney muſt not ſmoake,
Nor every begger weare a cloake,
Nor every truth muſt not be ſpoke,
in ſadneſſe.

But hang that cobler and his ends,
That lives too well, and never mends:
Would they were whipt that nere offends!
peace, chuck; I meane not thee.
But thou wilt ſcold ſometime, I know,

The more is Thomas Standtoot's wo;
But, hang it, come let's trip and go
to Fleetſtreet.

And thus they trudg'd along the ſtreet.
With many a juſtle they did meet,
Which put poore Thomas in a ſweat,
and ſomething angry too;
Which made him think they told a lye
That ſaid there did ſo many dye,
When as he could not go hardly
for people.

Siſly.

At length quoth ſhe, good huſband, ſtay,
And tell me what this place is, pray,
Where things are carried as they may?
I never ſaw the like.
For yonder's one doth ride in ſtate,
And here's a begger at a gate,
And there's a woman that will prate
for nothing.

See, here is one that ſoundly beats,
And thumps his hemp untill he ſweats;
And there's another greedy eats:
I fear hee'l choke himſelfe.
And yonder goes a gallant bilk,

And there's a woman winding ſilk,
And here's another fetches milk
at Hackney.

And here's the prettieſt ſight of all,
A woman that is mighty tall,
And yet her ſpouſe a little ſquall:
I wonder how they met.
And here's a man in armour ſtands,
And has, it ſeemes, loſt both his hands:
'Tis pitty that he has no lands
to keep him.

Now, you muſt by this time ſuppoſe them about the Exchange.

And here's a world of people fine,
That do in ſilks and ſatins ſhine:
I would that ſuite and cloak were mine.
I hope I wiſh no harme.
And here hangs pictures two or three,
The beſt that ever I did ſee:
I thinke one looks full butt at me,
and laughs too.

And here's a man hath many a rat,
Both in his hand and on his hat:
Me thinks he keeps 'um very fat.
O ſtrange! what tailes they have.

And here's a gentlewoman, too,
That hides her face from me and you:
I wonder what ſhe meanes to do
in ſummer.

And here's an empty church, I ſee:
Great pitty 'tis, moſt certainly,
It ſhould indeed no fuller be,
and all theſe people here.
And there's an old man carries wood,
And here's a young man doth no good;
And here's a woman wears a hood;
hey dazie!

Thomas.

Come, Siſly, let us go along,
And not ſtand gaping here among
A ſort of people that do throng:
I never ſaw the like.
But let us to our brother go,
That will us welcome well, I know,
For he himſelfe did tell me ſo,
at Norfolk.

Soft! let us knock, for here's the doore;
But if becauſe our cloathes are poore,
They ſhould not let us in therefore,
'two'd make a dog to laugh:
For I have heard my mother ſay,

That if a man fall to decay,
There's few or none will bid him ſtay,
y'are welcome.

But ſilence! not a word but mum;
For ſee, our brother now doth come.
Me thinks he looks as he were dum:
what makes him not to ſpeake?
Good brother, we our loves unfold,
For though my Siſſe and I are old,
Yet we have made a little bold,
to ſee you.

Brother.

And truly I do thank you for't;
Ye'r welcome both with all my heart:
Wee'l drink a cup before we part,
an't pleaſe you but to ſtay.
For I have friends within, truly,
That if they ſhould a ſtranger ſee,
They ſtrait would very fearfull be
of danger.

Thomas.

Why, brother, we no ſickneſſe have,
Nor are we ſtarted from our grave;
Your love is all that we do crave:
what need you then to feare?
We do not come to eat your roaſt,

Nor yet to put you unto coſt.
But now, I ſee, our labour's loſt,
poore Siſly!

Brother.

Pray, do not think the fault is mine,
For if you'l drink a pint of wine,
Ile give it you, and nere repine.
hang mony! what care I?
guests And had I not ſo many gheſſe,
Indeed I ſeriouſly profeſſe,
Your welcome ſhould be more, or leſſe,
good brother.

Thomas.

No, thank you, brother; eene farewell.
A blind man now with eaſe may ſmell
That all things are not carried well:
what love, pray, call you this?
Come now, unto thy ſiſter we
Will go with all celerity:
No doubt that ſhe ſhall kinder be
unto us.

They condeſcend and were content,
And to their ſiſter ſtraight they went;
But all in vain their time was ſpent,
for when they thither came,
Their ſiſter did her maid compell,

And bid her thus much to them tell,
Indeed, ſhe was not very well
at that time.

From thence they to their couzen go,
Being much deſirous for to know
Whether that ſhe would ſerve 'um ſo,
or uſe 'um in that kind:
But, being there, this newes was brought,
That ſhe a ſmock had newly bought,
And ſhe was gone to have it wrought
with wooſted.

Well now, ſays Thomas to his dear,
What ſayſt thou, Siſly, to this gear? matter
We have gone far, yet nere the near:
we thank our kindred for't.
But if that brothers be ſo kind,
What favour ſhall a ſtranger find?
Proteſt, it troubles much my mind
to think on't.

Siſly.

Nay, huſband, let us not do ſo:
The beſt is we can homewards go,
And yet not trouble friend nor foe:
what need we then to care?
For now each one, I tell you true,

Will only aſk you, how do you?
I am glad to ſee you well, Sir Hugh;
good morrow.

Thomas.

Why then, old Siſly, thou and I
Will back again to Norfolke hie,
And bid a fig for company:
our dog is ſport enough.
But when we come to London next,
Our friends ſhall have a better text.
I ſwear, and vow I am ſoundly vext:
who cares for't?

Ed. Ford.

Conſtance of Cleveland.

To the Tune of "Crimſon Velvet."

[This romantic ballad, in a ſomewhat plain and unpretending ſtyle, relates incidents that may remind the reader of the old ſtory of Titus and Giſippus, which was told in Engliſh verſe by Edw. Lewicke, as early as 1562: the ballad is not ſo ancient by, perhaps, thirty or forty years; and the printed copy that has come down to our day is at leaſt fifty years more recent than the date when we believe the ballad to have been firſt publiſhed. The title the broadſide ("Printed for F. Coles, J. W., T. Vere, W. Gilbertſon,") bears is, "Conſtance of Cleveland: A very excellent Sonnet of the moſt fair Lady Conſtance of Cleveland, and her diſloyal Knight." We conclude that the incidents are mere invention, but "Conſtance of Rome" is the name of a play, by Drayton, Munday and Hathway, mentioned in Henſlowe's Diary under the year 1600, (p. 171.) The tune of "Crimſon Velvet" was highly popular in the reigns of Elizabeth and her ſucceſſor.]

IT was a youthfull knight
lov'd a gallant lady;
Fair ſhe was and bright,
and of vertues rare:
Herſelf ſhe did behave,
ſo courteouſly as may be.
Wedded they were brave;
joy without compare.
Here began the grief,
Pain without relief:
her huſband ſoon her love forſook,

To women lewd of mind,
Being bad inclin'd,
he only lent a pleaſant look.
The lady ſhe ſate weeping,
While that he was keeping
company with others moe:
Her words, My love, beleeve not,
Come to me, and grieve not;
wantons will thee overthrow.

His fair Ladie's words
nothing he regarded;
Wantonneſſe affords
ſuch delightfull ſport.
While they dance and ſing,
with great mirth prepared,
She her hands did wring
in moſt grievous ſort.
O! what hap had I
Thus to wail and cry,
unreſpected every day,
Living in diſdain,
While that others gain
all the right I ſhould enjoy!
I am left forſaken
Others they are taken:
ah my love! why doſt thou ſo?
Her flatteries beleeve not,

Come to me, and grieve not;
wantons will thee overthrow.

The Knight with his fair peece
at length the Lady ſpied,
Who did him daily fleece
of his wealth and ſtore:
Secretly ſhe ſtood,
while ſhe her faſhions tryed,
With a patient mind,
while deep the ſtrumpet ſwore.
O, Sir Knight! quoth ſhe,
So dearly I love thee,
my life doth reſt at thy diſpoſe:
By day, and eke by night,
For thy ſweet delight,
thou ſhalt me in thy arms incloſe.
I am thine for ever;
Still I will perſever
true to thee, where ere I go.
Her flatteries believe not,
Come to me, and grieve not;
wantons will thee overthrow.

The vertuous Lady mild
enters then among them,
Being big with child
as ever ſhe might be:

With diſtilling tears
ſhe looked then upon them.
Filled full of fears,
thus replyed ſhe:
Ah, my love and dear!
Wherefore ſtay you here
refuſing me, your loving wife,
For an harlot's ſake,
Which each one will take;
whoſe vile deeds provoke much ſtrife?
Many can accuſe her:
O, my love! refuſe her;
with thy lady home return.
Her flatteries beleeve not,
Come to me, and grieve not;
wantons will thee overthrow.

All in a fury then,
the angry Knight up ſtarted,
Very furious when
he heard his Ladie's ſpeech.
With many bitter terms
his wife he ever thwarted,
Uſing hard extreams,
while ſhe did him beſeech.
From her neck ſo white
He took away in ſpite
her curious chain of pureſt gold,

Her jewels and her rings,
And all ſuch coſtly things
as he about her did behold:
The harlot in her preſence
He did gently reverence,
and to her he gave them all.
He ſent away his Lady,
Full of wo as may be,
who in a ſwound with grief did fall.

At the Ladie's wrong
the harlot fleer'd and laughed;
Enticements are ſo ſtrong,
they overcome the wife.
The Knight nothing regarded
to ſee the Lady ſcoffed:
Thus was ſhe rewarded
for her enterpriſe.
The harlot, all this ſpace,
Did him oft embrace;
ſhe flatters him, and thus doth ſay:
For thee Ile dye and live,
For thee my faith Ile give,
no wo ſhall work my love's decay.
Thou ſhalt be my treaſure,
Thou ſhalt be my pleaſure,
thou ſhalt be my heart's delight:
I will be thy darling,

I will be thy worldling,
in deſpight of fortune's ſpight.

Thus he did remain
in waſtfull great expences,
Till it bred his pain,
and conſumed him quite.
When his lands were ſpent,
troubled in his ſences,
Then he did repent
of his late lewd life.
For relief he hies,
For relief he flyes
to them on whom he ſpent his gold:
They do him deny,
They do him defie;
they will not once his face behold.
Being thus diſtreſſed,
Being thus oppreſſed,
in the fields that night he lay;
Which the harlot knowing,
Through her malice growing,
ſought to take his life away.

A young and proper lad
they had ſlain in ſecret
For the gold he had,
whom they did convey

By a ruffian lewd
to that place directly,
Where the youthful Knight
faſt a ſleeping lay.
The bloody dagger than,
Wherewith they kill'd the man,
hard by the Knight he likewiſe laid,
Sprinkling him with blood,
As he thought it good,
and then no longer there he ſtayd.
The Knight, being ſo abuſed,
Was forthwith accuſed
for this murder which was done;
And he was condemned
That had not offended:
ſhamefull death he might not ſhun.

When the Lady bright
underſtood the matter,
That her wedded Knight
was condemn'd to dye,
To the King ſhe went
with all the ſpeed that might be,
Where ſhe did lament
her hard deſtiny.
Noble King! quoth ſhe,
Pitty take on me,
and pardon my poor huſbands life;

wicked

Elſe I am undone
With my little ſon:
let mercy mitigate this grief.
Lady fair, content thee,
Soon thou wouldſt repent thee,
if he ſhould be ſaved ſo:
Sore he hath abus'd thee,
Sore he hath miſus'd thee;
therefore, Lady, let him go.

O my liege! quoth ſhe,
grant your gracious favour:
Dear he is to me,
though he did me wrong.
The King reply'd again,
with a ſtern behaviour,
A ſubject he hath ſlain:
dye he ſhall ere long,
Except thou canſt find
Any one ſo kind,
that will dye and ſet him free.
Noble King! ſhe ſaid,
ſatisfied Glad am I apaid;
that ſame perſon will I be.
I will ſuffer duly,
I will ſuffer truly,
for my love and huſbands ſake.
The King thereat amazed,

Though he her beauty praiſed,
he bad from thence they ſhould her take.

It was the King's command,
on the morrow after,
She ſhould out of hand
to the ſcaffold go:
Her huſband was
to bear the ſword before her;
He muſt eke, alas!
give the deadly blow.
He refus'd the deed;
She bid him to proceed
with a thouſand kiſſes ſweet.
In this wofull caſe
They did both imbrace,
which mov'd the ruffians, in that place,
Straight for to diſcover
This concealed murder;
whereby the lady ſaved was.
The harlot then was hanged,
As ſhe well deſerved:
this did vertue bring to paſſe.

FINIS.

The Song of the Caps.

To the Tune of "The Shaking of the Sheets."

[This ſpirited and humorous ſong ſeems to have been founded, in ſome of its points, upon the "Pleaſant Dialogue or Diſputation betweene the Cap and the Head," which proſe ſatire went through two editions, in 1564 and 1565: (See the Bridgewater Catalogue, p. 46.) It is, however, more modern, and certainly cannot be placed earlier than the end of the reign of Elizabeth. It may be ſuſpected, that it underwent ſome changes, to adapt it to the times, when it was afterwards reprinted; and we finally meet with it, but in a rather corrupted ſtate, in a work publiſhed in 1656, called "Sportive Wit: the Muſes Merriment, a new Spring of luſty Drollery," &c. The broadſide we have uſed was one of the many "printed for John Trundle," but it has no date.]

THE wit hath long beholding been
Unto the Cap to keep it in:
Let now the wit flie out amaine,
With praiſe to quit the Cap againe.
The Cap, that owns the higheſt part,
Obtain'd that place by due deſert;
For any Cap, whatere it bee,
Is ſtill the ſigne of ſome degree.

The Cap doth ſtand, each man can ſhow,
Above a crown, but kings below:
The Cap is neerer heaven than we,
A greater ſign of majeſtie.

When off the Cap we chance to take,
Both head and feet obeyſance make;
For any Cap, whatere it bee,
Is ſtill the ſigne of ſome degree.

The Monmouth Cap, the ſaylors thrum,
And that wherein the ſaylors come;
The phyſick, lawe, the Cap divine,
The ſame that crowns the Muſes nine:
The Cap the fools doe countenance,
The goodly Cap of Maintenance,
And any Cap, whatere it bee,
Is ſtill the ſigne of ſome degree.

The ſickly Cap, both plaine & wrought,
The fuddling Cap, however bought;
The quilted, furr'd, the velvet, ſatin,
For which ſo many pates learn Latin:
The crewell Cap, the fuſtian pate,
The perriwig, the Cap of late;
And any Cap, whatere it bee,
Is ſtill the ſigne of ſome degree.

The ſouldiers, that the Monmouth wear,
On caſtle tops their enſignes rear:
The ſaylors with their thrums doe ſtand
On higher place than all the land.
The tradeſman's Cap aloft is born
By vantage of (ſome ſay) a horn.

The Song of the Caps.

Thus any Cap, whatere it bee,
Is ſtill the ſigne of ſome degree.

The phyſick Cap to duſt may bring
Without controull the greateſt king:
The lawyers Cap hath heavenly might
To make a crooked cauſe aright,
Which, being round and endleſs, knows
To make as endleſs any cauſe.
So any Cap, whatere it bee,
Is ſtill the ſigne of ſome degree.

Both eaſt and weſt, and north and ſouth,
Where ere the Goſpell finds a mouth,
The Cap divine doth thither looke,
The ſquare, like ſchollars and their booke;
The reſt are round, but this is ſquare,
To ſhew that they more ſtable are:
For any Cap, whatere it be,
Is ſtill the ſigne of ſome degree.

The motley man a Cap doth weare
That makes him fellow to a peere;
And 'tis no ſlender part of wit
To act the fool where great men ſit,
For folly is in ſuch requeſt
That each man ſtrives to do his beſt.
Thus any Cap, whatere it bee,
Is ſtill the ſigne of ſome degree.

The ſick man's Cap, not wrought with ſilk,
Is, like repentant, white as milk.
When hats in church drop off in haſte,
This Cap ne'er leaves the head uncaſte:
The ſick man's Cap, if wrought, can tell
Though he be ill, his ſtate is well.
So any Cap, whatere it bee,
Is ſtill the ſigne of ſome degree.

The fuddling Cap, by Bacchus might,
Turns night to day, and day to night;
Yet ſpenders it prefers to more,
Seeming to double all their ſtore.
The furr'd and quilted Cap of age
Can make a muſty proverb ſage;
And any Cap, whatere it bee,
It is the ſigne of ſome degree.

Though fuſtian Caps be ſlender ware,
The head is of no better gear.
The crewell Cap is knit like hoſe
For them whoſe zeale takes cold 'i' th' noſe;
Whoſe purity doth judge it meete
To clothe alike both head and feete.
This Cap would faine, but cannot bee,
The onely Cap of no degree.

The Satin and the velvet hive
Unto a biſhoprick doe drive;

The Song of the Caps.

Nay, when a file of Caps you're ſeen in,
A ſquare Cap this, and then a linen,
This treble Cap may raiſe ſome hope,
If fortune ſmile, to be a Pope.
Thus any Cap, whatere it bee,
May raiſe a man to high degree.

The perriwig, Oh! that declares
The riſe of fleſh, though fall of hairs;
And none but graduates can proceede
In ſinne ſo far till this they neede.
Before the Prince none covered are
But thoſe that to themſelves go bare:
This Cap, of all the Caps that bee,
Is now the ſigne of high degree.

Sack for my Money.

The Tune is "Wet and Weary."

[*A capital old drinking ſong, probably of the time of James I, though* "Printed for W. Gilbertſon in Giltſpur ſtreet," ſome forty years afterwards. It gives not only the names of the principal wines then in uſe with various claſſes, but the prices at which they were ordinarily ſold. The old title is, "Sack for my Money; or a deſcription of the operation of Sack that is ſtill'd in the Spaniſh nation.

Then buy it, deny it, like it or leave it,
Not one amongſt ten but is willing to have it."

The printer, no doubt, made a blunder in not giving the words, "a deſcription of the operation of Sack that is ſtill'd in the Spaniſh nation" as verſe, as well as the laſt couplet.]

GOOD fellows all, both great and ſmall,
rejoyce at this my ditty;
Whilſt I do ſing, good newes I bring
to the countrey and the city:
Let every lad and laſs be glad
(for who will true love ſmother?)
And being here, my joy and dear,
we'l kindly kiſs each other.
The pureſt wine, ſo briſk and fine,
the Alligant and Sherry,
I hold it good to purge the blood,
and make the ſenſes merry.

Sack for my Money.

'Tis ſparkling Sack that binds the back,
and cheriſhes the heart, boys,
For recompence juſt eighteen pence
you muſt give for a quart, boys:
Away with beer and ſuch like geer,
that makes our ſpirits muddy,
For wine compleat will do the feat
that we all notes can ſtudy.
The pureſt wine, &c.

Rich Malligo is pure, I know,
to purge out melancholly,
And he that's ſick it cureth quick,
and makes their ſenſes jolly:
It rarifies the dulleſt eyes
of thoſe that are moſt paler,
And bravely can compoſe a man
of a very prick-lows taylor.
The richeſt wine, &c.

The meereſt fool ſhall teach a ſchool
by Clarets operation,
And make ſome fight, like men of might,
or champions of a nation:
It is more fine then Brandewine,
the Butterboxes potion,
Who drinking dares in Neptunes wars
reign maſter of the ocean.

Canary Sack makes firm the back;
both Alligant and Sherry
Are proved good to clear the blood,
and make the ſenſes merry.

A longing laſs, whoſe cuſtard face
her inward grief diſcloſes,
With drinking wine, ſo ſweet and fine,
will gain a pair of roſes:
It doth revive dead folks alive,
and helps their former weakneſs;
It is ſo pure that it doth cure
a maiden of her ſickneſs.
This Rheniſh wine, &c.

The drawer ſtill the ſame ſhall fill
to elevate the heart, boys;
For Rheniſh gay you now muſt pay
juſt twelve pence for a quart, boys.
Who would be ty'de to brewers ſide,
whoſe meaſures do ſo vary,
When we may ſit, to raiſe our wit,
with drinking of Canary?
The pureſt wine, &c.

The French wine pure, for 7 pence, ſure,
you ſhall have choice and plenty,
At this ſame rate to drink in plate,
which is both good and dainty:

Sack for my Money.

A maunding cove that doth it love,
'twill make him dance and caper,
And Captain Puff will have enuff
to make him brag and vapor.
The pureſt wine, ſo briſk and fine,
the Alligant and Sherry,
I hold it good to purge the blood,
and make the ſenſes merry.

And alſo we that do agree
as one for boon good fellows,
We'l ſing and laugh, and ſtoutly quaff,
and quite renounce the alehouſe;
For ale and beer are both now dear,
the price is rais'd in either;
Then let us all, both great and ſmall,
to th' tavern walk together.
The pureſt wine, &c.

The tradeſmen may at any day,
for their own recreation,
Be welcome ſtill to Ralph or Will,
and have accommodation;
For why, their coyn will buy the wine
and cauſe a running barrel,
But if you're drunk, your wits are ſunk,
and gorrill'd guts will quarrel.
The pureſt wine, &c,

The cobler faſt will ſtay the laſt,
for he's a luſty drinker;
He'l pawn his ſoul to have a bowl
to drink to Tom the tinker:
The broom-man he will be as free,
to drink courageous flaſhes:
If cole grow ſcant, before he'l want,
he'l burn his brooms to aſhes.
The pureſt wine, ſo briſk and fine,
the Alligant and Sherry,
I hold is beſt to give us reſt,
or make the ſenſes merry.

The fidling crowd that grow ſo proud
will pawn their pipes and fiddles,
They'l ſtrike and crack with bowls of Sack,
and cut the queereſt whiddles:
They'l rant and tear like men of war,
they voyces roar like thunder,
And growing curſt their fiddles burſt,
and break 'um all aſunder.
The pureſt wine, &c.

The country blades with their own maids,
at every merry meetings,
For ale and cakes at their town wakes,
which they did give their ſweetings,

Upon their friend a crown will ſpend
in Sack that is ſo truſty:
'Twill pleaſe a maid that is decay'd,
and make a booby luſty.
Be rul'd by me, and we'l agree
to drink both Sack and Sherry,
For that is good to cleanſe the blood,
and make our ſenſes merry.

FINIS.

The brave Engliſh Gipſey.

To the Tune of "The Spaniſh Gipſey."

[Attention had been called to Spaniſh Gipſies by Middleton's play, (Works by Dyce, IV. 101.) which, though not printed until 1653, had perhaps been performed forty, or even fifty, years before: the ſubſequent ballad, the earlieſt of the kind, was written "to the tune of The Spaniſh Gipſey," poſſibly exiſting anterior to Middleton's work, or founded upon it. The imprint of the broadſide we have uſed is, "London, printed for John Trundle, at his Shop, neere the Hoſpitall Gate in Smithfield," and from a paſſage in Ben Jonſon's "Every Man in his Humour," we find that he was a celebrated publiſher of ballads as early as 1598: the Elder Knowell (the character ſuppoſed to have been ſuſtained by Shakeſpeare) ſays, "Well, if I read this with patience I'll * * * * troll ballads for maſter John Trundle, yonder, the reſt of my mortality." Trundle was alſo a general publiſher of popular works and tracts, and lived in Cripplegate.]

COME follow, follow all!
'Tis Engliſh gipſies call.
All you that love your lives,
Here's thoſe that profit drives:
We fare well when thouſands lacke;
None of us can credits cracke.

If we to gallants come,
The country people run,

To ſee what we can doe;
Such paines they undergoe:
Seriouſly, a number ſtrives
To lead the Engliſh Gipſies lives.

We humor none that lives,
Nor hate no man that gives:
Ambition doth not reſt
I'th' Engliſh Gipſie's breſt.
If they give, weele willing take;
Nought that's good will we forſake.

We uſe all things are quaint;
With painters we can paint;
Our dye is not in vaine,
For we doe dye in graine:
The walnut tree ſupplies our lacke;
What was made faire, we can make black.

We take a formall courſe,
Some ſixe upon a horſe:
We ſingle ſcorne to ride,
Our horſe doth want no guide.
We by turnes will take our eaſe,
And live all humors for to pleaſe.

We ſcorne for to entice
With beauty gallants' eyes;

We beare no beautious face
Our ſubtile ſlightes to grace:
We can paint when we command,
And looke like Indians that are tand.

We practiſe not to dance,
Nor learne no tunes from France:
Our knockers make no noiſe,
We are no roaring boyes.
Engliſh Gipſies live all free,
And love and live moſt jovially.

Our fare is of the beſt;
Three times a weeke we feaſt,
Nay, ſometimes every day,
And yet for nothing pay,
For beefe or bacon, geeſe or hens;
What we eate is other mens.

Sometimes where great men dwell,
We doe their fortunes tell:
Our paines for to requite,
We diet there all night.
In this life we ſpend our dayes:
Engliſh Gipſie lawes obayes.

We feare to wrong the law,
We live in ſervile awe,

Yet whereſoere wee goe,
We ſeldome find a foe:
Whereſoere we come, we find,
For one that hates, an hundred kind.

Pleaſure we have ſtore,
Who can deſire more?
All doth our paines requite;
Then frolike we all night:
Mongſt our ſelves we dance and ſing;
Night content to us doth bring.

What ere we get all day,
That night doth fly away;
We hoord not up our ſtore,
For next day we have more:
Feaſt our ſelves with gallant cheere,
Spare no coſt for wine or beere.

To drinke, be drunke, and tipſie,
Delights the Engliſh Gipſie:
We live to love all thoſe
Who are no Gipſies foes.
Some decay'd mongſt gallants ſtrives
To leade the Engliſh Gipſies lives.

We beare this honeſt mind
To love all friends are kind:

Our foes we can requite
With hatred and deſpight;
For we can plague our mortall foe,
Yet he the actors never know.

Great ſtore of coyne we gaine,
Yet for it take no paine:
Our diet's ſeldom ſought,
For it is to us brought:
Pigs, or geeſe, or brawne, or ſowce,
Or any meat that's in the houſe.

Ther's many ſtand in feare,
When we approach but neere:
Sometimes our very ſight
The children doth affright.
Our names are ſpred both far and neere;
Our friends we love, but dread no feare.

We hate all ſurly ſlaves,
Nor love no cunning knaves:
Our ſelves can cunning uſe,
Yet none we will abuſe.
He that freely gives ſhall find
The Engliſh Gipſies alwaies kind.

Who ere hath bin in Spaine,
And ſeene there Gipſie's vaine,

Shall ſoone the difference find,
Elſe judgement makes him blind.
So, Spaniſh Gipſies, all adoe!
For Engliſh equall are to you.

FINIS.

The Subſtance of all the late entended Treaſons.

[We here introduce another new name to the ſtudent of our early ballad poetry—Thomas Nelſon; but what he wrote beyond this production is not known. We have already mentioned (p. 127), a performance of the ſame kind by Thomas Deloney on the ſame event, the execution of Ballard, Babbington, &c. The following contains ſome new hiſtorical points, and in the outſet preſents a ſingular picture of London rejoicing at the diſcovery and capture of the traitors. The burden to be ſung at the end of every verſe, though no tune is mentioned, is given immediately after the title: it was "Imprinted at London by George Robinſon for Edward White, and are to be ſolde at his ſhop at the ſigne of the Gun."]

O LORD, preſerve our noble Queene, her
Counſaile long maintaine:
Confound her foes, and graunt her grace in
health to rule and raigne.

When firſt the gracious God of heaven by meanes did
bring to light
The treaſons lately practiſed by many a wicked wight,
Againſt their Prince whoſe life thei ſought, and many
a noble Peere,
The ſubſtaunce of whoſe treaſons ſtraunge, you ſhall
moſt truely heare;

Their treaſons once diſcovered, then were the Traytors ſought.
Some of them fled into a wood, where after they were caught,
And, being brought unto the Tower, for joye the belles did ring,
And throughout London bonfires made, where people pſalmes did ſing.

And ſet their tables in the ſtreates with meates of every kinde;
There was preparde all ſignes of joye that could be had in minde,
And praiſde the Lord moſt hartely, that with his mightie hand,
He had preſerved our gracious Queene, and people of this land.

Which thing was taken in good parte by our renowmed Queene,
Who by her letters gave them thankes, as plainly may be ſeene;
Aſſuring them that all her care was for their ſafetie ſtill,
And that thereby ſhe would deſerve their love and great good will.

The Traytors well examined (whom God himſelf bewrayed)

Their treaſons knowne, then were they ſtraight to
Weſtminſter convayed,
Whereas they all indited were of many a vilde pretence, intention
Seaven pleaded guiltie at the barre before they went
from thence.

The maner how they did begin herein will plaine
appeare;
Their purpoſes in each reſpect you ſhall moſt truely
heare:
Herein unto you will be ſeene, if they had not bene
foylde,
Our Queene, our realme, yea, rich and poore together
had bene ſpoylde.

One Savidge lurking long in Fraunce, at Rheames did
there remaine,
Whom Doctor Gifford did perſwade great honor he
ſhould gaine,
If that he would goe take in hand (theſe matters very
ſtraunge)
Firſt to deprive our gracious Queene, religion for to
chaunge;

And then for to envade the realme by trowpes of
forraine power,
To overthrowe the government, and kill her in her
bower;

Or forceably to diſpoſſeſſe the Queene of Englands grace,
And to proclaime the Scottiſh Queene, and ſet her in her place.

Which matter Savidge promiſed his full performance to,
So that he might ſee warrant with ſafe conſcience ſo to do:
The Doctor vowed by his ſowle, and bad him underſtand,
It was an honorable thing to take the ſame in hand.

When Savidge heard that merits were to him thereby ſo rife,
He vowed for to doe the ſame, or els to loſe his life,
And ſhortly into England hyed, and did imparte the ſame
To Babington of Darbyſhire, a man ſure voyde of ſhame;

And tolde him how that he had vowed to doe it, or to dye,
Deſiring him of helpe and ayde, and that immediatly.
A Jeſuit prieſt, whom Ballard hight, came over to that end,
He came alſo to Babington, and daylie did attend,

Still to perſwade him that he would attempt and take in hand,
This vilde and wicked enterpriſe and ſtoutly to it ſtand;

And tolde him that he ſhould have ayde of ſixtie thouſand men, [when.
That ſecretly ſhould landed be, and tolde him how and

And in reſpect of all his paines he truely might depende,
That it was lawfull ſo to doe, renowne ſhould be the ende;
But let all Traytors now perceive what honor he hath wonne,
Whoſe trayterous head and wicked heart hath many one undonne.

This proude and haughtie Babington, in hope to gaine renowne, [towne,
Did ſtirre up many wilfull men in many a ſhire and
To ayde him in this deviliſh act, and for to take in hand
The ſpoyle of our renowmed Prince, and people of this land.

Who did conclude with bloudie blade a ſlaughter to commit, [ſit:
Upon her Counſell as they ſhould within Star Chamber
Which is a place whereas the Lords, and thoſe of that degree,
Yeelde juſtice unto every man that crave it on their knee.

Yea, famous London they did meane for to have ſackt beſide,
Both Maior and Magiſtrates therein have murdered at that tide.

Each rich mans goods had bene their owne, no favour then had ſervde,
Nought but our wealth was their deſire, though we and ours had ſtarvde.

Beſides theſe wicked practiſes they had concluded more,
The burning of the navie, and the cheefeſt ſhippes in ſtore:
With fier and ſworde they vowed to kill and to diſplace
Each Lord, Knight, and Magiſtrate, true ſubjects to her Grace.

ſpiked

They had determinde to have cloyde, and poyſoned out of hand,
The cheefe and greateſt Ordinaunce that is within this land,
And did entend by violence on rich men for to fall,
To have their money and their plate, and to have ſpoyld them all.

The Common wealth of England ſoone ſhould thereby have bene ſpoylde,
Our goodes for which our Parents and our ſelves long tyme had toylde,
Had all bene taken from us, beſides what had enſued,
The ſubſtance proveth plainly, to ſoone we had all had rewed.

Thoſe were the treaſons they conſpirde, our good Queene to diſplace,

To ſpoyle the ſtates of all this land, ſuch was their
want of grace.
But God that doth protect her ſtill, offended at the ſame,
Even in their young and tender yeres did cut them of
with ſhame.

Theſe Traytors executed were on ſtage full ſtrongly
wrought,
Even on the place where wickedly they had their
treaſons ſought:
There they were hangde and quartered, there they
acknowledgd why, [to dye.
Who, like as Traytors they had livde, even ſo they ſeemde

O wicked impes, O Traytors vilde, that could theſe
deedes deviſe!
Why did the feare of God and Prince departe ſo from
your eyes?
No rebelles power can her diſplace, God will defend
her ſtill;
True ſubjects all will loſe their lives ere Traytors have
their will.

How many miſchiefes are deviſde, how many waies
are wrought,
How many vilde conſpiracies againſt her Grace is ſought:
Yet God that doth protect her ſtill her Grace doth
well preſerve, [ſerve.
And workes a ſhame unto her foes, as they doe beſt de-

O heavenly God! preſerve our Queene in plentie, health, and peace;
Confound her foes, maintaine her right, her joyes, O Lord! encreaſe:
Lord, bleſſe her Counſaile evermore and nobles of this land;
Preſerve her ſubiects and this realme with thy moſt mightie hand.

THOMAS NELSON.

The Bulls Feather.

To a very pleaſant New Tune, or The Bull's Feather.

[This is a comparatively modern reprint of a much older comic ballad: the only copy known was "Printed for F. Coles, J. Wright, and J. Clarke;" but it probably firſt came out long before their time. The title at length is this: "The Bull's Feather; being the Good-fellows Song, uſually ſung at their Merry-meeting in Bulls Feather Hall, who ſent this ſong to their Brethren (of what degree or quality) in praiſe of the Bulls Feather,

And to all Cuckolds, who think it no ſcorn,
To wear the Bulls Feather, though made of a horn."]

IT chanced, not long ago,
as I was walking,
An eccho did bring me where
two were a talking:
'Twas a man ſaid to his wife,
dye had I rather,
Than to be cornuted, and
wear the Bulls Feather.

Then preſently ſhe reply'd;
ſweet, art thou jealous?
Thou can'ſt not play Vulcan,
before I play Venus:

Thy fancies are fooliſh, ſuch
follies to gather,
For there's many an honeſt man
wears the Bulls Feather.

Though it be inviſible,
let no man it ſcorn,
Being it is a new feather
made of an old horn:
He that diſdains it in
mind, or in heart either,
May be the more ſubject
to wear the Bulls Feather.

He that lives diſcontented,
or in diſpair,
And feareth falſe meaſure,
becauſe his wife's fair,
His thoughts are inconſtant,
much like winter weather:
Though one or two want it,
he ſhall have a Feather.

Bulls Feathers are common
as *ergo* i'th' ſchools,
And only contemned by
thoſe that are fools:
Why ſhould a Bulls Feather
cauſe any unreſt,

Since neighbours fare always
is counted the beſt?

Thoſe women who are faireſt
are likeſt to give it,
And huſbands that have them
are apt to believe it.
Some men, though their wives
they ſeem for to tether,
They would play the kind neighbors,
and give the Bulls Feather.

Why ſhould we repine
that our wives are ſo kind,
Since we that are huſbands,
are of the ſame mind?
Shall we give them feathers,
and think to go free?
Believe it, believe it,
that hardly will be.

For he that diſdains my
Bulls Feather to day,
May light of a laſs that
will play him foul play.
There's ne'r a proud gallant,
that tread's on cows leather,
But may be cornuted, and
wear the Bulls Feather.

The ſhorteſt, the talleſt,
the fouleſt, the faireſt,
The fatteſt, the leaneſt,
the commoneſt, the rareſt,
When they and their Dicks
are all merry together,
Will be uſing tricks
to advance the Bulls Feather.

A King and a cobler,
a lord and a loon,
A prince and a pedler,
a courtier and a clown,
Put all their degrees and
conditions together,
Are liable always to
wear the Bulls Feather.

Though beer of that brewing
I never did drink,
Yet be not diſpleaſed, if I
ſpeak what I think:
Scarce ten in an hundred,
believe it, believe it,
But either they will have it,
or elſe they will give it.

Then, let me adviſe
all thoſe that do pine

For fear that falſe jealouſie
ſhorten their line,
That diſeaſe will torment them
worſe than any feavor;
Then let all be contented, and
wear the Bulls Feather.

FINIS.

The Weſt Country Damoſels Complaint.

To the Tune of "Johnny Armſtrong."

[From its form and character this ballad may be conſidered one of the earlieſt in the volume, and it was written to a very old tune. The long title and the lines forming part of it were probably meant for attractive additions when the broadſide was "Printed by P. Brookſby, at the Golden Bull in Weſtſmith-field, neer the Hoſpitall Gate:" it runs as follows:—"The Weſt-Country Damoſel's Complaint, or The Faithful Lover's laſt Farewel: Being the relation of a young Maid, who pined herſelf to death for the love of a Young-man, who, after he had notice of it, dyed likewiſe for grief.

Careleſs Young-men, by this warning take,
How you kind Virgins (when they love) forſake;
Leaſt the ſame fate o're-take you, and you dye
For breach of vows, and infidelity.
Be kind, but ſweare no more than what you mean,
Leaſt comick jeſts become a tragick ſcean."]

WHEN will you marry me, William,
and make me your wedded wife?
Or take you your keen bright ſword,
and rid me out of my life.

Will.

Say no more ſo then, lady,
ſay you no more then ſo,
For you ſhall unto the wild forreſt,
and amongſt the buck and doe.

Where thou ſhalt eat of the hips and haws,
and the roots that are ſo ſweet,
And thou ſhalt drink of the cold water
that runs underneath your feet.

Now had ſhe not been in the wild forreſt
paſſing three months and a day,
But with hunger and cold ſhe had her fill,
till ſhe was quite worn away.

At laſt ſhe ſaw a fair tyl'd houſe,
and there ſhe ſwore by the rood,
That ſhe would to that fair tyl'd houſe,
there for to get her ſome food,

But when ſhe came unto the gates,
aloud, aloud ſhe cry'd,
An alms, an alms, my own ſiſter!
I aſk you for no pride.

Her ſiſter call'd up her merry men all,
by one, by two and by three,
And bid them hunt away that wild doe,
as far as e're they could ſee.

They hunted her o're hill and dale,
and they hunted her ſo ſore,
That they hunted her into the forreſt,
where her ſorrows grew more and more.

She laid a ſtone all at her head,
and another all at her feet,
And down ſhe lay between theſe two,
till death had lull'd her aſleep.

When ſweet Will came and ſtood at her head,
and likewiſe ſtood at her feet,
A thouſand times he kiſs'd her cold lips,
her body being faſt aſleep.

Yea, ſeaven times he ſtood at her feet,
and ſeaven times at her head;
A thouſand times he ſhook her hand,
although her body was dead.

Ah, wretched me! he loudly cry'd,
what is it that I have done?
O, wou'd to the powers above I'de dy'd,
when thus I left her alone!

Come, come you gentle red-breaſt now,
and prepare for us a tomb,
Whilſt unto cruel Death I bow,
and ſing like a ſwan my doom.

Why could I ever cruel be
unto ſo fair a creature;
Alas! ſhe dy'd for love of me,
the lovelieſt ſhe in nature!

For me ſhe left her home ſo fair
to wander in this wild grove,

And there with ſighs and penſive care,
ſhe ended her life for love.

O conſtancy! in her thou'rt loſt;
now let women boaſt no more,
She's fled unto the Elizian coaſt,
and with her carry'd the ſtore.

O, break, my heart with ſorrow fill'd,
come, ſwell you ſtrong tides of grief!
You that my dear love have kill'd,
come, yield in death to me relief.

Cruel her ſiſter, was't for me
that to her ſhe was unkind?
Her huſband I will never be,
but with this my love be joyn'd.

Grim Death ſhall tye the marriage bands,
which jealouſie ſhan't divide;
Together ſhall tye our cold hands,
whilſt here we lye ſide by ſide.

Witneſs, ye groves, and chryſtal ſtreams,
how faithleſs I late have been;
But do repent with dying leaves
of that my ungrateful ſin;

And wiſh a thouſand times that I
had been but to her more kind,
And not have let a virgin dye,
whoſe equal there's none can find.

The Damoſel's Complaint.

Now heaps of ſorrow preſs my ſoul;
now, now 'tis ſhe takes her way.
I come, my love, without controule,
nor from thee will longer ſtay.

With that he fetch'd a heavy groan,
which rent his tender breaſt,
And then by her he laid him down,
when as Death did give him reſt.

Whilſt mournful birds, with leavy bows,
to them a kind burial gave,
And warbled out their love-ſick vows,
whilſt they both ſlept in their grave.

The Common Cries of London.

To the Tune of "Watton Towns End."

[It is impoſſible to aſſign a preciſe date to the following ballad, relating to the popular purſuits and cuſtoms of London in the early part of the ſeventeenth century. The firſt ſtanza of the ſecond part ſhews, that the Curtain, Globe, Swan, and Red-Bull theatres were then open, but the dates when any of them were permanently cloſed cannot be ſtated with certainty: John Shancke, who is mentioned by name, was a popular actor from 1603 to 1635, when he died. (See the life of Shancke, in the "Memoirs of Shakeſpeare's Actors," printed by the Shakeſpeare Society, p. 276.) The alluſion to carrying perſons to the play-houſes by water is alſo a curious note of time. There were ſeveral old actors of the name of Turner; and W. Turner may have been upon the ſtage, and may have compoſed and ſung this production as "a jig" for the amuſement of audiences. It was "Printed for F. C., T. V. and W. G." in 1662, but that was unqueſtionably not the firſt impreſſion of it, although we know of no other: the full title runs thus:—

"The Common Cries of London Town:
Some go up ſtreet, ſome go down.
With Turner's Diſh of Stuff, or a Gallymaufery."

The tune is the ſame as "Peg a' Ramſey," mentioned by Shakeſpeare in Twelfth Night, and is at leaſt as old as 1589.]

MY maſters all, attend you,
if mirth you love to heare,
And I will tell you what they cry
in London all the yeare.

Ile pleaſe you if I can,
I will not be too long:
I pray you all attend awhile,
and liſten to my ſong.

The fiſh-wife firſt begins,
Anye muſcles lilly white!
Herrings, ſprats or place,
or cockles for delight.
Anye welflet oyſters!
Then ſhe doth change her note:
She had need to have her tongue be greas'd,
for ſhe rattles in the throat.

For why, the are but Kentiſh,
to tell you out of doubt:
Her meaſure is too little;
goe, beat the bottom out.
Half a peck for two pence?
I doubt it is a bodge.
Thus all the City over
the people they do dodge.

The wench that cries the kitchin ſtuff,
I marvel what ſhe ayle,
She ſings her note ſo merry,
but ſhe hath a draggle tayle:
An empty car came running,
and hit her on the bum;

Down ſhe threw her greaſie tub,
and away ſtraight ſhe did run.

But ſhe did give her bleſſing
to ſome, but not to all,
To bear a load to Tyburne,
and there to let it fall:
The miller and his golden thumb,
and his dirty neck,
If he grind but two buſhels,
he muſt needs ſteal a peck.

The weaver and the taylor,
cozens they be ſure,
They cannot work but they muſt ſteal,
to keep their hands in ure;
For it is a common proverb
thorowout the town,
The taylor he muſt cut three ſleeves
to every womans gown.

Mark but the waterman
attending for his fare,
Of hot and cold, of wet and dry,
he alwaies takes his ſhare:
He carrieth bonny laſſes
over to the playes,
And here and there he gets a bit,
and that his ſtomach ſtaies.

There was a ſinging boy
who did ride to Rumford;
When I go to my own ſchool
I will take him in a comfort;
But what I leave behind
ſhall be no private gain;
But all is one when I am gone:
let him take it for his pain.

Old ſhoes for new brooms!
the broom-man he doth ſing,
For hats or caps or buſkins,
or any old pouch ring.
Buy a mat, a bed-mat!
a haſſock or a preſſe,
A cover for a cloſe ſtool,
a bigger or a leſſe.

Ripe, cherry ripe!
the coſter-monger cries;
Pippins fine or pears!
another after hies,
With baſket on his head
his living to advance,
And in his purſe a pair of dice
for to play at mumchance.

Hot pippin pies!
to ſell unto my friends,

Or pudding pies in pans,
well ſtuft with candles ends.
Will you buy any milk?
I heard a wench that cries:
With a pale of freſh cheeſe and cream,
another after hies.

Oh! the wench went neatly;
me thought it did me good,
to ſee her cherry cheeks
ſo dimpled ore with blood:
Her waiſtcoat waſhed white
as any lilly floure;
Would I had time to talk with her
the ſpace of half an hour.

Buy black! ſaith the blacking man,
the beſt that ere was ſeen;
Tis good for poore citizens
to make their ſhooes to ſhine.
Oh! tis a rare commodity,
it muſt not be forgot;
It wil make them to gliſter gallantly,
and quickly make them rot.

The world is full of thread-bare poets
that live upon their pen,
But they will write too eloquent,
they are ſuch witty men.

But the tinker with his budget,
the beggar with his wallet,
And Turners turnd a gallant man
at making of a ballet.

THE SECOND PART.

To the ſame Tune.

THAT'S the fat foole of the Curtin,
and the lean fool of the Bull:
Since Shancke did leave to ſing his rimes,
he is counted but a gull.
The players on the Banckeſide,
the round Globe and the Swan,
Will teach you idle tricks of love,
but the Bull will play the man.

But what do I ſtand tattling
of ſuch idle toyes?
I had better go to Smith-Field
to play among the boyes:
But you cheating and deceiving lads,
with your baſe artillery,
I would wiſh you to ſhun Newgate,
and withall the pillory.

And ſome there be in patcht gownes,
I know not what they be,

That pinch the country-man
with nimming of a fee;
For where they get a booty,
they'le make him pay ſo dear,
They'le entertain more in a day,
then he ſhall in a year.

Which makes them trim up houſes
made of brick and ſtone,
And poor men go a begging,
when houſe and land is gone.
Some there be with both hands
will ſwear they will not dally,
Till they have turn'd all upſide down,
as many uſe to ſally.

You pedlers, give good meaſure,
when as your wares you ſell:
Tho' your yard be ſhort, your thum will ſlip;
Your tricks I know full well.
And you that ſell your wares by weight,
and live upon the trade;
Some beams be falſe, ſome waits too light;
Such tricks there have been plaid.

But ſmall coals, or great coals!
I have them on my back:
The gooſe lies in the bottom;
you may hear the duck cry quack.

Thus Grim, the black collier,
whoſe living is ſo looſe,
As he doth walk the commons ore,
ſometimes he ſteals a gooſe.

Thou uſurer with thy money bags
that liveſt ſo at eaſe,
By gaping after gold thou doſt
thy mighty God diſpleaſe;
And for thy greedy uſury,
and thy great extortion,
Except thou doſt repent thy ſins,
hell fire will be thy portion.

For firſt I came to Houns-Ditch,
then round about I creep,
Where cruelty was crowned chief
and pity faſt aſleep:
Where uſury gets profit,
and brokers bear the bell.
Oh, fie upon this deadly ſin!
it ſinks the ſoul to hell.

The man that ſweeps the chimnyes
with the buſh of thorns,
And on his neck a truſſe of poles
tipped all with horns,
With care he is not cumbred,
he liveth not in dread;

For though he wear them on his pole,
ſome wear them on their head.

The landlord with his racking rents
turns poor men out of dore;
Their children go a begging
where they have ſpent their ſtore.
I hope none is offended
with that which is endited:
If any be, let him go home
and take a pen and write it.

Buy a trap, a mouſe trap,
a torment for the fleas!
The hangman works but half the day;
he lives too much at eaſe.
Come let us leave this boyes play
and idle prittle prat,
And let us go to nine holes,
to ſpurn-point, or to cat.

Oh! you nimble fingered lads
that live upon your wits,
Take heed of Tyburn ague,
for they be dangerous fits;
For many a proper man,
for to ſupply his lack,
Doth leap a leap at Tyburn,
which makes his neck to crack.

And to him that writ this ſong
I give this ſimple lot:
Let every one be ready
to give him half a pot.
And thus I do conclude,
wiſhing both health and peace
To thoſe that are laid in their bed,
and cannot ſleep for fleas.

W. TURNER.

The Two Valentines.

The Tune is, "Did you ſee Nan to Day."

[An early ſong upon the much earlier cuſtom of chuſing Valentines. In Deloney's "Garland of Goodwill," which came out anterior to 1596, there is a ballad to the tune of "My Valentine," but not at all like the preſent. Our broadſide was not printed until the middle of the ſeventeenth century "for F. Coles, T. Vere and W. Gilbertſon;" and the full title is, "A pleaſant new Song of two Valentines and their Lovers."]

GOOD morrow, Valentine:
God bleſſe you ever!
Kind in your promiſes,
Faithfull as ever.
Be thou ſtill true to me,
The kindeſt heart Ile be
That ever you did ſee.
Kiſſe me, and good morrow.

I like my choyſe ſo well,
Love doth compell me,
And force my tongue to tell,
The truth is I love thee:
Kindly I do requeſt,
That in your heart and breſt
My love may ever reſt.
Kiſſe me, and good morrow.

The Two Valentines.

There was never kind ſweet heart,
That luſted for pleaſure,
Could find ſuch a Valentine,
Paſſing all treaſure.
I have obtain'd the thing,
Which to my heart doth bring
Great joy, which makes me ſing,
Kiſſe me, and good morrow.

When others ſleep in bed,
I lye ſtill muſing,
To think on my good hap
I had in chuſing;
To find ſuch a Valentine
Bearing a faithfull mind,
Courteous in love, and kind.
Kiſſe me, and good morrow.

There is an old proverb,
That birds of a feather
Upon St. Valentines day
Will meet together:
So, when true lovers meet,
With many a kiſſe full ſweet,
That day each other greet,
With kiſſe and good morrow.

All you that have Valentines,
If they be faithful,

You have a great bleſſing;
Therefore be thankfull,
And kind to them again,
For elſe, I tel you plain,
Much love is ſpent in vain.
Kiſſe, and good morrow.

If my Valentine for my ſake
Would be a neat-heard,
Well could I find in heart
To be a ſhepheard;
To keep ſheep on a hill,
So I might have my will,
To talk with her my fill,
While my flock ſcatters.

Shall I live to deny
My Valentine for ever?
Refrain her company?
That I will never.
For if I her refrain,
I muſt not come again:
Not for all worldly gain,
For love laſts ever.

Adieu to my true love,
Whom I loved ever:
When I am out of ſight,
Let not your mind waver.

Though Valentine's day be gone,
And we not both as on
My love to thee alone
Shall be for ever.

Good night to my Valentine.
Now I have ended,
To ſtay any longer,
I cannot intend it.
I wiſh all young men kind,
That bear a faithful mind,
To give their Valentine
A kiſſe, and good morrow.

The Great Boobee.

To a pleaſant new Tune, or " Sellengers Round."

[A remarkable and very droll ballad, relating to old manners and amuſements: by various alluſions in it we may aſſign it to the reign of James I. In a previous production (p. 157) we have had the " pictures" at the Royal Exchange mentioned, and we are to take " pictures," here as well as there, in the ſenſe of ſtatues: the words were ſometimes ſynonymous: thus, in " The Hiſtory of Euordanus," 1605, we read of a tent " on the top of which ſtood Cupid, &c. aiming directly at a fair picture of marble." Statues were often formerly painted, and this perhaps led to the error, which explains naturally the deluſion of Leontes in " The Winter's Tale." There were few tunes more ancient than Sellengers Round: Sir John Hawkins tells us, that it is " the oldeſt country dance known," but this does not ſeem to be quite correct: (See Chappell's Nat. Engl. Airs II. 76.) It was exceſſively popular, from the middle of the reign of Elizabeth to the days of Durfey. The enſuing ballad was " Printed for F. Coles in Wine ſtreet, on Saffron-hill, near Hatton Garden."]

MY friend, if you will underſtand
my fortunes what they are,
I once had cattel, houſe, and land,
but now am never the near:
My father left a good eſtate,
as I may tell to thee;
I couzned was of all I had,
like a great Boobee.

The Great Boobee.

I went to ſchool with good intent,
and for to learn my book,
And all the day I went to play;
in it I never did look.
Full ſeven years, or very nigh,
as I may tell to thee,
I could hardly ſay my Chriſt-Croſs Row,
like a great Boobee.

My father, then, in all the haſte
did ſet me to the plow,
And for to laſh the horſe about,
indeed, I knew not how:
My father took his whip in hand,
and ſoundly laſhed me;
He called me fool, and country clown,
and great Boobee.

But I did from my father run,
for I will plow no more,
Becauſe he had ſo ſlaſhed me,
and made my ſides ſo ſore;
But I will go to London town,
ſome vaſhions for to ſee:
When I came there, they call'd me clown,
and great Boobee.

But as I went along the ſtreet
I carried my hat in my hand,

And to every one that I did meet
I bravely bent my band:
Some did laugh, and ſome did ſcoff,
and ſome did mock at me,
And ſome did ſay I was a woodcock,
and a great Boobee.

Then I did walk in haſt to Pauls,
the ſteeple for to view,
Becauſe I heard ſome people ſay
it ſhould be builded new.
When I got up unto the top,
the city for to ſee,
It was ſo high, it made me cry,
like a great Boobee.

From thence I went to Weſtminſter,
and for to ſee the tombs:
O! ſaid I, what a houſe is here,
with an infinite ſight of rooms.
Sweetly the Abbey bells did ring,
it was a fine ſight to ſee;
Methought I was going to Heaven in a ſtring,
like a great Boobee.

But as I went along the ſtreet
the moſt part of the day,
Many gallants did I meet;
methought they were very gay.

I blew my noſe, and ray'd my hoſe;
ſome people did me ſee,
And ſaid I was a beaſtly fool,
and a great Boobee.

Next day I through Pye-corner paſt:
the roaſt-meat on the ſtall
Invited me to take a taſte;
my money was but ſmall:
The meat I pickt, the cook me kickt,
as I may tell to thee,
He beat me ſore, and made me rore,
like a great Boobee.

As I through Smithfield lately walkt
a gallant laſs I met;
Familiarly with me ſhe talkt,
Which I cannot forget:
She profferd me a pint of wine,
methought ſhe was wondrous free.
To the tavern then I went with her,
like a great Boobee.

She told me we were next of kin,
and calld for wine good ſtore
Before the reckoning was brought in,
my couſin was no more.
My purſe ſhe pickt and went away,
my couſin couzned me;

The Vintner kickt me out of door,
like a great Boobee.

At the Exchange, when I came there,
I ſaw moſt gállant things;
I thought the pictures living were
of all our Engliſh kings:
I doft my hat, and made a leg,
and kneeled on my knee:
The people laught, and call'd me fool,
and great Boobee.

To Paris Garden then I went,
where there is great reſort:
My pleaſure was my puniſhment,
I did not like the ſport.
The garden bull with his ſtout horns
on high then toſſed me,
I did bewray my ſelf with fear
like a great Boobee.

The Bearheard went to ſave me then,
the people flockt about;
I told the Bear-garden men
my guts were almoſt out:
They ſaid I ſtunk moſt grievouſly,
no man would pity me;
They call'd me witleſs fool and aſs,
and great Boobee.

Then o're the water did I paſs,
as you ſhall underſtand:
I dropt into the Thames, alas!
before I came to land:
The waterman did help me out,
and thus did ſay to me,
'Tis not thy fortune to be drownd,
like a great Boobee.

But I have learned ſo much wit
ſhall ſhorten all my cares,
If I can but a licenſe get
to play before the bears:
'Twill be a gallant place indeed,
as I may tell to thee;
Then who dares call me fool, or aſs,
or great Boobee?

The Tragedy of Hero and Leander.

To a pleaſant New Tune, or "I will never love thee more."

[This ballad is founded upon the

——"Story of deep love,
How young Leander croſſ'd the Helleſpont,"

which was firſt made known in Engliſh by Chriſtopher Marlowe in his verſion, publiſhed in 1598, five years after his death. Our broadſide, "Printed for R. Burton, at the Horſeſhoe in Weſt-Smithfield, neer the Hoſpital-gate," is not ſo early by twenty or thirty years; but we apprehend, it muſt have been written, and firſt printed, ſoon after Marlowe's paraphraſe (completed by Chapman in 1600) had made the incidents popular. It was the work of no very inferior hand, (though evidently corrupted in the copy that has come down to us) and every body will recogniſe the tranſlation of Martial's well-known epigram at the cloſe of the ſecond-ſtanza. In the Pepyſian collection, is a ballad, ſigned William Meaſh, on the ſame incidents but a different production, entitled "Leander's Love for loyall Hero:" that was "imprinted at London for J. W."]

COME, mournful Muſe, aſſiſt my quill,
whilſt I with grief relate
A ſtory of two lovers true,
cut off by cruel fate.
Death onely parts united hearts,
and brings them to their graves;
Whilſt others ſleep within the deep,
or periſh in the waves.

Leander on the bay of bliſs,
Pŏntus, he naked ſtood:
In paſſion of delay he ſprang,
into the fatal flood.
The raging ſeas can none appeaſe,
his fortune ebbs and flows,
The heaven down ſhowres, and rain down powers,
and the wind aloft it blows.

The lad forſook the land, and did
Unto the Gods complain:
You rocks, you rugged waters,
you elements, hail and rain,
What 'tis to miſs true lovers bliſs,
alas! you do not know;
Make me a wrack as I come back,
But ſpare me as I go.

Behold on yonder tower, ſee where
my fair beloved lyes!
This is th' appointed hour; hark, how
ſhe on Leander cryes!—
The Gods were mute unto his ſute,
the billows anſwered no:
The ſurges riſe up to the ſkyes,
but he ſunk down below.

Sweet Hero, like dame Venus fair,
all in her turrit ſtood,

Expecting of her lover dear,
who croſſing was the flood.
A feeble light through darkſome night
ſhe ſet her love to guide;
With wavering arms and loves alarms,
with a voyce full loud ſhe cry'd:

You cruel waves, ſome pity ſhow
unto my deareſt friend,
And you tempeſtuous winds that blow,
at this time prove more kind.
O! waft my love ſecure to ſhore
that I his face may ſee;
With tears your help I do implore,
your pitty lend to me.

Let each kind dolphin now befriend,
and help my love along,
And bring him to his journeys end
before his breath is gone.
Let not a wave become his grave,
and part us both for ever:
Pitty my grief, ſend him relief,
and help him now or never!

The fierce and cruel tempeſt did
moſt violently rage;
Not her laments, nor diſcontents,
its fury could aſſwage:

The winds were high, and he muſt dye,
the fates did ſo ordain;
It was aſſign'd he ne'r ſhould find
his deareſt love again.

She ſpred her ſilken vail, for to
ſecure the blazing light,
To guide her love, leaſt on the rocks
his wearied limbs ſhould ſmite;
But, cruel fate! it prov'd his date,
and cauſed him to ſleep.
She from above beheld her love
lye drowned in the deep.

Her ſhowry eyes with tears brought in
the tide before its time;
Her ſad lamenting groans likewiſe
unto the ſkyes did clime.
O Heavens! (quoth ſhe) againſt poor me
do you your forces bend?
Then from the walls in haſte ſhe falls,
to meet her dying friend.

Her new bedewed arms about
his ſenceleſs corps ſhe clipps,
And many kiſſes ſpent in vain
upon his dying lipps:
Then wav'd her hands unto the lands,
Singing with dying pride,

Go, tell the world in billows ſtrong
I with my love have dy'd.

Thus did they both their breath reſign
unto the will of fate,
And in the deep imbrace and twine,
when Death did end their date.
Let lovers all example take,
and evermore prove true,
For Hero and Leander's ſake,
who bids you all adieu.

The Royal Recreation of jovial Anglers.

To the Tune of "Amarillis."

[F. Coles, T. Vere, W. Gilbertſon, and J. Wright, whoſe names are at the end of this ballad, may have been the original publiſhers of it, as we doubt if it be much older than the date of the firſt impreſſion of Walton's "Angler," in 1653. The hour of buſineſs on the Royal Exchange is ſtated in it to be "twixt twelve and one," whereas in the latter end of the reign of Elizabeth and in that of James I., it was between eleven and twelve. William Haughton's comedy "Engliſhmen for my Money," (printed in 1616 but written in 1598, as appears by Henſlowe's Diary p. 119), ſhews that merchants then attended Change at 11 o' clock, and dined at 12 o' clock. There is no other very diſtinct note of time in the ballad, the full title of which is, "The Royal Recreation of jovial Anglers,

Proving that all men are Intanglers,
And all Profeſſions are turn'd Anglers."

The tune ſeems comparatively modern, as we do not find it in any early collection.]

OF all the recreations which
attend on human nature,
There's nothing ſores ſo high a pitch,
or is of ſuch a ſtature,
As is a ſubtle Anglers life
in all mens approbation;

For Anglers tricks do daily mix
with every corporation.

When Eve and Adam liv'd by love,
and had no cauſe for jangling,
The Devil did the waters move,
the ſerpent fell to angling:
He baits his hook with godlike look,
quoth he, this will intangle her;
The woman chops, and down ſhe drops:
the Devil was the firſt Angler.

Phyſitians, lawyers, and divines
are moſt ingenious janglers,
And he that tryes ſhall find, in fine,
that all of them are Anglers:
Whilſt grave divines doe fiſh for ſouls,
phyſitians, like curmudgeons,
Do bait with health to fiſh for wealth,
And lawyers fiſh for gudgeons.

A politician, too, is one
concern'd in piſcatory;
He writes and fights, unites and ſlights,
to purchaſe wealth and glory.
His plumet ſounds the kingdom's bounds,
to make the fiſhes nibble:
He draws them with a pack of lyes,
and blinds them with a quibble.

A fiſherman ſubdued a place,
in ſpight of locks and ſtaples:
The warlike Maſſianello was
a fiſherman of Naples;
Commanded forty thouſand men,
and prov'd a royal wrangler:
You ne're ſhall ſee the like again
of ſuch a famous Angler.

Upon the Exchange, twixt twelve and one,
meets many a neat intangler:
Moſt merchant-men, not one in ten,
but is a cunning Angler;
And (like the fiſhes in the brooke)
brother doth fiſh for brother.
A golden bait hangs at the hooke,
and they fiſh for one another.

A ſhopkeeper I next preferr,
a formal man in black, ſir,
That throws his angle every where,
and cryes "What is't you lack, ſir?
Fine ſilks and ſtuffs, or hoods and muffs?"
but if a courtier prove the intangler,
My citizen muſt look too't then,
or the fiſh will catch the Angler.

A lover is an Angler, too,
and baits his hooke with kiſſes;

He playes, and toyes, and fain would do,
but often times he miſſes:
He gives her rings, and ſuch fine things
as fan, or muff, or night-hood;
But if you'l cheat a city peat,
you muſt bait her with a knight-hood.

There is no Angler like a wench
juſt riſing in the water;
She'l make you leave both trout and tench,
and throw yourſelf in after.
Your hook and line ſhe will confine,
the intangled is the intangler;
And this, I fear, hath ſpoyl'd the ware
of many a jovial Angler.

If you will trowl for a ſcriveners ſoul,
caſt in a rich young gallant:
To take a courtier by the powl
throw out a golden tallent;
And yet, I doubt, the draught will not
compound for half the charge on't;
But if you'l catch the Devil at a ſnatch,
go bait him with a ſergeant.

Thus have I made the Anglers trade
to ſtand above defiance,
For like the mathematick art,
it runs through every ſcience.

If with my angling ſong I can
with mirth and pleaſure ſeaze yee,
Ile bait my hook with wit again,
And angle ſtill to pleaſe ye.

FINIS.

Keep a good tongue in your head.

To the Tune of "The Milkmaids, &c."

[In Walton's "Angler," firſt printed in 1653, the ſix earlieſt lines of this ballad are printed with ſome ſlight variations; and they are coupled with eight other lines from the ballad which follows next in our collection, as if they were one and the ſame ſong: they are both given to Maudlin in Walton's work, and the fact we have ſtated forms a new illuſtration of it. Both ballads were written by Martin Parker, a well known name in our ephemeral literature in the reign of Charles I, and during the Protectorate: his initials are at the end of each, and he ſeldom put his name at full length. He was author of the celebrated "True Tale of Robin Hood," and of the more notorious ſong of "When the King enjoys his own again." Of the periods of his birth or burial we have no knowledge. The broadſide we have uſed is entitled, "Keep a good tongue in your head, for

Here's a very good woman in every reſpect,
But only her tongue breeds all her defect."

It was "Printed at London for Thomas Lambert at the Horſhoo in Smithfield" about 1640.]

I MARRY'D a wife of late,
the more's my unhappy fate;
I tooke her for love,
As fancy did me move,
and not for her worldly ſtate.
For qualities rare
Few with her compare;

let mè doe her no wrong:
I muſt confeſſe,
Her cheefe amiſſe
Is onely this,
As ſome wives is,
ſhe cannot rule her tongue.

She hath as ſweet a face
as any in ſeaven miles ſpace;
Her eyes chriſtalline
Like diamonds doe ſhine,
ſhe looks with a modeſt grace:
Her haire is like flax,
Her lips are red wax,
that ſeal'd the bond ſo ſtrong
Twixt her and I,
That till I die
Ile juſtifie
Her conſtancy;
but ſhe cannot rule her tongue.

Her cheeks are red as the roſe
which June for her glory ſhows:
Her teeth on a row
Stand like a wall of ſnow
between her round chin and her noſe.
Her ſhoulders are decent,
Her armes white and pleaſant,
her fingers are ſmall and long:

No fault I find,
But, in my minde,
Moſt womenkind
Muſt come behind:
O, that ſhe could rule her tongue!

Her breaſts like Pyreene hills,
which nature yearly fils,
With liquor that by ods
Doth paſſe the drink o' th' gods;
all nectar it far excels:
With this ſhe doth feed
The twigs that proceed
from our affections ſtrong.
Shee's fruitful as
The ſpringing graſſe,
No time lets paſſe,
And yet, alas!
ſhe cannot rule her tongue.

Her body, which I have oft
embraced, ſo ſmooth and ſoft,
Is ſlender and white
Proportioned aright;
'tis ſtraight as any ſhaft.
Her leg is compleat,
Her foot's fine and neat,
tis neither too ſhort nor too long:

Keep a good tongue

In every part
Dame Nature's art
Gives her the ſtart:
With all my heart
I wiſh ſhe could rule her tongue.

As ſhe in feature excels
wel nye moſt women elſe,
Even ſo doth her wit,
If ſhee'l make uſe of it,
as daily experience tels:
I cannot deny it,
If ſhe be at quiet
her ſpeeches will do no wrong:
Shee'l laugh and ſmile,
New termes ſhee'l file,
Yet in a while
Shee'l change her ſtile,
and cannot rule her tongue.

With eloquence ſhe will diſpute;
few women can her confute:
She ſings and ſhe playes,
And ſhe knowes all her keyes
on the vial de gambo, or lute.
Shee'l dance with a grace,
Her meaſures ſhee'l trace
as doth unto art belong:

She is a girle
Fit for an Earle,
Not for a churle:
She were worth a pearle,
if ſhe could but rule her tongue.

Her needle ſhe can uſe well;
in that ſhe doth moſt excell:
She can ſpin and knit,
And every thing fit,
as all her neighbours can tell.
Her fingers apace,
At weaving bone-lace,
She uſeth all day long:
All arts that be
To women free,
Of each degree,
Performeth ſhe.
O, that ſhe could rule her tongue!

For huſwifery ſhe doth exceed;
ſhe looks to her buſineſſe with heed:
Shee's early and late
Emploid, I dare ſay't,
to ſee all things well ſucceede.
She is very wary
To looke to her dary,
as doth to her charge belong:

Her ſervants all
Are at her call,
But ſhee'l ſo brawle,
That ſtil I ſhall
wiſh that ſhe could rule her tongue.

With all that hath bin ſaid
no woman neede be diſmaid,
Sith I have not beene
Incenſed through ſpleene
in this ſpacious river to wade:
I none doe diſparage,
To hinder their marriage,
but wiſh both old and yong
Great heed to take,
When choice they make
For vertues ſake:
No venemous ſnake
ſtings like a womans tongue.

M. P.

FINIS.

The Milke-maids Life.

To a curious new Tune, called " The Milke-maids Dumps."

[This is the ballad referred to in our introduction to the preceding, as having had eight lines quoted from it by Walton in his "Angler," (p. 152, edit. 1808). They form the concluſion of our ſixth ſtanza, but Walton either printed from a different copy to that we have uſed, or he altered one of the lines. He does not ſtate who was the author, but the initials at the end of the Roxburghe broadſide ſhew that it was by Martin Parker. Both this and the laſt ballad were written to the ſame tune, which in one caſe is called " the Milkmaids &c." and in the other " the Milkmaids Dumps:" a " dump" was a ſpecies of dance, as well as a poem. (Collier's Shakeſpeare, vi. 478.) The enſuing, like the foregoing, ballad was " Printed at London for T. Lambert;" and to the title of " The Milke-Maids Life" is added the following couplet,

" A pretty new ditty, compoſed and pend,
The praiſe of the Milking paile to defend."

The laſt ſtanza but one proves that the ballad was written before " the downfal of May-games" under the puritans.]

YOU rural goddeſſes,
that woods and fields poſſeſſe,
Aſſiſt me with your ſkill,
That may direct my quill
more jocundly to expreſſe
The mirth and delight,
Both morning and night,
on mountaine or in dale,

The Milke-maids Life.

Of them who chuſe
This trade to uſe,
And through cold dewes
Doe never refuſe
to carry the milking payle.

The braveſt laſſes gay
live not ſo merry as they:
In honeſt civill ſort
They make each other ſport,
as they trudge on their way.
Come faire or foul weather,
They're fearefull of neither;
their courages never quaile:
In wet and dry,
Though winds be hye,
And darke's the ſky,
They nere deny
to carry the milking paile.

Their hearts are free from care,
they never will deſpaire,
What ever them befall;
They bravely beare out all,
and fortunes frowns out-dare.
They pleaſantly ſing
To welcome the ſpring,
'gainſt heaven they never rayle:

If graſſe wel grow
Their thankes they ſhow,
And froſt or ſnow,
They merrily goe
along with the milking paile.

Baſe idleneſſe they doe ſcorne:
they riſe very early i' th' morn,
And walk into the field,
Where pretty birds doe yeeld
brave muſick on every thorn:
The linet and thruſh
Doe ſing on each buſh;
and the dulcid nightingale
Her note doth ſtraine
In a jocund vaine,
To entertaine
That worthy traine,
which carry the milking paile.

Their labor doth health preſerve;
no doctors rules they obſerve,
While others, too nice
In taking their advice,
look alwaies as though they wold ſtarve.
Their meat is digeſted,
They nere are moleſted,
no ſickneſſe doth them aſſaile:

Their time is ſpent
In merryment;
While limbs are lent,
They are content
to carry the milking paile.

Thoſe laſſes nice and ſtrange,
that keep ſhops in the Exchange,
Sit pricking of clouts,
And giving of flouts;
they ſeldome abroad doe range:
Then comes the green ſickneſſe,
And changeth their likeneſſe,
all this for want of good ſale;
But tis not ſo,
As proofe doth ſhow,
By them that goe
In froſt and ſnow,
to carry the milking paile.

If they any ſweet-hearts have,
that do affection crave,
Their priviledge is this,
Which many others miſſe,
they can give them welcome brave.
With them they may walke,
And pleaſantly talke,
with a bottle of wine or ale:

The gentle cow
Doth them allow,
As they know how.
God ſpeed the plow,
and bleſſe the milking paile!

Upon the firſt of May,
with garlands freſh and gay,
With mirth and muſick ſweet,
For ſuch a ſeaſon meet,
they paſſe their time away:
They dance away ſorrow,
And all the day thorow
their legs doe never fayle;
They nimblely
Their feet doe ply,
And bravely try
The victory,
in honour o' th' milking paile.

If any thinke that I
doe practiſe flattery,
In ſeeking thus to raiſe
The merry milkmaids praiſe,
Ile to them thus reply.
It is their deſert
Inviteth my art
to ſtudy this pleaſant tale;

In their defence
Whoſe innocence,
And providence,
Gets honeſt pence
out of the milking paile.

M. P.

FINIS.

The Batchelor's feaſt.

To a pleaſant New Tune, called "With a hie dil do dill."

[The initials at the end of this ſong are thoſe of Lawrence Price, who not unfrequently put his name at length, and was a highly popular ballad-writer during the Civil Wars, although no notice has been taken of him in modern collections. He was alſo author of ſeveral chap-books, ſome of them of a political tendency, ſuch as "A new Diſputation betweene the two Lordly Biſhops, Yorke and Canterbury," 1642. 8vo. &c. The entire title of the following ballad runs thus :— "The Batchelor's Feaſt, or

The difference betwixt a ſingle life and a double,
Being the Batchelors pleaſure, and the married man's trouble."

It was "Printed at London for J. W. the younger, dwelling at the upper end of the Old Bayly."]

AS I walkt forth of late,
where graſſe and flowers ſpring,
I heard a Batchelor
within an harbour ſing:
The tenor of his ſong
contain'd much melodie;
It is a gallant thing
to live at liberty.
With hie dill do dill,
hie ho dildurlie,

It is a delighful thing
to live at liberty.

Wee Batchelors can flaunt
in country and in towne,
And in good company
may merily ſpend a crowne:
Wee may doe as wee liſt,
our lives from cares are free;
O! 'tis a gallant thing
to live at liberty.
With hie dill &c.

No cradle have wee to rocke,
nor children that doe cry,
No land-lords rent to pay,
no nurſes to ſupply;
No wife to ſcold and brawle,
we ſtill keepe good company
With them that take delight
to live at liberty.
With hie dill &c.

While married men doe lie
with worldly cares oppreſt,
Wee Batchelors can ſleepe,
and ſweetly take our reſt.
O! married men muſt ſeeke
for goſſips and a nurſe,

Which heavie makes the heart,
but light it makes the purſe.
With hie dill &c.

A man, that doth intend
to lead a quiet life,
Muſt practiſe day and night
to pleaſe his longing wife:
New faſhions muſt be had
as oft as ſhee them ſee.
O! tis a pleaſant thing
to live at liberty.
With hie dill &c.

The taylor muſt be payd
for making of her gowne;
The ſhoemakers for fine ſhoes,
or elſe thy wife will frowne:
For bands, fine ruffes and cuffes
thou muſt diſpence as free.
O! tis a gallant thing
to live at liberty.
With hie dill &c.

A wife muſt alſo have
a beaver of the beſt,
That ſhee may flaunt it out,
and goſſip with the reſt:

Wrought quaiffes and cobweb lawne
her daily weare muſt bee.
O! tis a lightſome thing
to live at liberty.
With hie dill &c.

Yet all this pleaſeth not,
except that thou doſt burſe
Both gold and ſilver coyne,
to carry in her purſe,
To taverne when ſhe hies,
where ſhee ſhall merry bee.
O! tis a gallant thing
to live at liberty.
With hie dill &c.

Some think a ſingle life
to bee a dayly trouble,
But many men doe wed
and make their ſorrowes double:
Therefore, I wiſh young men,
in time be rul'd by mee,
And learne to ſing this ſong,
to live at liberty.
With hie dill &c.

Except a vertuous wife
a young man chance to find,
That will induſtrious be,
and beare a modeſt mind,

Hee better were to live
ſtill ſingle, as we ſee;
For 'tis a gallant thing
to live at liberty.
With hie dill &c.

Now, will I heere conclude;
I will no one offend,
Wiſhing that every ſhrew
her qualities would amend;
And that all Batchelors
may now be rul'd by mee,
To chuſe a loving wife,
or live at liberty.
With hie dill &c.

L. P.

The Miſer and the Prodigal.

To the Tune of "To drive the cold winter away."

[This production, in two parts, has the initials N. P. at the end, which may have been an error for M. P. *i. e.* Martin Parker; but it ſeems likely that it is older than his time, having been, as we are informed at the end of the firſt part only, "Printed for Henry Goſſon:" perhaps his edition was a reprint, and the expreſſion, in the ſecond part, "Let the welkin roar" carries us back to the times of Ancient Piſtol and "Henry IV." The title of the firſt part is the following couplet,

"Come, worldling, ſee what paines I here do take
To gather gold, while here on earth I rake;"

and to this is added, in reference to the ſecond part, "What the Father gathered by the rake, the Sonne doth ſcatter with the forke." The ſecond part is introduced by theſe two lines:—

"Come, Prodigals, yourſelves that love to flatter,
Behold my fall, that with the forke doth ſcatter."

It has no printer's nor publiſher's name.—If N. P. were a miſprint for N. B., we might attribute theſe two moral and ſatirical effuſions to Nicholas Breton, who often wrote under his initials, and who flouriſhed in the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. They are not unlike his ſtyle, but have rather more humour.]

COME, come, my brave gold,
Which I love to behold,
come to me, and Ile give you reſt,
Where as you may ſleepe,

And I ſafely will keepe
you lockt in my yron bound cheſt.
No thieves you ſhall feare,
You in pieces to teare,
ſuch care of you I will take:
Come to me, and flye,
Gold angels! I cry,
And Ile gather you all with my rake.

Come, ſilver and all,
When as I doe call,
your beauties to me are ſo bright;
I love you ſo deare,
I pray you come neere,
and be you not wavering or light:
Your weight ſo you have,
Come gliſtering and brave,
then, you I will never forſake,
But heape you together,
Againſt rainy weather,
And gather you all with my rake.

Rich jewels and plate
By no meanes I hate,
with diamonds, ſaphirs, or rings;
The carbuncle red
Stands me in like ſtead,
or any other rich things.

The emerald greene,
Like the ſpring that is ſeene,
gold chains, or the like, I will take:
I have a kind heart,
With my coyne I will part,
ſo I may get all with my rake.

But yet heare me, friend;
No money Ile lend,
without a good pawn you do bring,
But Ile tell to thee
How a knave cheated me
one time with a baſe copper ring:
With me it bred ſtrife,
It neere coſt me my life,
halfe a crowne on the ſame he did take;
But Ile have more care
Of ſuch knaves to beware,
how ſuch copper together I rake.

On leaſes or lands,
On very good bands,
good ſecurity likewiſe provide:
If wee can agree,
Then my coyne it flyes free,
if not, your cold ſuit is deny'd.
To foe or to friend
No money Ile lend;

as they brew, ſo let them bake:
This rule I obſerve,
Let them hang or ſtarve,
if I cannot get with my rake.

And thoſe that doe lacke
To the highth I doe racke,
I know that they money muſt have:
Some morgage their lands,
Which fall in my hands,
to domineere and to goe brave.
If they faile of their day,
And have not to pay,
a ſeizure on them I doe make.
Although I goe bare,
Yet I have a care
my gold and my ſilver to rake.

Let the poore widdowes cry,
Let their children dye,
let their father in priſon goe rot,
What is that to me?
Their wealth is my fee,
for I have their livings now got.
Whole lordſhips and lands
Are falne to my hands,
and uſe of them all I will make;
My bags full of coyne,

And my purſe I doe lyne
with that which together I rake.

Thus rich uſury,
Ne're thinking to dye,
nor on his poore ſoule have a care,
With one foot in the grave,
Yet more wealth he doth crave,
and his backe and his belly doth ſpare:
At whoſe coſt he dine,
With good cheere and wine,
he cares not at whoſe hands he take;
Not a penny hee'l ſpend,
Nor without a pawne lend,
The Divell and all he will rake.

But now comes grim Death,
And ceaſeth his breath,
his tree of life is withered;
This wretch ſo unkind,
His wealth leaves behind,
and is a poore worme being dead.
But now, pray, give eare
To that you ſhall heare,
his heire what a courſe he will take,
That day he did dye
In his grave he did lye,
And the ſexton the earth on him rake.

THE SECOND PART.

ROOME! roome for a friend,
That his money will ſpend;
old Flatcap is laid in his grave:
Hee kept me full poore,
But now I will roare;
his lands and his livings I have.
The tide of gold flowes,
And wealth on me growes;
hee's dead, and for that tis no matter:
Great uſe he did take,
And for me did rake,
which now with the forke I will ſcatter.

I now muſt turn gallant,
That have ſuch a talent;
what need I to take any care?
I tell thee, good friend,
'Tis mine owne which I ſpend,
for I was my father's owne heire.
No blade here ſhall lacke:
Give us claret and ſacke!
hang pinching, it is againſt nature.
Lets have all good cheere,
Coſt it never ſo deare,
for I with my forke will ſcatter.

Let me have a laſſe,
That faire Venus doth paſſe;
give me all delights that I may:
Ile make my gold fly
Aloft in the ſkie;
I thinke it will never be day.
Let the welkin roare!
Ile never give o're:
Tobacco, and with it ſtrong water,
I meane for to drinke
Untill I doe ſinke,
for I with my forke will ſcatter.

And let muſicke play
To me night and day,
I ſcorne both my ſilver and gold.
Brave gentlemen all,
Ile pay what you call;
with me, I beſeech you, be bold:
Dice run low or high,
My gold it ſhall fly,
I mean for to keep a brave quarter;
Let the cards goe and come,
I have a great ſum
That I with my forke will ſcatter.

Let carouſes goe round,
Till ſome fall to the ground,

and here's to my miſtreſſe her health;
Then, let's take no care,
For no coſt wee'l ſpare:
hang money, I have ſtore of wealth.
My father it got,
And now, falne to my lot,
I ſcorne it as I doe morter;
For coyne was made round
To ſtand on no ground,
And I with my forke will it ſcatter.

My lordſhips to ſell
I thinke would doe well;
ill gotten goods never doe thrive:
Let's ſpend while we may,
Each dog hath his day,
Ile want not while I am alive.
Come, drawers, more ſacke!
And ſee what we lacke;
for money Ile ſend a porter.
Brave gallants, ne're feare,
For wee'l domineere,
For I with my forke will ſcatter.

Come, drink to my friend,
And let the health end;
my coffers and pockets are empty:
I now have no more,

That had wont to have ſtore;
there's ſcarcity where there was plenty.
My friends are all gone,
And left me alone;
I think I muſt now drink cold water:
There's nought but ſad woe
Upon me doth grow,
Becauſe with my forke I did ſcatter.

Now, this is the ſtory
Of prodigal glory,
who thought that he never ſhold lack:
No drinke, nor no meat,
Now he hath to eate,
nor cloathes for to put on his back.
His friends they forſake him,
And woe doth o're take him,
becauſe he was too free of nature,
That never did mind
How Time comes behind,
who mows, though with fork he did ſcatter.

His leaves they grew greene,
But they were not ſeene,
for autumn them quickly did kill:
Then, let youth beware,
And have a great care,
and truſt not too much to their will;

Leaſt priſon them catch,
Or a houſe without thatch,
and glad of brown bread and cold water.
To God thanks let's give,
And in a meane live,
having a care how we doe ſcatter.

FINIS.

Wit's never good till 'tis bought.

To the Tune of "Baſſe's Carreere."

[This excellent didactic ballad was "Printed at London for Thomas Lambert," and, like many more, may be pronounced a reprint of an older production: how much older muſt be matter of ſpeculation, but no earlier copy is known. On the broadſide, after the burden, which is made the title, we are told that it contains

"Good counſell for improvident men,
Fit to make uſe of now and then."

There is an impreſſion of it for the ſame publiſher in the Pepyſian Library. The tune to which it was ſung, "Baſſe's Carreere," means of courſe the tune mentioned in Walton's Angler "The Hunter in his career," compoſed, as he ſtates, by William Baſſe, who was a writer in the early part of the reign of James I.]

ONCE muſing alone
upon things many a one,
Well obſerv'd, and knowne by my ſelfe,
eſpecially how
that which late did flow,
I have waſted and now I want pelfe:
this vexed me ſore,
and made me deplore
That I had not before of it thought:
from experience I learn'd,

what I ſince have diſcern'd,
That true wit's never good till 'tis bought.

Full many a time,
when I was in my prime,
My ambition to climbe honors hill
did me forward pricke,
but my jade did ſo kicke,
And dame fortune a trick found to kill
my hope in the bloome,
and debaſed my plume;
I did further preſume than I ought:
then I wiſht I had ſtayd
at my own proper trade;
But true wit's never good till 'tis bought.

To fight and to brawle,
and to quarrell with all,
And my betters miſcall I have uſ'd;
but with woe I did find
all are not of one minde,
Though I oft in ſome kind was excuſ'd:
yet ſometimes I got
a knocke with a pot,
When to ſpeake, and when not, thus I'me taught;
now, where ever I come,
Ile keepe peace in the roome:
Thus true wit's never good till 'tis bought.

I uſed to roare,
and to drinke on the ſcore,
And never thought more on the ſhot:
come, Tapſter, ſaid I,
one tooth ſtill is dry,
Then fill's (by and by) tother pot.
I cal'd ſtill apace,
but within a ſhort ſpace
Into a ſtrong place I was brought;
Then for eight houre's waſte
foure days I muſt faſt:
Thus true wit's never good till 'tis bought.

I once had command
Of houſes and land,
Thus my caſe well did ſtand among men;
but moved with pride,
and contention beſide,
I would wrangle and chide now and then.
If a horſe I but found
to leape into my ground,
Straightway to the pound he was brought:
now I wiſh I had ſtill
kept my neighbours good will,
But true wit's never good till 'tis bought.

This rancor and ſpleene
my ruine hath beene,

As may plainly be ſeene by my ſtate;
contention in law
did my purſe empty draw,
Which I never foreſaw til too late:
upon every ſlight thing
I my action would bring,
But my hands now I wring with the thought:
now I wiſh I had that
which hath made others fat;
But true wit's never good till 'tis bought.

In company baſe,
that are voyd of all grace,
I came often in place, by meere chance;
but with being with them,
whom alone I'de condemne,
I'de in preſence eſteeme and advance;
but being apart,
catechiſing my heart,
It much ſorrow and ſmart hath me brought:
then, with ſad melancholly
I weepe for my folly.
Thus wit's never good till 'tis bought.

Beſides, now and then,
I have hapned with men
That too cunning have been at the catch,
and then, in my drinke,

I with paper and inke
Have made, I did thinke, a good match;
but after, when I
more deliberately
The buſineſſe to try-all had brought,
I have found my ſelfe cheated,
And baſely defeated:
Thus wit's never good till 'tis bought.

Moreover, I have
told my mind to a knave,
Thinking him truly grave, truly juſt;
I my heart have expos'd,
And my ſecrets diſclos'd,
As a friend I repos'd on his truſt:
but the raſcall ignoble,
his heart being double,
Me much woe and trouble hath wrought;
But I've learnd, ere ſince that,
to take heed of my chat.
Thus true wit's never good till 'tis bought.

When I was a lad
a good ſervice I had,
Then my minde was to gad-ding full bent;
though I nothing did lacke,
nor for belly nor backe,
Yet I was not with that well content:

but upon ſmall diſtaſte
my ſelf I diſplaſt,
Thus my downfall in haſte then I ſought;
Since I wiſht to obtaine
what I oft did diſdaine:
Thus true wit's never good till 'tis bought.

Too willing I was
my owne credite to paſſe,
Now I find it, alas! to my paine,
that with ſetting my hand
To another man's band,
For to ſell houſe and land I was faine.
I have paſſed my word
for what others have ſcor'd,
And I oft, like a bird, have bin caught,
in the priſon to ſtay
where I ſung *Lachrima:*
Thus true wit's never good till 'tis bought.

If any of thoſe
that are (cauſeleſſe) my foes
Should ſo raſhly ſuppoſe in their hearts,
that all in this ſong
to my ſelfe doth belong,
Their conjecture is wrong for their part,
whoever they be,
where they ſome thing may ſee

Wit's never good till 'tis bought.

By which every degree may be taught:
what ere's thy profeſſion,
thou maiſt learne this leſſon,
That wit's never good till 'tis bought.

FINIS.

A Caveat for Cut-purſes.

To the Tune of " Packingtons Pound."

[This ſingular ballad preceded the Reſtoration, and indeed the Civil Wars, and the mention in it of Dun, the public hangman, is one proof of its date. A perſon of the name of Derrick filled that office towards the cloſe of the reign of Elizabeth (Malone's Suppl. 2. 602) and until 1616: Dun ſeems to have ſucceeded him, and he continued to diſcharge the duties for thirty or forty years, until the appointment of " Mr. John Ketch," whoſe name (which gave an appellation to all his ſucceſſors) firſt occurs in the epilogue to Dryden's " Duke of Guiſe." The notice in what follows of the performances of players at Bartholomew Fair ſhews how early theatres were erected there; and the other local and temporary alluſions are extremely curious. It is to be obſerved that the Ballad-ſinger ſpeaks in his own perſon; and, were it not for the concluſion, we might ſuppoſe that the production was a "jig," which had been performed by a comic actor at the Curtain, the Red Bull or ſome other popular place of amuſement: as early as 1592 cut-purſes complained that they had been expoſed, and " their trade ſpoiled " by " ſinging jigs " at theatres. (Hiſt. Engl. Dram. Poetry and the Stage, III. 380.) Swift mentions " the tune of the Cut-purſe," which may have been derived from this ballad, and another name for " Packington's Pound," ſo long popular. The full title of our ballad (which was " Printed for W. Gilbertſon ") is " A Caveat for Cutpurſes. With a warning to all purſe-carriers, ſhewing the confidence of the firſt, and the careleſneſſe of the laſt, with neceſſary admonitions for them both, leſt the Hangman get the one, and the Begger the other."]

MY maſters, and friends, and good people draw near,
And look to your purſes for that I do ſay;
And though little money in them you do bear,

It coſt you more to get, then to loſe in a day.
You oft have been told,
Both the young and the old,
And bidden beware of the Cut-purſe ſo bold:
Then, if you take heed not, free me from the curſe,
Who both give you warning for, and the Cut-purſe.
Youth, youth, thou hadſt better been ſtarv'd by thy nurſe,
Then live to be hanged for cutting a purſe.

It hath been upbraided to men of my trade,
That oftentimes we are the cauſe of this crime:
Alack, and for pity! why ſhould it be ſaid,
As if they regarded or places or time?
Examples have been
Of ſome that were ſeen
In Weſtminſter-hall, yea, the pleaders between:
Then, why ſhould the Judges be free from this curſe,
More then my poor ſelf is for cutting the purſe?
Youth, youth &c.

At Worſter, tis known well, and even in the jaile,
A knight of good worſhip did there ſhew his face
Againſt the foul ſinners in zeale for to raile,
And ſo loſt, *ipſo facto*, his purſe in the place.
Nay, once from his ſeat
Of judgement ſo great,
A Judge there did loſe a fair purſe of velvete.
Oh, Lord! for thy mercy, how wicked, or worſe,

Are thoſe that ſo venture their necks for a purſe!
Youth, youth &c.

At playes, and at ſermons, and at the Seſſions
'Tis daily their practiſe ſuch booty to make;
Yea, under the gallows, at executions,
they ſtick not the ſtare-abouts purſes to take:
Nay, one without grace,
At a better place,
At Court and in Chriſtmas, before the King's face;
Alack then for pitty! muſt I bear the curſe
That only belongs to the cunning Cut-purſe?
Youth, youth &c.

But oh! you vile nation of Cutpurſes all
Relent and repent, and amend and be ſound,
And know that you ought not by honeſt mens fall
Advance your own fortunes to dye above ground;
And though you go gay
In ſilks, as you may,
It is not the highway to Heaven, as they ſay.
Repent then, repent you, for better for worſe,
And kiſs not the gallows for cutting a purſe.
Youth, youth &c.

The Players do tell you, in Bartholmew Faire,
What ſecret conſumptions and raſcals you are;
For one of their Actors, it ſeems, had the fate

A Caveat for Cut-purſes.

By ſome of your trade to be fleeced of late:
Then, fall to your prayers,
You that are way-layers,
They're fit to chouſe all the world, that can cheat Players;
For he hath the art, and no man the worſe,
Whoſe cunning can pilfer the pilferer's purſe.
Youth, youth &c.

The plain Country man, that comes ſtaring to London,
If once you come near him he quickly is undone,
For when he amazedly gazeth about,
One treads on his toes, and the other puls't out:
Then, in a ſtrange place,
Where he knows no face,
His mony is gone, tis a pittifull caſe.
The Divel of hell in his trade is not worſe,
Then Gilter and Diver, and Cutter of purſe.
Youth, youth &c.

The poor ſervant maid wears her purſe in her placket,
A place of quick feeling, and yet you can take it;
Nor is ſhe aware that you have done the feat,
Untill ſhe is going to pay for her meat:
Then ſhe cryes and rages
Amongſt the baggages,
And ſwears at one thruſt ſhe hath loſt all her wages;
For ſhe is ingaged her own to diſburſe,

To make good the breach of the cruel Cut-purſe.
Youth, youth &c.

Your eyes and your fingers are nimble of growth,
But Dun many times hath been nimbler then both;
Yet you are deceived by many a ſlut,
But the Hangman is only the Cut-purſes cut.
It makes you to vex
When he bridles your necks,
And then, at the laſt, what becomes of your tricks?
But when you ſhould pray, you begin for to curſe
The hand that firſt ſhew'd you to ſlaſh at a purſe.
Youth, youth &c.

But now to my hearers this counſel I give,
And pray, friends, remember it as long as you live;
Bring out no more caſh in purſe, pocket or wallet,
Then one ſingle penny to pay for this ballet;
For Cut-purſe doth ſhrowd
Himſelf in a cloud,
There's many a purſe hath been loſt in a crowd;
For he's the moſt rogue that doth crowd up, and curſes,
Who firſt cryes, "my Maſters, beware of your purſes."
Oh youth! thou hadſt better been ſtarv'd by thy nurſe,
Then live to be hanged for cutting a purſe.

FINIS.

The Houſeholders New-year's Gift.

To the Tune of "Where is my true love."

[This excellent muſical dialogue between a Huſband and a Wife, the firſt complaining of poverty, and the laſt cheering him in his miſfortunes, was unqueſtionably written in a dear year, ſuch as Stow deſcribes 1596, when wheat was ſold as high as ſix, ſeven and eight ſhillings a buſhel, or 1597 when the price roſe to thirteen ſhillings (Annals 1615 p. 1279). Although the only known edition of what follows was "Printed for F. Coules dwelling in the Old Bayly," we may feel aſſured that it originally came out nearly half a century earlier. The title at length is in theſe terms:—"The Houſholders New-yeeres Gift, Containing a pleaſant Dialogue between the Huſband and his Wife, pleaſant to be regarded." Whenever it was firſt printed, it was obviouſly at the commencement of a new year.]

W.

GRIEVE no more, ſweet huſband,
to grieve it is in vaine;
Little it availeth
to grieve, or elſe complaine:
Then, ſhew thy need to no man,
for it doth breed diſdaine.
Now comes a good new yeare.

H. Alacke, and alas for woe!
how can I chuſe?

The world is grown ſo cruell,
that friendſhip few doe uſe:
Flattery gets credit,
plaine troth it overthrowes.
O Lord! ſend a good new yeare.

W. The world is deceitfull,
then truſt it not, my deare;
But take this comfort to thee,
thy ſaddeſt thoughts to cheere:
The Lord will never leave them,
where true love doth appeare;
And God ſend a merry new yeare!

H. What comfort can I take, wife,
when ſorrow is ſo great?
Miſery on all ſides
doth us alwayes threat;
When labour is too little
to finde us bread and meat.
O Lord! ſend a good new yeare.

Scarcitie is planted
in village and in towne:
We ſee our neighbours children
goe begging up and downe;
Few perſons do relieve them,
but all at them doe frowne.
O Lord! ſend a good new yeare.

W. Greedineſſe is cauſer,
good huſband, of this ill:
Pride, that madding monſter,
kind charitie doth kill.
Lord Jeſus! ſoon amend it
according to thy will;
And ſend us a merry new yeare.

H. Corne in every market
ſo deare we dayly ſee,
We pay more for a buſhell,
then wee were wont for three:
This cuts the hearts of poore men,
and this undoeth me.
O Lord! ſend a good new yeare.

W. Why huſband, this hath cauſed
ſo many at this day
To pinch their pretty bellies
within their garments gay;
And all they thinke too little
upon themſelves to lay.
Good Lord! ſend a merry new yeere.

H. Sweet wife, a thouſand ſorrowes
doe yet torment my minde,
To thinke for all my labour
how I am ſtill behinde;
And for the ſame no remedy,

alacke! that I can finde.
Good Lord! ſend a merry new yeere.

W. Take courage, gentle huſband,
and hearken what I ſay:
After freezing January
commeth pleaſant May;
There is no ſtorme ſo cruell,
but comes as faire a day.
Good Lord! ſend a merry new yeere.

H. Gentle wife, I tell thee,
my very heart is done;
The world's great calamitie
no way can I ſhunne,
For ſtill in debt and danger
more and more I runne.
Good Lord! ſend a merry new yeere.

W. Be content, ſweet huſband,
and hearken unto me:
The Lord is ſtill as mercifull
as he was wont to bee.
Goe thou, and ply thy labour,
and I will worke with thee.
Good Lord! ſend a merry new yeere.

I will not be idle,
but I will card and ſpin;

I will ſave together
that thou bringeſt in:
No man for a debt is hanged;
then, paſſe thou not a pin,
And God ſend a merry new yeere!

H. Deare wife, thy gentle ſpeeches
revive me at the heart,
To ſee thee take my poverty
in ſuch a gentle part:
If God doe ever raiſe me,
thou ſhalt have thy deſert;
And God ſend a merry new yeere!

W. Poverty, ſweet huſband,
oft time hath been blamed,
But poverty with honeſty
never yet was ſhamed.
The rich man diſcontented
may be a poor man named;
But God ſend a merry new yeere!

What thou want'ſt in riches
I will ſupply in love;
Thou ſhalt be my honey,
and I thy turtle dove:
Thou art my beloved,
no ſorrow ſhall remove;
And God ſend a merry new yeere!

The Times Abuſes.

To the Tune of "Over and under."

[A remarkable perſonal ballad relating to a well known character of the reigns of James I. and Charles I, who went about the ſtreets in rags and was univerſally called by the name of Mull'd-ſack, in reference, doubtleſs, to his once favourite beverage. It was "Printed for J. Wright, dwelling in Gilt-ſpur-ſtreet," and no other copy but that we have uſed is known to exiſt. After the title, "The Times Abuſes," come the following explanatory but not very grammatical lines:

"Muld-Sacke his grievances briefly expreſt,
Shewing the cauſes doth his mind moleſt;
But yet he merry makes, and dedicates
This ſong in love to all which baſeneſſe hates."

The alluſions to, and deſcriptions of the various occupations in London are amuſing and curious.]

ATTEND, my maſters, and give eare,
whilſt here I doe relate
The baſe injurious ſlanders
are throwne on me in hate:
My wrongs and great abuſes
ſo commonly are knowne,
As in a ſong, to right my wrong,
ſhall inſtantly be ſhowne.
They call me fudling Muld-ſacke,
when drinke I have got none:
Cannot they looke to their buſineſſe,
and let Muld-Sack alone?

If I ſometimes a pot or ſo
doe drinke for recreation,
My reckning paid, away I goe,
and follow my vocation;
Not any good man grieving,
offenſive for to be,
By rooking or deceiving;
from that my thoughts are free.
They call me fudling Muld-Sacke,
when drinke I have got none:
Cannot they thinke on the blacke jacke,
and let Muld-Sacke alone?

As I along the ſtreets doe ſing
the people flocke about me,
No harme to any one I meane,
yet jeeringly they flout me:
The bar-boyes and the tapſters
leave drawing of their beere,
And running forth in haſte they cry,
"See, where Muld-Sacke comes here!"
Thus am I jeered by them,
though harme I doe them none:
Cannot they looke to their ſmall cans,
and let Muld-Sacke alone?

The jeering cunning curtezan,
and rooking roaring boy,

Which day and night doe take delight
in drunkenneſſe to joy,
They with their pimps and panders,
Decoyes, and cheating knaves,
Which run to wenches, drinks and roars,
and ſimple men deceives,
They have no grace to guide well,
and conſcience they have none;
Cannot they take heed of Bridewell,
and let Muld-ſacke alone?

The glutton rich that feedeth
of beefe and mutton ſtore,
And hates the poore that needeth,
which goes from doore to doore,
And will not ſpend his money
but for the love of drinke,
And grieves to give a penny,
ſo well he loves his chinke,
Too many ſuch alive is,
of whom I am ſure he's one:
Cannot he remember Dives,
and let Muld-Sacke alone?

Tearme-trotting petty-foggers,
which are ſo fine and nice,
Will drinke, if they meet rightly,
a cup of ale and ſpice;

Yet muſt they take their chamber
before they doe begin,
And if they can but hide it,
they thinke it is no ſinne;
When I in the ſtreets walke open
to the view of every one.
Cannot they looke to their clyents,
and let Muld-Sacke alone?

The jeering fleering coxcombe,
with hands behind his backe,
All day, which ſtands from morn til night,
to cry "what doe you lacke?"
With ſcoffing, and with taunting,
will by the ſleeve me pull,
"What is't you'l buy?" he'l to me cry,
yet, like a brainleſſe gull,
He'l caſt on me a ſcornfull looke,
though harme I doe him none:
Cannot he looke to his ſhop-booke,
and let Muld-Sacke alone?

The taylors ſawcie prentices,
as I do paſſe along,
They at my head will caſt their ſhreds,
though I doe them no wrong.
The ſaying old hath oft been told,
it plaine doth verifie,

" Poore and proud, ſtill taylor like;"
for they moſt jeeringly
Doe call me fudling Muld-Sacke,
though drinke I have got none:
Cannot they keepe their fingers true,
and let Muld-Sacke alone?

Alſo the jeering tripe-wives,
which puddings ſell and ſowce,
Crye, " There goes fudling Muld-Sacke,
doth wine and beere carowſe;"
And with diſdainfull ſpeeches,
having no cauſe at all,
Will taunt and ſcoff, and jeer and laugh,
and baſely me miſcall,
And call me fudling Muld-Sacke,
though I am no ſuch one:
Cannot ſhe ſcrape her greaſie tripes,
and let Muld-Sacke alone?

The clowniſh country carter
will likewiſe, with a jeere,
Point at me as I goe along,
his head being fill'd with beere;
Yet for his jeeres I care not,
but laughing let him paſſe,
To follow his cart with " gee, gee ho,"
moſt like a witleſſe aſſe:

For like a home-bred Clownico,
good manners he knowes none:
Cannot he looke to his waggon,
and let Muld-Sacke alone?

The bakers in the ſuburbs,
with hearts devoid of pitty,
Bread light and ſmall they make for all,
both country and the city,
And ſometimes their two penny loafe,
of weight wants ounces three,
As merrily I paſſe them by,
they cannot let me be.
They call me fudling Muld-Sacke
when drinke I haue got none;
Cannot they looke to their conſcience,
and let Muld-Sacke alone?

The Lover's Complaint.

To a pleaſant New Tune.

[This ballad was "Printed by the Aſſignes of Thomas Symcocke" in the reign of James I: there is ſome reaſon to believe that the old tunes, ſo well known by the names of "I wail in woe" and "Light o' love," (mentioned in 1578 in "The Gorgeous Gallery of Gallant Inventions" and in 1584 in "The Handfull of pleaſant Delights") might be named from it. "Light o' love" is employed as an extremely popular air in two of Shakeſpeare's plays, "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" and "Much ado about Nothing." Compare alſo Sonnet XI. of "The Paſſionate Pilgrim," with the later ſtanzas of the ballad. The full title is only this, "The Lovers Complaint for the loſſe of his Love."]

I WANDER up and downe
and no body cares for me:
Though I am but poore and browne,
yet conſtant will I be.
My deareſt love, farewell,
a thouſand times adew,
Seeing thou haſt forſaken me,
and changed for a new.

I never gave thee cauſe
why thou ſhouldſt me forſake,
Nor never brake the faithfull vow
that you and I did make:

The Lover's Complaint.

Farewell, my deareſt love;
I tooke thee at thy word.
Hard hap had I to beat the buſh,
and another catch the bird.

I will goe range abroad,
Ile find ſome other thing:
If I had knowne you would have flowne,
I would have clipt your wing.—
Would you have clipt my wing?
ſhe anſwered me againe:
You might have done it in the wood;
you know the time and when.

Farewell, my deareſt love,
to thee I made my ſute;
Hard hap had I to graft the tree,
another reape the fruite.
I alwaies waile in woe,
I travaile ſtill in paine:
I ſee my true love where ſhe goes;
I hope ſhee'l come againe.

I heard a pretty tune
concerning to a ſong,
A lover mourning for his love,
and ſaid ſhe did him wrong:
He had her in the wood,
he might have wrought his will;

Pittie it was to doe him good
that he had no better ſkill.

In woods, or deſert place,
had I ere my love ſo,
I thinke I would have plaid with her,
before I had let her goe:
Had ſhe been light of love,
I ſhould have ſoone eſpied;
I trow I would a clipt her wing,
and caus'd her to abide.

Should I let ſcape the bird
that I had faſt on fiſt?
Then, let her laugh and ſcoffe at me,
and uſe me as ſhe liſt.
He ſtill doth beate the buſh,
although the bird be loſt,
And being ſlothfull in his ſuit,
thus fortune hath him coſt.

If with my love in woods
ſo happy were I ſped,
I ſhould ſuppoſe my hap were hard,
to miſſe her maiden head.
Good friend, be rul'd by me
that made this morall ſong;
If thou wander up and downe,
thy ſelfe hath done thee wrong.

The Lover's Complaint.

Thou alwaies wailſt in woe,
thou travaileſt ſtill in paine:
Looke, yonder, where my true love goes,
ſhe will never come againe!
Therefore be rulde by me,
and let thy lover paſſe:
If thou looke well, thy chance may be
to find another laſſe.

FINIS.

The Coach's Overthrow.

To the Tune of "Old King Harry."

[As early as 1601 Coaches in London had become ſuch a nuiſance that the legiſlature found it neceſſary to interpoſe "to reſtrain the exceſſive uſe" of them: not long afterwards, we are told that, not fewer than 6000 were conſtantly crowding the narrow ſtreets. About 1630 Sedans alſo came into general requeſt, and they are alluded to by R. Brome and other dramatiſts of the time. In 1631 the inhabitants of Blackfriars petitioned the Privy Council againſt the number of coaches bringing auditors to the theatre there—(Hiſt. Engl. Dram. Poetry and the Stage II. 31., III. 408); and John Taylor's "World runs on Wheels," was written to ridicule the increaſing faſhion. In 1636 was printed a ludicrous diſcuſſion between a Coach and a Sedan; and to about this period the following ſong, which contemplates the ſuppreſſion of hackney coaches, ſeems to belong. It is called, in the undated broadſide, "The Coaches Overthrow, or a joviall Exaltation of divers Tradeſmen and others for the ſuppreſſion of troubleſome Hackney Coaches:" for "exaltation" we ought doubtleſs to read *exultation*, but we have never met with more than one copy, which was "Printed for Francis Grove." Other obvious miſprints occur, which it is not worth while to point out, and in one place a line has been nearly cut off: we have ſupplied the deficiency by conjecture.]

AS I paſs'd by the other day,
where ſacke and claret ſpring,
I heard a mad crew by the way,
that lowd did laugh and ſing
High downe, dery, dery downe,
with the hackney coaches downe!

The Coach's Overthrow.

Tis cry'd aloud,
They make ſuch a crowd,
Men cannot paſſe the towne.

The boyes that brew ſtrong ale, and care
not how the world doth ſwing,
So bonny, blith, and joviall are,
their lives are drinke and ſing;
Hey downe, dery, dery downe,
with the hackney coaches downe!
To make them roome
They may freely come,
And liquor the thirſty towne.

The Collier he's a ſack of mirth,
and though as black as ſoote,
Yet ſtill he tunes and whiſtles forth,
and this is all the note:
Heigh downe, dery, dery downe,
with the hackney coaches downe!
They long made fooles
Of poore Carry-coales,
But now muſt leave the towne.

The Carriers of every ſhire
are, as from cares immune,
So joviall in this packe horſe quire,
and this is all their tune,
Hey downe, dery, dery downe,

with the hackney coaches downe!
Farewell, adew
To the jumping crew,
For they muſt leave the towne.

Although a Carman had a cold,
he ſtraind his March-bird voice,
And with the beſt a part did hold,
to ſing and to rejoyce.
Heigh downe, dery, dery downe,
with the hackney coaches downe!
The Carmen's cars,
And the merchants wares,
May paſſe along the towne.

The very ſlugs did pipe for joy
that coachmen hence ſhould hye,
And that the coaches muſt away,
a mellowing up to lye.
Hey downe, dery, dery downe,
with the hackney coachmen downe!
Paſſe they their ſcope,
As round as a rope,
Wee'l jogge them forth of the towne.

Promoters and the informers,
that oft offences hatch,
In all our times the money-wormes,
and they are for to catch,

The Coach's Overthrow.

Heigh downe, dery, dery downe,
with the hackney coaches downe!
For theſe reſtraints
Will with complaints
Fill all [the noiſy towne].

The world no more ſhall run on wheels
with coach-men, as't has done,
But they muſt take them to their heeles,
and try how they can run.
Heigh downe, dery, dery downe,
With the hackney coaches downe!
Wee thought they'd burſt
Their pride, ſince firſt
Swell'd ſo within the towne.

The Sedan does (like Atlas) hope
to carry heaven pick-pack,
And likewiſe, ſince he has ſuch ſcope,
to beare the towne at's back.
Heigh downe, dery, dery downe,
With the hackney coachmen downe!
Ariſe, Sedan,
Thou ſhalt be the man
To beare us about the towne.

I love Sedans, cauſe they doe plod
and amble every where,

Which prancers are with leather ſhod,
and neere diſturbe the eare.
Heigh downe, dery, dery downe,
With the hackney coaches downe!
Their jumpings make
The pavement ſhake,
Their noyſe doth mad the towne.

The elder brother ſhall take place,
the youngeſt brother riſe;
The middle brother's out of grace,
and every tradeſman cryes,
Heigh downe, dery, dery downe,
with the hackney coaches downe!
Twould ſave much hurt,
Spare duſt and durt,
Were they cleane out of towne.

The ſick, the weake, the lame alſo,
a coach for eaſe might beg,
When they on foot might lightly goe,
that are as right's leg.
Heigh downe, dery, dery downe,
With the hackney coaches downe!
Lets foot it out,
Ere the yeare comes about,
Twill ſave us many a crowne.

The Coach's Overthrow.

What though we trip ore boots and ſhoes,
twill eaſe the price of leather:
We ſhall get twice what once we looſe,
when they doe fall together.
Heigh downe, dery, dery downe,
with the hackney coaches downe!
Though one trade fall,
Yet in generall
Tis a good to all the towne.

Tis an undoing unto none
that a profeſſion uſe:
Tis good for all, not hurt to one,
conſidering the abuſe.
Then heigh downe, dery, dery downe,
with the hackney coaches downe!
Tis ſo decreed
By a royall deed,
To make it a happy towne.

Coach-makers may uſe many trades
and get enough of meanes;
And coach-men may turne off their jades,
and helpe to draine the fens.
Heigh downe, dery, dery downe,
With the hackney coaches downe!
The ſythe and flayle,
Cart and plow-tayle,
Doe want them out of towne.

But to conclude, tis true, I heare,
they'l ſoone be out of faſhion;
Tis thought they very likely are
to have a long vacation.
Heigh downe, dery, dery downe,
With the hackney coaches downe!
Their terme's neere done,
And ſhall be begun
No more in London towne.

The Bad Huſband turn'd Thrifty.

To the Tune of, Hey ho my Honey.

[The name at the end of the enſuing ballad has not occurred before, and we can give no account of John Wade, or of his other productions: this may have been printed for the firſt time "for W. Thackeray, T. Paſſinger and W. Whitwood," towards the middle of the ſeventeenth century, but it may alſo have appeared conſiderably earlier, and it contains no peculiar note of time. The title of the broadſide is, "A Caveat for Young Men, or the bad Huſband turn'd Thrifty," followed by eight lines enforcing the moral of the performance. We have inſerted no other ballad to the ſame tune.]

ALL you young ranting blades
that ſpend your time in vain,
Remember that old age
you cannot it refrain;
And whilſt that you are young
this Caveat take of me:
Be ruled by no tempting tongue
to bring you to poverty.
I have been a bad huſband long,
and have ſpent ſtore of ſilver and gold;
Yet now Ile ſave ſomething whilſt I am young
to keep me when I am old.

I had good ſtore of means,
and liv'd moſt gallantly;
But yet upon wenches, and on queans
I ſpent it by and by.
My hoaſtis ſhe was full of laughter
ſo long as I had money good ſtore;
And my children muſt drink fair water,
whilſt I in the ale-houſe did roar.
I have been &c.

My wife would me intreat
the ale-houſe to refrain;
Then I with anger great
made anſwear ſtraight again:—
If you begin to ſcold
then I will bang thy coat.—
What woman her tongue can hold,
when a man ſwallows all down his throat?
I have been &c.

My children and I muſt ſit
until we ſtarve and pine,
Whilſt you your guts full get
of tobacco, beer and wine.
Half that you ſpend in vain,
and meerly throw away,
Our family would maintain,
and our houſe-rent it would pay.
I have been &c.

But yet Ide not be rul'd
by theſe words ſhe did ſay:
My ſelf I often fool'd,
which brought me to decay.
I no ſooner had ſold a cow
but ſtrait to the ale-houſe I ran;
My hoaſtis unto me would bow,
until all my money was gone.
I have been &c.

She'd chuck me under the chin,
and perhaps would give me a kiſs;
As Venus drew Adonis in,
my hoaſtis would never miſs:
She'd tell me it was too early,
or elſe it was too late,
Until by the oyl of barley
they had gotten my whole eſtate.
I have been &c.

Thus day and night I ranted,
and no company did refuſe;
Whilſt my wife and children wanted,
I did my ſelf abuſe.
I could not ſcarce afford
my children clothes to wear,
Nor my wife one good word,

ſuch was her grievous care.
I have been &c.

The more my wife did ſpeak,
the worſer I would be;
I'de drinke till my brains did ake,
onely to anger ſhe:
So long as I had a penny
I'de never give out for game;
But ſince I have found by many,
a good fellows a coſtly name.
I have been &c.

At laſt I did perceive
my eſtate was almoſt gone;
Then it was time to leave,
and ſome words I thought upon.
I went into an ale-houſe,
where all my coyn I had drown'd:
In company with good fellows
I had ſpent an hundred pound.
I have been &c.

I then theſe words replied:—
Hoaſtis, money I have none.
A flagon ſhe me denied,
and bid me ſtraight be gone.

What, will you not truſt me a flagon?
thoſe words replied I:
No, quoth ſhe, not a nogging,
if you ſhould ſtarve and dye.
I have been &c.

I then went ſighing home,
and a vow ſtraightway did make,
They ſhould ſit whilſt day of doom
before one penny of me ſhould take.
A new life I will now begin;
the ale-wives ſhall ſit like elves,
They ſhall both card and ſpin,
or elſe go hang themſelves.
I have been &c.

Now, I all men adviſe
this Caveat think upon;
Be ruled by your wives,
for old age it will come.
If they know you have money,
the ale-wives with you will crack;
They'l ſuck you, as bees ſuck honey,
then hang you behind your back.
I have been &c.

Therefore in time be ruled
ſave ſomething while you have it;

By no ale-wives be you fooled,
and then repent too late:
For when that all is gone,
and you have but little ſtock,
If to the ale-wives you make moan,
they will you but jear and mock.
I have been a bad huſband long,
and have ſpent ſtore of ſilver and gold,
Yet now Ile ſave ſomething whilſt I am young
to keep me when I am old.

JOHN WADE.

The Pedlar's Lamentation.

To the Tune of "My life and my death."

[An excellent ballad for Autolycus, though, from various alluſions in it, of too modern a date. The contents of a Pedlar's pack, ſoon after a licenſe became neceſſary, are very minutely ſtated, and, even to the "choice ſongs and merry books," accord well with the articles in which "the rogue" of "The Winter's Tale" dealt. The ballad was "Printed for J. Back, at the Black-boy on London-bridge," under the following title:—"The ſorrowful Lamentation of the Pedlars and Petty Chapmen, for the hardneſs of the times, and the decay of trade."]

THE times are grown hard, more harder then ſtone,
And therefore the Pedlars may well make their moan,
Lament and complain that trading is dead,
That all the ſweet golden fair days now are fled.
Then, maidens and men, come ſee what you lack,
And buy the fine toys that I have in my pack!

Come hither and view, here's choice and here's ſtore,
Here's all things to pleaſe ye, what would you have more?
Here's points for the men, and pins for the maid,

Then open your purſes and be not afraid.
Come, maidens &c.

Let none at a teſter repent or repine:
Come bring me your money, and I'le make you fine;
Young Billy ſhall look as ſpruce as the day,
And pretty ſweet Betty more finer then May.
Then, maidens &c.

To buy a new licenſe your money I crave;
'Tis that which I want, and 'tis that which you have:
Exchange then a groat for ſome pretty toy,
Come, buy this fine whiſtle for your little boy.
Come, maidens &c.

Here's garters for hoſe, and cotten for ſhooes,
And there's a guilt bodkin, which none would refuſe:
This bodkin let John give to ſweet Miſtriſs Jane,
And then of unkindneſs he ſhall not complain.
Come, maidens &c.

Come buy this fine coife, this dreſſing, or hood,
And let not your money come like drops of blood:
The Pedlar may well of his fortune complain,
If he brings all his ware to the market in vaine.
Then, maidens &c.

Here's band ſtrings for men, and there you have lace,
Bone-lace to adorne the fair virgins ſweet face:

The Pedlar's Lamentation.

What ever you like, if you will but pay,
As ſoon as you pleaſe you may take it away.
Then, maidens &c.

The world is ſo hard that we find little trade,
Although we have all things to pleaſe every maid:
Come, pretty fair maids, then make no delay,
But give me your hanſel, and pack me away.
Come, maidens &c.

Here's all things that's fine, and all things that's rare,
All modiſh and neat, and all new London ware:
Variety here you plainly may ſee,
Then, give me your money, and we will agree.
Come, maidens &c.

We travail all day through dirt and through mire,
To fetch you fine laces and what you deſire;
No pains do we ſpare to bring you choice ware,
As gloves and perfumes, and ſweet powder for hair.
Then, maidens &c.

We have choice of ſongs, and merry books too,
All pleaſant and witty, delightful and new,
Which every young ſwain may whiſtle at plough,
And every fair milk-maid may ſing at her cow.
Then, maidens &c.

Since trading's ſo dead we muſt needs complain,
And, therefore, pray let us have ſome little gain:

If you will be free, we will you ſupply
With what you do want; therefore, pray come and buy.
The world is ſo hard, that although we take pains,
When we look in our purſes we find little gains.

FINIS.

Poor Robin's Dream, commonly called Poor Charity.

To the Tune of "A Game at Cards."

[An ancient ballad, but clearly with ſome modern interpolations, eſpecially near the end. It is a ſort of Morality, or Moral-play, in the form of a ſong, and the alluſions to the ſtage and to imperſonations upon it, ſuch as Time, Conſcience, Plain-dealing, Diſſimulation, Youth, Age, &c. are obvious. Poor Robin figured afterwards very prominently in many popular productions. To the title we have placed at the head, the following diſtich is added:—

"I know no reaſon but this harmleſs riddle
May as well be printed, as ſung to a fiddle;"

and it was accordingly "Printed by J. Lock for J. Clark at the Harp and Bible in Weſt Smith-field:" this certainly was not the earlieſt impreſſion, though no older copy has yet come to light. The information regarding the tune, in a ſtill more modern impreſſion, is unuſually minute:—"To a compleate Tune, well known to Muſitians and many others, or a game at Cards."]

melancholy

HOW now, good fellow! what, all amort?
I pray thee, tell me what is the news?—
Trading is dead, and I am ſorry for't,
Which makes me look worſe then I uſe.
If a man hath no employment, whereby to get penny,
He hath no enjoyment in that he wanteth money;
And charity is not uſed by many.

I have nothing to ſpend, nor Ive nothing to lend;
Ive nothing to do, I tarry at home.
Sitting in my chair, drawing near to the fire,
I fell into a ſleep, like an idle drone;
And as I ſlept I fell into a dream:
I ſaw a play acted without er'e a theam,
But I could not tell what the play did mean.

But afterwards I did perceive,
and ſomething more I did underſtand:
The ſtage was the world wherein we live,
the actors they were all mankind;
And when the play is ended the ſtage down they fling.
There will be no difference in this thing
Between a Beggar and a King.

The firſt that acted, I proteſt,
was Time, with a glaſs and a ſithe in his hand,
With the globe of the world upon his breaſt,
to ſhew that he could the ſame command.
There's a time for to work, and a time for to play,
A time for to borrow, and a time for to pay,
And a time that doth call us all away.

Conſcience in order takes his place,
and very gallantly plays his part:
He fears not to fly in a rulers face,
although it cuts him to the heart.
He tells them all, this is the latter age,

Which put the actors in ſuch a rage,
That they kickt poor Conſcience off the ſtage.

Plain-dealing preſently appears,
in habit like a ſimple man:
The actors at him made mocks and jears,
pointing their fingers as they ran.
How came this fellow in our company?
Away with him! many a gallant did cry,
For Plain-dealing will a beggar dye.

Diſſimulation mounted the ſtage;
but he was cloathed in gallant attire:
He was acquainted with Youth and Age;
many his company did deſire.
They entertain'd him in their very breaſt;
There he could have harbor, and quietly reſt,
For diſſemblers and turn-coats fare the beſt.

Then cometh in poor Charity:
methinks ſhe looked wondrous old;
She quiver'd and ſhe quak't moſt piteouſly,
it griev'd me to think ſhe was grown ſo cold.
She had been in the city, and in the country,
Amongſt the lawyers and nobility;
But there was no room for poor Charity.

Then comes in Truth, well cloathed in wool,
but like unto Youth in his white lawn ſleeves,
And ſays, the land it is full, full, full,

too full of rebels worſe then theeves.
The city's full of poverty, the French are full of pride,
Fanaticks full of envy, which order can't abide;
And the uſurers bags are full beſide.

Hark, how Bellona's drums they do beat!
methinks it goes rattling through the town.
Hark, how they thunder through the ſtreet,
as though they would ſhake the chimneys down!
Then comes in Mars, the great god of war,
And bids us face about, and be as we were;
But when I awakt I ſat in my chair.

God ſpeed the Plough, And bleſs the Corn-mow.

The Tune is, "I am the Duke of Norfolk."

[This is the earlieſt known impreſſion of a ballad-dialogue, which to this day has been orally preſerved in ſome parts of the country: in Mr. J. H. Dixon's "Ancient Poems" &c, (printed for the Percy Society) is one of theſe traditional verſions, and another is given in Mr. Davies Gilbert's "Chriſtmas Carrols." Our copy is, like our other ballads, in black letter, but without any printer's name, ſo that we have more imperfect means than uſual of fixing its date. The title—"God ſpeed the Plow, and bleſs the Corn-mow, a Dialogue between the Huſband-man and Serving-man,"—is followed by ſix lines ſtating the particular purpoſe of the ballad, viz. to ſhow the ſuperiority of the life of the former to the latter. The tune may ſerve to prove the antiquity of the ballad, ſince it was, doubtleſs, derived from ſome lyrical production on the execution of the Duke of Norfolk in 1572.]

MY noble friends, give ear,
If mirth you love to hear;
I'le tell you, as faſt as I can,
A ſtory very true:
Then, mark what doth enſue,
Concerning a Huſband-man.

A Serving-man did meet
A Huſband-man in the ſtreet,
and thus unto him he began.

I pray you, tell to me
Of what calling you be,
or if you be a Serving-man?—
Quoth he, my brother dear,
The coaſt I mean to clear,
and the truth you ſhall underſtand.
I do no one diſdain,
But this I tell you plain,
I am an honeſt Huſband-man.

Serving-man.

If a Huſband-man you be,
Then, come along with me;
I'le help you, as ſoon as I can,
Unto a gallant place,
Where in a little ſpace
you ſhall be a Serving-man.

Huſband-man.

Sir, for your diligence
I give you many thanks,
then anſwered the Plowman again:
I pray you, to me ſhow
Whereby that I might know,
what pleaſures hath a Serving-man.

Serving-man.

A Serving-man hath pleaſure,
Which paſſeth time and meaſure,
when the hawk on his fiſt doth ſtand:

His hood and his verrils brave,
And other things we have,
which yields joy to a Serving-man.

Huſband-man.

My pleaſure's more than that,
To ſee my oxen fat,
and to proſper well under my hand;
And therefore I do mean,
With my horſe and team,
to keep my ſelf a Huſband-man.

Serving-man.

O! 'tis a gallant thing,
In the prime time of the Spring,
to hear the huntſman, now and than,
His beaugle for to blow,
And the hounds run all a row
this is pleaſure for a Serving-man,

To hear the beagle cry,
And to ſee the faulcon fly,
and the hare trip over the plain;
And the huntſman, and the hound
Make hill and dale reſound:
this is pleaſure for a Serving-man.

Huſband-man.

'Tis pleaſure, you do know,
To ſee the corn to grow,
and to grow ſo well on the land:

The plowing and the ſowing,
The reaping and the mowing,
yeelds pleaſure to the Huſband-man.

Serving-man.

At our table you may eat
All ſorts of dainty meat,
Pig, cony, gooſe, capon and ſwan;
And with lords, and ladies fine,
You may drink beer, ale, and wine:
this is pleaſure for a Serving-man.

Huſband-man.

While you eat gooſe and capon,
I'le feed on beefe and bacon,
and a piece of hard cheeſe now and than:
We pudding have, and ſouſe,
Always ready in the houſe;
which contents the honeſt Huſband-man.

Serving-man.

At the Court you may have
Your garments fine and brave,
and cloak with gold lace layd upon;
A ſhirt as white as milk,
And wrought with fineſt ſilk:
that's pleaſure for a Serving-man.

Huſband-man.

Such proud and coſtly gear
Is not for us to wear

amongſt the bryers, and brambles many one:
A good ſtrong ruſſet coat,
And at your need a groat,
will ſuffice for the Huſband-man.

A proverb here I tell,
Which likes my humour well,
and remember it well I can:
If a Courtier be too bold,
He'l want when he is old:
then, farewell to the Serving-man

Serving-man.

It needs muſt be confeſt,
That your calling is the beſt:
no longer diſcourſe with you I can
But henceforth I will pray,
By night and by day,
Heavens bleſs the honeſt Huſband-man!

The Merry Man's Reſolution.

To a gallant new Tune, called "The Highlander's new Rant."

[The initials L. P., at the end of this production, ſhew that it was by Lawrence Price, of whom we have before ſpoken: it contains a ſingular enumeration of the queſtionable localities of London, not very long before the Reſtoration. It was "Printed for Francis Grove, on Snow Hill," and the full title is this:—"The Merry Man's Reſolution, or his laſt farewel to his former acquaintance,

"Declaring how he rambled up and down
Through all the Suburbs of fair London Town,
Where pretty wenches he did plenty find,
But ſome of them agreed not with his mind;
Till, at the laſt, by chance he found out one
Which pleaſed him beſt, ſo left the reſt alone:
To her he then clinged cloſe, as I heard tell,
Made her his mate, and bid the reſt farewell."]

NOW, farewel to Saint Gileſes
that ſtandeth in the fields,
And farewel to Turnbul ſtreet,
for that no comfort yields:
Farewel unto the Grey-hound,
and farewel to the Bell,
And farewel to my land-lady,
whom I do love ſo well.

With a come Love,
Stay Love,
go not from me;
For all the world Ile forſake for thee.

Farewel to Long-Acre
that ſtands near the Mews,
And farewel to Drury Lane
where pretty wenches uſe;
And farewel unto Sodom,
and all her painted drabs,
And farewel unto Bloomſbury,
and all their vapouring ſcabs:
And come Love,
Stay Love,
go not from me;
For all the world Ile forſake for thee.

Farewel to Croſſe-lane,
where lives ſome babes of graces;
Farewel to Common-garden,
and all her wanton places:
Farewel unto Weſtminſter,
and farewel to the Strand,
Where I had choice of Mopſies
ever at my own command.
Sing, come Love,
Stay Love,

go along with me;
For all the world Ile forſake for thee.

Farewel to the Bank-ſide,
farewel to Blackmans-ſtreet,
Where with my bouncing laſſes
I oftentimes did meet:
Farewel to Kent-ſtreet garriſon,
farewel to Horſly-down,
And all the ſmirking wenches
that dwell in Redriff town.
And come Love,
Stay Love,
go along with me;
For all the world Ile forſake for thee.

Now farewel unto Wapping,
and farewel to Black-wall:
Farewel to Ratclife High-way,
Roſemary-lane and all:
And farewel unto Shore-ditch,
and More-fields eke alſo,
Where mobs to pick up callies
a night walking do go.
Then, come Love,
Stay Love,
go along with me;
For all the world Ile forſake for thee.

The Merry Man's Reſolution.

In White-croſſe-ſtreet, and Golden-lane,
do ſtraping laſſes dwell,
And ſo there do in every ſtreet
twixt that and Clarken-well:
At Cow-croſſe and Smith-field
I have much pleaſure found,
Where wenches, like to Fayeries,
did often trace the round.
Yet, come Love,
Stay Love,
go not from me;
For all thoſe girls Ile forſake for thee.

Yet ſomething more Ile ſpeak off,
which ſeems to many ſtrange;
There's ſtore of pretty wenches
live neere to the Exchange:
And many more there are, ſure,
that dwelleth in Cheap-ſide,
And other ſtreets in London,
which are both broad and wide.
Yet, come Love,
Stay Love,
go not from me;
For all thoſe girles Ile forſake for thee.

To all the country Mopſies,
wherever they do dwell,

In this my laſt concluſion
I likewiſe bid farewel:
Though they were uſed, in former time,
to come when I did call,
I take thee for the boldeſt,
and beſt among them all.
Then, come Love,
Stay Love,
go not from me;
For all the world Ile forſake for thee.

At Briſtol and at Gloceſter
I had of loves great ſtore,
But now I find enough of thee;
I will deſire no more:
And what I have ſaid to thee
thou ſhalt find true and right;
Ile doe thee truſty ſervice
at morning and at night.
Then, come Love,
Stay Love,
go not from me;
For all the world Ile forſake for thee.

Farewel unto black patches,
and farewel powdered locks,
And farewel Luthner's ladies,
for they are full of mocks.

The Merry Man's Reſolution.

Farewel the Cherry-garden,
for evermore adue;
And farewel to Spur-Alley,
and all that wanton crew.
And, come Love,
Stay Love,
go not from me;
For all thoſe girles Ile forſake for thee.

L. P.

FINIS.

Well matched at laſt.

To the Tune of "I know what I know."

[This comic ballad was certainly poſterior to another in our collection, (p. 97.) becauſe the name of the tune to which it was ſung was derived from "Few Words are beſt," the burden of which is "I know what I know." What follows was "Printed at London, for J. Wright, junior, dwelling at the upper end of the Old Bailey," as uſual, without date; and it was called, "A pleaſant new Ditty, intituled

Though rich golden *Booties* your luck was to catch,
Your laſt was the beſt, cauſe you met with your match."

Several modern ſongs have been written in imitation of it, but we have never ſeen it reprinted, unleſs the old copy, which we have employed, were itſelf a reprint.]

A RICH wealthy batchelour, thirty and odde,
Had now a new crotchet crept into his pate:
A wife he muſt have, what-ſoever betide,
And well linde with rubbiſh to inrich his ſtate.

Faire maidens were offer'd him, two, three and four,
Sufficient men's daughters, with money to boote,
Yet his greedy mind did ſtill gape after more,
For he ſaid, 'twas too little for him to go to'te.

Well Matched at laſt.

His meanes did afford him three hundred a yeere,
And three bonny laſſes had thouſands apeece;
Yet for it, and them, hee a pin did not care,
Though one of them was to a gentleman neece.

Shall I for a paltery poore thouſand pound
A young wench goe marry with nothing but breed,
Conſume me in longings, in faſhions and toyes?
No; yet it is time, and I now will take heed.

There is a briſk widdow, that dwelleth hard by,
In money hath ten thouſand pounds at the leaſt:
Ile ſpruce my ſelfe up, then, incontinently,
And to her Ile goe as a ſhutering gueſt.

This batchelour ſoone did attaine his deſire;
The day was appointed when they ſhould be wed.
His youthfull faire bride was but threeſcore and ten,
For ſhee had but a tooth and a halfe in her head.

Some three or foure yeares did this honny laſſe live,
Then grim goodman Death tooke her life cleane away;
And griefe for her loſſe had the man almoſt ſped,
But that a new widdow his journey did ſtay.

His wife being buried, next morning he went
Another ſpruce widdow agen for to ſee,
Where mounted on crutches he ſtraight one eſpide:
Who in ſtate of riches was better than ſhee?

His mother's ſmocke ſure did this widdower weare,
For no ſooner woo'd, but he preſenly ſped:

A licence he fetcht, and he marri'd her ſtraight;
Then ſhe threw downe her ſtilts, and ſhe hobbl'd to bed.

Not full ten yeeres older then was his laſt wife
Was this ſame dryd mummey that lay by his ſide:
With ſnorting and grunting ſhe air'd ſo the bed,
That never had groome ſuch a night with a bride.

But ſtill did her money perfume all againe,
And in a moneth after ſhe bed-rid did lye:
Seven winters and ſummers ſhe lay at ſmall eaſe,
And then ſhe departed, becauſe ſhe muſt dye.

Five hundred a yeere ſhe augmented his ſtate;
Ten thouſand pound cleare by the other he got:
Meane time of another ſpruce widdow he heard,
Then he praid unto Jove that ſhe might be his lot.

This widdow ſeem'd not above fifty at moſt,
So ſpruce and ſo neat was her carkas bedreſt;
She wanted no meanes for to ſet her to ſale,
They lik't, and were marri'd: now, marke well the reſt.

She ſeem'd ſo compleate and ſo comely of ſhape,
That he doted on her more than on both the reſt:
She ſaid then, ſweet huſband, be not you diſmaid,
For the truth muſt be knowne when you ſee me undreſt.

Two rowes of white teeth ſhe tooke out of her mouth,
And put 'em ſtraight into a little round boxe;
A glaſſe eye likewiſe ſhe pull'd out of her head,
Which made the man feare that his wife had got knocks.

Her pouldred curld locks, that ſo faire did appeare,
Came off with more eaſe than a new ſcalded pigge.
I wonder her huſband could laughing forbeare,
When he ſaw his wife looke like an oſtridge's egge.

Then, ſtraightway down ſtooped this comely ſweet bride,
Unlac't, and ungirded her neat woodden legge:
The bridegroome was like to runne out of his wits,
For his eyes ne'er before did behold ſuch a hagge.

Then, for to revive him, unto him ſhe flung
Her keyes, that did lead him to treaſure great ſtore:
This made him to love her, ſo both went to bed,
Where he did imbrace her: what would you have more?

Such luck had this huſband to tumble them o're,
That ere one moneth ended ſhe changed her life.
A rich wealthy miſer invited him home,
And ſaid, if you pleaſe, ſir, Ile ſhow you a wife.

He ſhow'd him his daughter, a girle of fifteene,
But ſhe would no liking nor favour him ſhow:
Her friends made the match, and they marri'd with ſpeed;
But ſhe ne'r endur'd him, I tell you but ſo.

This young marri'd wife to ſuch cunning was grown,
That ſhe fell a longing his coine for to waſte:
French kickſhaws of ten pound a diſh ſhe would have,
With other dear meats for to fit her fine taſte.

No phyſick, no doctors, no coſt did ſhe ſpare;
On pride and new fangles ſhe ſet her delight:

Her huſband began for to ſavour of feare,
And to wiſh that ſhe ne'r had beene ſeene in his ſight.

No love, nor no liking, this young wife e're had,
Becauſe ſhe was forc't to be wed to her hate.
He ſickned and dyde, and was laid in his grave;
So ſhe did enjoy his three widdowes eſtate.

A young man, that firſt was this maiden's true love,
With all expedition they made their diſpatch:
For wedding and bedding they both were agreed,
And the three widows huſband did meet with his match.

FINIS.

Death's uncontrolable Summons.

To the Tune of "My bleeding Heart."

[This ballad is, moſt likely, one of the oldeſt in our collection, and the burden of it is the ſame as that to a "Roundelay" in "England's Helicon," 1600, 4to. Sign. D. 2. When it was firſt printed we have no means of aſcertaining, and the tune to which it was ſung was not a common one. The ſubject is very old, and has been treated in a variety of ways, to one or more of which a ſimilar title was given. The repreſentation of Death as an old man, and not, according to the vulgar notion, an unſightly ſkeleton, deſerves remark. Our original was publiſhed after the Reſtoration "for P. Brookſby, at the Golden Ball in Pye Corner," under the following title:—"Death's uncontrollable Summons, or the Mortality of Mankind. Being a Dialogue between Death and a Young-man."]

IN ſlumber and ſleep my ſenſes fall,
hey ho, hey ho! then ſlept I:
The bright ſun rais'd a miſt withal,
eclipſed in the darkſome ſky.

An ancient Father ſtood by me,
hey ho, hey ho! hollow eyes;
A foul deformed wight was he:
I thought my youth did him deſpiſe.

His cloak was green, his head was gray,
hey ho, hey ho! ſilver hair;
His face was pale as any clay,
his countenance made me much to fear.

Amazed at the ſudden ſight;
hey ho, hey ho! youthful boy:
I ſtood as one amazed quite;
hey ho, hey ho! diſmal day.

Father, quoth I, tell me your name,
hey ho, hey ho! tell me true;
I pray you tell to me the ſame:
my joynts do tremble at thy view.—

Youth, youth, quoth he, I tell to thee,
hey ho, hey ho! thy thred is ſpun:
My name is Death, I come for thee,
hey ho, hey ho! thy glaſs is run.—

For me, ſweet Death? I hope not ſo;
hey ho, hey ho! I am young:
Let me be old before I go;
alas! my time hath not been long.

I have this worldly wealth at will,
hey ho, hey ho! aſk and have;
Let me enjoy thoſe pleaſures ſtill:
oh! my ſoul abhors the grave.—

I ſcorn thy treaſure and thy pelf;
hey ho, hey ho! haſte away:
Thy goods ſhall periſh with thy ſelf;
'tis not thy wealth my ſtroak ſhall ſtay.—

Oh Death! what will my true love ſay?
hey ho, hey ho! ſhee'l complain

Death's uncontrolable Summons.

On thee for taking me away:
ſweet Death, with her let me remain.—
I tell thee yet thou ſtriveſt in vain;
hey ho, hey ho! go, 'tis time.
Thy vital thread is cut in twain:
oh! hark and hear the dulſome chyme.—
Then, woe is me! I muſt be gone,
hey ho, hey ho! heavy heart:
My world's delight and all is done;
Was never man ſo loath to part.
Mark well my fall, you youthful buds,
Hey ho, hey ho! view my fall:
My pleaſures, plenty, life and goods;
hey ho, hey ho! Death ends all.

NOTES.

Notes.

Page 3, line 21.

" I bring to you Saint Giles his bowle."

THIS line refers to the old cuſtom of preſenting criminals, on their way to Tyburn, with a cup of water, at or near the Church of St. Giles in the Fields. It is alluded to by ſeveral writers, and among them by Thomas Churchyard, in his " Mirror of Man," 1594, 4to.

" Truſting in friendſhip makes ſome be truſt up,
Or ride in a cart to *his Saint Giles his cup.*"

Page 12, line 1.

" Chriſtmas Lamentation."

In the Pepyſian Collection is an anſwer to this ballad, under the title of " Old Chriſtmas return'd, or Hoſpitality revived," &c. It was " Printed for P. Brooxſby."

Page 14, line 24.

" Madam, forſooth, in her coach muſt wheele."

Stephen Goſſon, in his " Quippes for upſtart new-fangled Gentlewomen," 1596, 4to, thus alludes to the then ordinary uſe of coaches:

" To carrie all this pelfe and traſh,
becauſe their bodies are unfit,
Our wantons now in coaches daſh
from houſe to houſe, from ſtreet to ſtreet.
Were they of ſtate, or were they lame,
To ride in coach they need not ſhame."

See alſo p. 52 and 291 of this volume.

Notes.

Page 26, line 1.

"Ragged and Torne and True."

This ballad was ſo popular, that afterwards others were compoſed "to the tune of Ragged and Torne and True:" one, called "Knavery in all Trades," was written by Martin Parker, and printed for F. Grove.

Page 27, line 1.

"Ile be no knight of the poſt."

Knights of the poſt were thoſe who for money conſented to take falſe oaths: they are mentioned by moſt of the comic writers of the time, but, as far as we recollect, it nowhere appears why they were called knights of the *poſt*: perhaps it was becauſe they ſtood at a poſt, ready to ſwear anything when called upon.

Page 29, line 20.

"And ſays, "Gramercy horſe."

For the ſuppoſed origin of the expreſſion "Gramercy horſe," and "God 'a mercy horſe," ſee "Tarlton's Jeſts," printed by the Shakeſpeare Society, p. 23. The ſaying is however older than the time of Tarlton, though it is there imputed to him.

Page 35, line 21.

"Nor that mad ſpirit Robin,
that plagues both wife and maid."

The reaſon why we ſtate, in the introduction to this ballad, "that 'The Mad Pranks' of Robin Goodfellow had been printed before 1588" is, that they are clearly alluded to in Tarlton's "News out of Purgatory," which, though without date, muſt have been publiſhed juſt after his death in Sept. 1588.

Page 49, line 26.

"While Mock-beggar Hall ſtands empty."

On the word "Mockbeggar" Mr. Halliwell inſerts the following, in his "Dictionary of Archaic and Provincial Words." "Forby has, Mockbeggar-hall, a houſe looking well outſide, but having a poor interior. There is a houſe ſo called at Claydon."

Page 51, line 1.

" Their prodigal ſons have ſold for gilt."

i. e. for *gelt* A. S. money. Our old writers punned upon the word, as in Middleton's " Family of Love," where Dryfat. ſays " Ay, marry, there ſpoke an angel: gilt's current, indeed." *Dyce's Middleton's Works*, ii. 197.

Page 80, line 8.

A miſprint is here imputed by miſtake: " made *him* tremble" is correct, the ballad-writer having reſumed the third perſon and the narrative form.

Page 91, line 20.

" The liſeſome monthes of May and June."

For " liſeſome" read *lifeſome*.

Page 104, line 11.

It ought to have been here added, that the broadſide has no printer's name nor date: perhaps they have been accidentally cut off. We might ſuppoſe from the title, that Day's play, " The Fair Maid of Briſtow," 1605, was founded on this ballad; but ſuch is not the fact, although it is probable that the ſtriking incidents of it were dramatized at the time.

Page 135, line 11.

" In the poſſeſſion of Lord Francis Egerton."

Since this was printed Lord Francis Egerton has been raiſed to the peerage by the title of Earl of Elleſmere.

Page 135, line 12.

It is uſually ſaid that John Heywood was born at North Mims, but the only authority for this ſtatement is Peacham's " Complete Gentleman," and all he aſſerts is, that Heywood had property there. On the other hand, Bale informs us that he was *civis Londinenſis*, but not that he was born there; and the fact, as we have mentioned, ſeems to be that he was born in Kent, probably at Canterbury.

Page 135, line 21.

" Nor need I ſing this ſong untill."

The meaning of this line is " Nor need I ſing this ſong *unto* them:" the Scotch ſtill uſe " until" for *unto*.

Notes.

Page 138, line 3.

"The happy man's without a ſhirt."

Alluding to the old Italian novel of the ſearch after a perfectly happy man: the only happy man found in the world had no ſhirt to his back. It has been verſified by Caſti, Nov. II.

Page 148, line 13.

"Nothing in all the world be finde."

For "be" read *we*.

Page 157, line 18.

"And here hangs pictures two or three."

The "pictures" here alluded to were *ſtatues* of kings and queens. At that time (as various inſtances might eſtabliſh) the words "picture" and "ſtatue" were uſed indifferently: many ſtatues were then both ſtatues and pictures, being painted to imitate life.

Page 163, line 1.

"Conſtance of Cleveland."

There is a copy of this ballad in the Pepyſian Collection, "Printed at London for J. Wright."

Page 173, line 5.

"The Monmouth Cap, the ſaylors thrum."

Monmouth caps are mentioned by Shakeſpeare and by many other writers of his time. In a note in Collier's Shakeſpeare, iv. 552, it is ſaid that "they were worn both by ſoldiers and ſailors," and our ballad affords proof of it: in this line it is called "the ſaylors thrum," and in the next ſtanza but one we have "The ſouldiers that the Monmouth wear."

Page 173, line 18.

"The perriwig, the Cap of late."

Barnaby Rich, in 1581, ſpeaks of "perriwigs" having then come into faſhion: ſee his "Farewell to Military Profeſſion," (reprinted for the Shakeſpeare Society) in what he calls the "Concluſion." The ſame point may be eſtabliſhed from Philip Stubbes' "Anatomy of Abuſes," 1583, and many other authorities.

Page 178, line 24.

" The Butterboxes potion."

Butterbox was a common nick-name for a Dutchman, in reference to one chief product of his country.

Page 180, line 25.

" And gorrill'd guts will quarrel."

See Collier's Shakeſpeare, iv. 255, n. 8.

Page 185, line 7.

" Our knockers make no noiſe."

We ought perhaps to read *knackers* for " knockers." See a ſong in Middleton's " Spaniſh Gipſey," (edit. Dyce, iv. 146.) in the meaſure of this ballad, and doubtleſs to the ſame tune.

Page 207, line 28.

" In London all the yeare."

A highly curious enumeration in verſe of the principal Cries of London is given in T. Heywood's " Rape of Lucrece," 1608, where, as was uſual with our old dramatiſts, the manners of the metropolis of England are imputed to Rome. Several of the Cries are identical with thoſe in our ballad.

Page 208, line 9.

" Anye welflet oyſters."

" Welflet oyſters" may be a miſprint for Wainfleet oyſters.

Page 208, line 13.

" For why, the are but Kentiſh."

The letter y has dropped out in this line, which ought to run, " For why, *they* are but Kentiſh."

Page 213, line 2.

" With nimming of a fee."

It is ſcarcely neceſſary to ſay that to *nim* is to ſnatch or take nimbly; from the A. S. *niman:* in modern German it is *nehmen.*

Notes.

Page 227, line 16.

For "ſecond ſtanza" read *third* ſtanza.

Page 259, line 4.

"Old Flatcap is laid in his grave."

Flatcap was of old not an unuſual deriſive deſignation for a citizen, as in the well-known paſſage from Ben Jonſon's "Every Man in his Humour," Act ii. Sc. 1.

——— "mock me all over,
From my flatcap unto my ſhining ſhoes."

On page 211 we have already had a moſt appoſite illuſtration of the laſt part of the quotation.

Page 264, line 3.

This tune ſhould ſeem, from the correſponding meaſure of the two ballads, to be the ſame as "To drive the cold winter away."

Page 269, line 17.

"Where I ſung Lachrima."

Lachrymæ, here called Lachryma for the ſake of the rhime, was a very celebrated old tune, mentioned by Maſſinger and many other authors: from its character it is generally termed "the doleful tune of Lachrymæ."

Page 272, line 4.

"And bidden beware of the cut-purſe ſo bold."

Purſes were formerly worn ſuſpended at the girdle, and could eaſily be cut away: hence, perhaps, the origin of the term "cut-purſe," the modern equivalent of which is "pick-pocket."

Page 279, line 14.

"For ſtill in debt and danger."

A debtor was formerly ſaid to be "within the danger" of his creditor, ("Merchant of Venice," Act iv. Sc. 1.) and hence the proverb "Out of debt out of danger."

Page 280, line 4.

"Then, paſſe thou not a pin."

The phraſe "paſs thou not a pin," is equivalent to "*care* thou not a pin." Shakeſpeare, 2 Henry VI. Act iv. Sc. 2, has "paſs not" for *care* not; and in the ſame place in the older play of the "Contention," the preciſe words "paſs not a pin" occur. Collier's Shakeſpeare, v. 189.

Page 284, line 12.

"To cry, 'What doe you lacke.'"

Shopkeepers and their 'prentices in former times ſtood at their doors inquiring of paſſengers "What do you lack?" They are often ridiculed by theſe terms.

Page 289, line 18.

"Thus fortune hath him coſt."

For "coſt" read *croſt*.

Page 292, line 20.

"Of poore Carry-coales."

Referring to the proverbial expreſſion, made familiar to all ears by the firſt ſcene of "Romeo and Juliet."

Page 295, line 20.

"That are as right's leg."

This line no doubt ought to run, "that are as right as his leg."

Page 309, line 12.

"And when the play is ended, the ſtage down they fling."

Alluding to the temporary ſtages, in early times erected in inn-yards, at fairs, &c. which were removed, or flung down, as ſoon as the performance was at an end.

Page 314, line 1.

"His hood and his verrils brave."

Poſſibly here we ought to read *terrils* or *terrials*, as in T. Heywood's "Woman killed with Kindneſs:"

"The terrials of her legs were ſtain'd with blood."

Notes.

Page 314, line 16.

"And the hounds run all a row."

A colon ſhould have been placed at the end of this line

Page 315, line 15.

"We puddings have and ſouſe."

"Souſe" ſometimes ſeems to be uſed for any kind of pickle; but ſtrictly it means the pickled ears of ſwine. See Dyce's Be and Fletcher, vii. 125, and viii. 216.

Page 315, line 23.

"And wrought with fineſt ſilk."

Philip Stubbes, in the 2nd. edit. of his "Anatomy of Abuſes, 8vo. 1583, ſtates that in his time theſe ſhirts ſometimes coſt 5*l.* or eve 10*l.* each. fo. 23. b. This paſſage, like many other curious additions, is not in the firſt impreſſion printed in the ſame year.

Page 319, line 23.

"Where mobs to pick up callies."

For "callies" we ought doubtleſs to read *cullies*.

Page 324, line 12.

"And to her Ile go as a ſhutering gueſt."

The words "ſute" and "ſuitor" ſeem of old to have often been pronounced *ſhute* and *ſhuter*; and Shakeſpeare in "Love's Labour Loſt," Act iv. Sc. 1. founds a pun upon the circumſtance. Drayton, in his "Idea, the Shepheard's Garland," 1593, has

"Though Envy *ſute* her ſeven-times poyſned dartes"

and Stubbes calls Shooter's Hill *Suters* Hill.

THE END.

C. WHITTINGHAM, CHISWICK.

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